# THE BOOKMAN

*A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE*

OCTOBER, 1915

## CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

**Kate Douglas Wiggin's List**

IN THE BOOKMAN'S Mail Bag in the September issue we printed a letter that asked for advice in choosing a children's library, promising in our reply that we should publish an article on the subject in a subsequent number. That article we are presenting this month. As expressions of individual opinion are always interesting, we wished to supplement the paper with such an expression, and we think that our readers will agree with us that no one person's opinion will carry greater weight than that of the creator of "Rebecca." With just a little touch of justifiable resentment Kate Douglas Wiggin writes that she supposes that she is regarded as an author for children and young people, notwithstanding the fact that she has written a dozen grown-up books. "However," she says, "I believe I write about children rather than for them and I certainly never read many children's books in my own childhood. It does not take two minutes' thought to bring to mind a list of ten that I read and re-read between the ages of eight and fifteen."

1. David Copperfield.
2. A Tale of Two Cities.
3. The Arabian Nights.
4. Grimm's and Laboulaye's Fairy Tales.
5. Undine.
6. Pride and Prejudice and Sense and Sensibility.
7. The Heir of Redclyffe.
8. Robinson Crusoe.
9. Swiss Family Robinson.
10. Shakespeare, cover to cover.

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"I am not trying to 'regulate' the list," Kate Douglas Wiggin further writes. "I am giving it in the order in which

HOWARD VINCENT O'BRIEN, THE AUTHOR OF "THIRTY"



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HOPEWELL FARM. BIRTHPLACE OF GENE STRATTON PORTER

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GENE STRATTON PORTER AT LIMBERLOST CABIN

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the books stood on my little black walnut shelves. It would be more interesting, psychologically speaking, if I had culled these volumes from a large assortment of classics; but I lived in a tiny Maine village, far from circulating libraries, and my elders were reading *Littell's Living Age, The Nation, Harper's Magazine,* and Harper's "Franklin Square Novels" while I battened chiefly on my own book case save when I was pressed to do my supposed duty by Washington Irving and Sir Walter Scott."

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**The Day's Work**

In our August and September numbers we made announcement of certain articles and series of articles that were to be features of THE BOOKMAN during the coming autumn, winter and spring. In addition, we are beginning in this issue a series of papers entitled

ALBION FELLOWS BACON, WHO IS CONTRIBUTING TO THE SERIES "WHAT THE DAY'S WORK MEANS TO ME," BEGINNING IN THIS ISSUE OF "THE BOOKMAN"

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"What the Day's Work Means to Me," consisting of contributions from a number of prominent American women. The idea of the series is to present not only to the women readers of the magazine but to the men as well frank discussions of the work and the aims of these women. We feel that every one of these papers, revealing as they will the spirit in which the writer tackles her work, and the purpose which she aims to accomplish, will be a source of genuine inspiration to others. The first paper in this series is from the pen of Albion Fellows Bacon. Subsequent papers will be by Louise Closser Hale, Zona Gale, Ida M. Tarbell, Gertrude Atherton, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, and others.

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**R. L. S. and Saranac**

In all Scotland and in all England there is no monument or memorial of any kind to Robert Louis Stevenson. There has been for years a Stevenson memorial in San Francisco, and by the end of this month it is likely that a memorial tablet will be unveiled at Saranac Lake, in the Adirondacks. The suggestion of that tablet is due to Mr. Robert Hobart Davis. A year or two ago Mr. Davis, visiting Saranac, made the remark that it was surprising that the lake, where Stevenson wrote much of his enduring work, should have no memorial. Later, Mr. Stephen Chalmers, in a lecture on Stevenson at Saranac, repeated this, whereupon a committee of professional men was formed and a fund started. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Baker, from whom Stevenson rented the cottage by the Saranac River during the winter of 1887-88, gave their consent to the creation of the tablet on the wall of the famous veranda where Stevenson said in his letters his "engine" said "come, let us make a tale!" (*The Master of Ballantrae.*) Through Mr. Chalmers and Mr. Davis the services of Gutzon Borglum were secured at the mere cost of casting the tablet. The sculptor gave his services as a tribute to R. L. S.

As soon as the project was announced money came from many sources, and at present the small sum required for the actual tablet is in hand. Further sums received by the committee will be devoted to making permanent or enlarging the memorial. In time the entire property may be acquired, if the present owners will sell. Among those who have contributed are Lloyd Osbourne, who wrote his first book, *The Wrong Box* (in collaboration with his stepfather), in the Baker Cottage; Clayton Hamilton, who has made valuable suggestions as to the form of inscription, and whose book, *The Trail of Stevenson,* which appeared in THE BOOKMAN last year, contained a Saranac Lake chapter that helped to stimulate interest in the memorial project, and Robert H. Davis. The memorial will take the form of a bronze tablet, signed by Gutzon Borglum, with a bas relief of Stevenson and the accompanying inscription, which is, however, subject to minor changes:

HERE DWELT
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
During the Winter of 1887-1888

"I was walking in the verandah of a small house outside the hamlet of Saranac. It was winter; the night was very dark; the air clear and cold, and sweet with the purity of forests. For the making of a story here were fine conditions. 'COME,' SAID I TO MY ENGINE, 'LET US MAKE A TALE.'"
—The Genesis of Ballantrae.

Here he wrote "The Master of Ballantrae," "A Christmas Sermon," "The Lantern-Bearers," "Pulvis et Umbra," "Beggars," "Gentlemen," "A Chapter on Dreams," et cetera.

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**Writers of the Day**

The first three monographs in a new series under the general title of "Writers of the Day," dealing with Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, and Anatole France, and written respectively by F. J. Harvey Darton, J. D. Beresford,

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and W. L. George, have just come from the press of Messrs. Henry Holt and Company. Other monographs dealing with Joseph Conrad, by Hugh Walpole, Rudyard Kipling, by John Palmer, and John Galsworthy, by Sheila Kaye-Smith, are announced for early appearance. In his study of Arnold Bennett Mr. Darton discourses of the Five Towns. They lie, he tells us, in the north of Staffordshire, and are the centre of the greatest pottery manufacture in the world. "You cannot drink tea out of a teacup without the aid of the Five Towns; you cannot eat a meal in decency without the aid of the Five Towns." As Bennett uses the term, the five towns are Tunstall (Turnhill), Burslem (Bursley), Hanley (Hambridge), Stoke-upon-Trent (Knype) and Longton (Longshaw), with Newcastle-under-Lyne (Oldcastle) as a sixth. "Oldcastle," indeed, is more prominent than "Longshaw." Politically, the towns and townships are dif-

IDA M. TARBELL, WHO IS CONTRIBUTING TO THE SERIES "WHAT THE DAY'S WORK MEANS TO ME," BEGINNING IN THIS ISSUE OF "THE BOOKMAN"

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ferently grouped and are no longer five. Newcastle is a borough by itself; it has been a borough for eight hundred years, and it lives upon that ancient dignity. The other fortresses of humanity are chiefly the outcome of industrialism. They are collectively named Stoke-on-Trent, which comprises Stoker-upon-Trent, Hanley, Burslem, Tunstall, Longton, and Fenton, with their suburbs; this new borough, with a population of two hundred and thirty-five thousand, was created in 1908, and began to exist officially in 1910.

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That H. G. Wells was not born into the leisured classes, sent to Eton and Christchurch, later to write polite essays or a history of Napoleon during the intervals of his leisured activity as a member of the Upper House, Mr. J. D. Beresford regards as a decided blessing. Happily, he says, fate provided a scheme for preserving his eyesight, and pitched

LOUISE CLOSSER HALE, WHO IS CONTRIBUTING TO THE SERIES "WHAT THE DAY'S WORK MEANS TO ME," BEGINNING IN THIS ISSUE OF "THE BOOKMAN"

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him into the care of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wells on September 21, 1866, behind or above a small general shop in Bromley. Mrs. Wells was the daughter of an innkeeper at Midhurst and had been in service as a lady's maid before her marriage. Joseph Wells had had a more distinguished career. He had been a great Kent bowler in the early sixties, and about a year before the birth of the future novelist took four wickets with consecutive balls and created a new record in the annals of cricket. The Bromley shop, like most of its kind, was a failure. Moderate success might have meant a Grammar School for young Wells and the temptations of property, but fate gave the young radical another twist by thrusting him temporarily within sight of an alien and magnificent prosperity where as the son of the housekeeper at Up Park near Petersfield, he might recognise his immense separation from the members of the ruling class, as described in *Tono Bungay*. After that came "the drapery," first at Windsor

ZONA GALE, WHO IS CONTRIBUTING TO THE SERIES "WHAT THE DAY'S WORK MEANS TO ME," BEGINNING IN THIS ISSUE OF "THE BOOKMAN"

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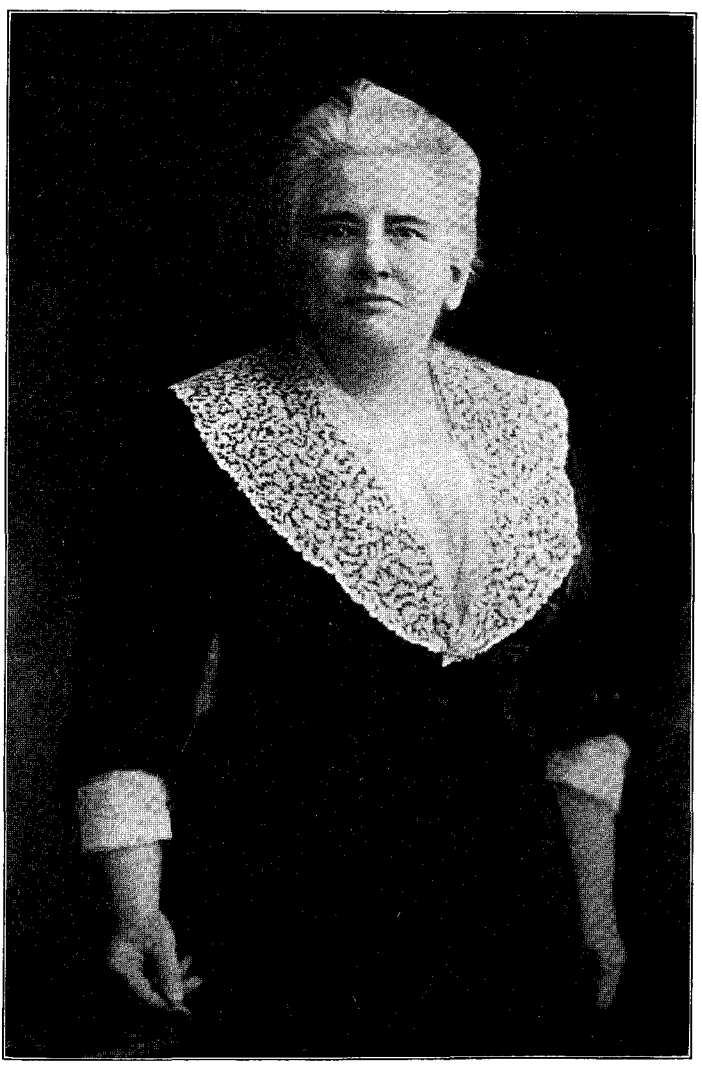
and then at Southsea, but there is no autobiography of this period, only the details of the trade and its circumstances. For neither Hoopdriver nor Kipps nor Polly could have qualified for the post of assistant at Midhurst Grammar School, a position that H. G. Wells obtained at sixteen after he had broken his indentures with the Southsea draper.

Mr. W. L. George begins his monograph with the statement that he comes neither to bury Anatole France nor to praise him. For he does not worship Anatole France. "I have had to read every one of his works over again in the last few weeks, and if there is anything calculated to make one hate a writer forevermore it is to read all his works one



DR. ANNA HOWARD SHAW, WHO IS CONTRIBUTING TO THE SERIES "WHAT THE DAY'S WORK MEANS TO ME," BEGINNING IN THIS ISSUE OF "THE BOOKMAN"

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after the other. People are afraid to criticise Anatole France adversely; he seems to have attained the position now accorded to Galileo (who was tortured), to Joan of Arc (who was burned), to Wagner (who was hooted), to everybody, in fact, who ever did anything worth while. In his early years, when de Maupassant, Zola, Daudet were alive, he was ignored; everything was done to keep him down; the Académie Française went so far so to give him a prize. But times have changed; Anatole France is acclaimed all over the world; everybody quotes him; and those who cannot quote him quote his name; he is above criticism. This would be very bad for him if he were not also above adulation. People dare not say the things which should be obvious: that he repeats himself; that he is sentimental; that his novels are, from the point of view of French technique, incoherent; that, as expressed by his characters, his conception of love is rather disgusting; in fact, they take all the humanity out of him by endowing him with all the graces; they erect to him a statue which represents him just about as much as the sort of statue they occasionally put up to some highly respectable politician whom they depict as stark naked, and beautiful as a young *discobolus.*"

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Then there is a somewhat similar series, though on a rather more elaborate scale, coming from the press of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, the first three volumes of which deal with George Bernard Shaw, by P. T. Howe; Maurice Maeterlinck, by Una Taylor, and W. B. Yeats, by Forrest Reid. Mr. Howe does not believe that Shaw has profoundly affected his age, although he has edified and delighted it. "His youthfulness has been the youthfulness of the man who, in face of our complaisant assurance that our gowns are white, has gone on reiterating his assertion that they are black until we have looked at them and found that in places they have turned a bit greyish. His unflagging good spirits, with their consequent excessiveness of utterance, while they have been the truest friend of his comic style, have been the worst enemy of his opinions. The beauties of repose have evaded Mr. Shaw's conversation. His first instinct, when he has got hold of an idea, has been to run out and tell us all about it. All his life he has told us everything that came into his head—every single thing that came into his quite exceptional head. He has been like a busy salesman with a demand on his shop, so heavily engaged in handing out his goods that he has not been able to spare much attention to the manner of the wrapping.

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"Maeterlinck's poems," writes Una Taylor, "are the outcome of a melancholy as vaguely sterile as it is incurable; of a grief as drowsy, void and stifled as that of Coleridge's 'Dejection.'" From the first stanzas to the close of the last page, the poet's imagination dwells in a vision-world of symbolic hallucination, tinged and dyed with the iridescent colours, the dim translucencies, of dream-dusks, of veiled dawns and sultry noons. The sequence attains its unbroken unity of impression, visual and pictorial, spiritual and imaginative, bathed, saturated in a vapourous atmosphere where the strings of sensation are muted, where the pulses of life are numbed, its fevers outworn; where the vital tide is ever receding from its shores and passion itself has fallen into the languor of a mortal swoon. Picture after picture rises. A hot-house in the heart of a forest; exotic vegetations spring and flourish beneath the damp and misted glass, even as sins, sicknesses, and distresses are nourished within the opaque enclosure of that ultimate resort of human personality we name the soul. We see filmy cupolas under whose tinted domes narcotic blossoms spread their petals to the moon; we watch windless waters; marshes where swans hatch a raven brood; plains where grey flocks browse the waste grass; phantasmal figures of wax in a summer forest; apparitions of princesses dying in fields of hemlock. The scenes shift. Irrelevant, unconnected mirages

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of bewildering panoramas succeed one to another like the slides of the showman's magic-lantern."

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It is a high place that Forrest Reid assigns to W. B. Yeats in the summing up of his volume; rather too high most of us will be inclined to think. He says: "He is not a universal poet: his art does not come out of the whole of life, as Shakespeare's art comes, or even as Whitman's comes: and if we judge poetry by the breadth of the poet's vision of life it is possible that compared with Whitman he will seem a secondary poet. If we judge it, however, as I believe we must, by its intensity, its ecstasy, its sheer beauty and music, then, of course, the position will be exactly reversed. If Shelley is a great poet, if Keats and Coleridge and Rossetti are great poets, then Mr. Yeats is a great poet also, greater, I think, than any of these. Even in quantity, if we compare his first-rate work with the first-rate work of the writers I have mentioned, has any of them more to show? has any of them as much? That scrupulous care for perfection which characterises certain writers who are also artists—Rossetti, or Flaubert, and to-day Mr. Yeats—is often misleading; so that what we sometimes take for a sign of greater wealth in others is often really only a sign either of a lack of a critical faculty, or of an unwillingness to make sacrifices.

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**"Hop" Smith**

In the September issue of *Scribner's Magazine* there was a delightful reminiscent paper on Francis Hopkinson Smith from the pen of Thomas Nelson Page. The two met for the first time years ago at a supper at the old Aldine Club, when Smith was just beginning to be known as a writer, though he had long been known in New York among a certain circle as a capable engineer; in another circle as a progressive and clever artist, who painted with incredible facility, and in intellectual circles as a good illustrator, and the best raconteur in the city. Together Page and Smith went off on a joint lecture tour under the direction of the late Major Pond, the result of which was the ripening of a life-long friendship. In Boston, in New York, and in Chicago, they spent weeks at a time together, and in this intimacy Mr. Page came to know his comrade better than might have been done in years of ordinary association. It was thus that he learned of the early Baltimore life, later described in *Kennedy Square,* of the struggles in New Jersey and New York, of the building of the sea wall protecting Governor's Island, the foundation for the Statue of Liberty, and the Race Rock Light House. It was in the last named engineering feat that Francis H. Smith took most pride. While engaged upon the work he used to go off and take his recreation painting. Mr. Page recalls an incident illustrating a certain phase of the New England character. The artist had found a picturesque old water mill and proceeded to paint a picture of it.

His occupation soon drew the attention of the miller, who strolled over and observed him across the fence with growing interest. Finally, on the second day, as his picture grew in resemblance, the miller asked the painter: "What are you going to do with that when it is done?"

"Sell it," said Smith, working at the finishing touches.

After a pause of reflection:

"What do you cal-clate to get for it?"

"Oh! a hundred dollars," said Smith, cheerfully. "Perhaps more."

"A hundred dollars!" gasped the miller.

He walked away to reflect, and presently returned. His manner had somewhat changed.

"Hes you ast anybody's permission to paint that mill?" he asked, leaning over the fence.

"No—I have not," said Smith promptly, whose picture was now about finished.

"Hes anybody ever give you permission to paint it?"

"No," said Smith.

"We-all, you know whose mill it is?"

"No, I do not, but I rather expect it is yours," said the painter.

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"It is," said the miller decisively, and then, as the painter made ready to leave:

"We-all, don't you think you ought to divide what you get for that picture with the man who owns the mill?"

"Well, honestly, I don't," said Smith, laughing as he bade him good day, and came away leaving him still hanging over the fence pondering the inequalities of life.

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It was *Colonel Carter of Cartersville* that introduced F. Hopkinson Smith to a wider reading audience, and Mr. Page thinks that that, of all his books, held most strongly the writer's own affection. Writes Mr. Page:

I have understood that the way *Colonel Carter of Cartersville* came to be written was this: Hopkinson Smith was the best raconteur of a formal story I ever heard. I recall that a mutual friend once told me that Hopkinson Smith's stories had changed the tone of stories told at men's dinners in New York. I give the account as it was given to me. He had become known as a delightful after-dinner story-teller, and presently his stories made so much impression that one day Gilder of the *Century Magazine* said to him that the stories he told—in the form in which he told them—ought to be preserved, and suggested his writing them for the *Century*. Out of this grew a paper which was styled, at first, something like "The Colonel's Dinner Table," the Colonel being simply a peg to hang the stories on. But before the paper was finished "the Colonel" had captured the narrator, and out of it came "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," with "Miss Nancy" and her air of lavender and grace, and all the chivalry and charm of a beautiful picture of the old times in a new setting.

• • •

Incomparable friendliness and optimism, to Mr. Page's mind, were the dominant notes in the books of F. Hopkinson Smith.

This is, indeed, the dominant note in his books. They shine on every page and speak in every line. From *Colonel Carter,* with his inexhaustible wealth and hospitality, to *Felix O'Day*—whose happy name is all that I know of it—the stream of genial good fellowship runs through all his work. As he found picturesque bits for his pencil everywhere, so he caught the ray of sunlight in every field of endeavour, or created it with his touch of universal sympathy. The titles of many of his books bespeak it. *The Under Dog, The Arm-Chair at the Inn, The Wood Fire in Number 3,* are examples at once of his sympathy and his gift for friendship. It was ever the "under dog" that appealed to him. But if not in the title it was ever in the books, covering the wide field of his varied experience. The reader in the next generation who wishes to get a bird's-eye view of American life, at least on the Atlantic seaboard in our time, will find it in the works of F. Hopkinson Smith. They cover a broad gamut. The decayed gentleman and gentlewoman, the old black mammy, the fisherman and seafaring men of New England's rock-bound coast, life-saving crews of the Jersey shore, the travelling salesman, the metropolitan and cosmopolitan clubman, the nomad at home in all capitals and in all countries—are all drawn with broad, swift, sure lines, and drawn to the life with complete sympathy and knowledge. It was, perhaps, in his sketches of Southern life that he drew his characters with most tenderness. However clear and sympathetic his drawing of others might be—and he had a fellow-feeling with the whole world—in these his touch had an added softness, a deeper sympathy.

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**The Pretended O. Henry**

During the past two or three months there have been stories coming from various parts of the country of persons claiming to be David Grayson. This recalls the time when Mr. Booth Tarkington met a young woman who, not catching his name, informed him that she was the author of *M. Beaucaire*—a mere trifle, dashed off with the greatest of ease—and the more serious episode of the pretended O. Henry. With the exception of one tale all of the earlier O. Henry stories found their way to *Ainslee's Magazine* and the hands of Mr. Gilman Hall, whom Porter always regarded as the man who discovered

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him. It was Mr. Hall who sent the money to Pittsburgh that took the story-teller to New York. One Tuesday morning Porter reached the town that he later learned to love so well as "Little Old Bagdad-on-the-Subway." It was late Friday afternoon before he mustered up courage to call upon the editor. But the first feeling of diffidence soon passed away and the two men became fast friends.

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The first stories began to attract attention and in a little time the name of O. Henry came to count for something. Incidentally there was one issue of *Ainslee's Magazine* in which two stories from his pen were printed, and in order to avoid repetition in the table of contents, one of the two was signed James L. Bliss. That story happened to be "While the Auto Waits," which was one of the best of that period. A few days later there appeared in the New York *Times* an editorial, the gist of which was: "We do not know who James Bliss is. The name is a new one to us. But we defy any one to produce a French short-story writer of the present day who is capable of producing anything finer than 'While the Auto Waits.'" About that time there came to Mr. Hall a well-known New York writing woman with the information that she had solved the mystery of O. Henry. The night before she had been dining in company with his uncle, an American painter of distinction, who subsequently went to his death in the disaster to the *Titanic*. The uncle was loud in the praises of his nephew, who was a sophomore in Harvard, and who had been negotiating with the ——— Company for the exclusive rights to all future O. Henry material. For the purpose of narration we shall refer to this O. Henry pretender as Robert Minturn Trimble, which, of course, was not his name.

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This Robert Minturn Trimble, it seems, was having a very good time as a Harvard undergraduate, and doing comparatively little serious work. His parents were dead and he was being sent to college by a devoted uncle and aunt. On one of his visits home the uncle and aunt expressed disapproval of the reports that were coming from his preceptors, and suggested that if he was to get no more out of his course at Cambridge he might better go to work at once. The boy, in a moment of temptation, yielded. He urged that he was doing much more than appeared on the surface, that he had been writing stories for the magazines, and having them accepted; and picking up a current issue he pointed out as his own a certain story which happened to be one by O. Henry. The uncle and aunt read the story, estimated it highly, cut it out, and sent it to a Harvard professor with the information that it was the work of their nephew. The professor read it, and a few days later in open class announced that there was a young man present who had written a story that showed a marvellous grasp of Western life and a knowledge of human nature that was almost incomprehensible in one so young. That young man was destined to go far, and his name was Robert Minturn Trimble.

• • •

In New York William Sidney Porter had been informed that there was some one who claimed to be the author of the O. Henry stories. He had laughed and made the comment that so long as he was privileged to spend the money that was paid for them the pretensions of the other did not greatly disturb him. But the rumour began to spread. It was heard here, there, everywhere. Finally, a Minneapolis paper came out with something to the following effect: "There have been various conjectures as to the identity of the exceedingly clever short-story writer who signs himself O. Henry. We are at length in a position to speak with authority on the matter. O. Henry is a Harvard sophomore by the name of Robert Minturn Trimble. One of his uncles is —— ———, the well-known painter." Finally one day a representative of the ——— Company

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with whom the reputed O. Henry had been making negotiations, called at the office of *Ainslee's Magazine* and asked to see Mr. Hall. He explained that the ——— Company naturally wished to proceed with every care and courtesy. "Do you know," he asked, "who O. Henry really is? We have always understood that he is an undergraduate at Harvard." Mr. Hall told the representative that the real O. Henry had never been farther east than New York, that his name was William Sidney Porter, and that he was living in East Twenty-sixth Street. Then the dramatic touch—the meeting that was to bring the conclusive proof: to clear away the last vestige of possible doubt. There was a knock on the door, a boy entered, and announced: "Mr. O. Henry!"

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**Names of O. Henry**

It seems strange now, when the name O. Henry is so familiar both by sight and sound, to recall a time when the pseudonym was regarded with marked disapproval. But at first editors were of the opinion that the adopted signature was worse than no signature at all. The first of Porter's stories to appear in *Ainslee's Magazine* was "Money Maze," which was afterward incorporated in *Cabbages and Kings*. That tale was printed in the issue for May, 1901. It was regarded as a good story with an ineffectual name signed to it. So when the second story, "Rouge et Noir" (also included in *Cabbages and Kings*), came along Mr. Hall wrote to the author (it was not until the latter actually came to New York that the editor learned that his name was William Sidney Porter) asking him to supply a first name. "Rouge et Noir" was published in the November issue as the work of Olivier Henry. There was one story, which appeared in *Everybody's Magazine*, to which was signed the name of W. S. Porter. It is not generally known that at one time O. Henry wrote considerable verse. For the sake of strict truth it must be acknowledged that his verse was far from being as good as his prose. To his poetical effusions he signed several names. One was Harry Clark; another was T. B. Dowd; and disguised as S. H. Peters he perpetrated both verse and prose.

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**The Unwritten Tale**

Many as were the tales of the people of the Central American Republic that found their way into O. Henry's books, there was one favourite yarn which was too dreadful to be put into print, but which he used to relate in convivial hours with great relish. It concerned a ship, with a Central American captain, officers, and crew, bound for New York with a cargo of bananas and a solitary passenger. Nearing port the passenger was taken ill, and speedily developed a malignant tropical fever. The officers were in a quandary. The bananas were approaching the ripening stage and delay at Quarantine meant a loss of the entire cargo. So the sick passenger was told that his illness was merely trivial, and that a cold bath would straighten him up. The cold bath consisted of slipping him quietly overboard in the North Atlantic. The passenger list was destroyed and the cargo landed to the owner's profit.

## BAYARD TAYLOR'S ROMANCE

*There was much that was autobiographical in Bayard Taylor's "The Story of Kennett," the romance of a poor ploughboy who wins the sweetheart of his choice after her father has forbidden the courtship. When Taylor was young he loved ardently a certain Mary Agnew. Her parents objected to the match because of Taylor's poverty, and because they believed him to be a dreamer and an idler. Finally, when all obstacles were overcome, it was almost too late. Mary became Bayard's wife, but she died a few months after the wedding.*

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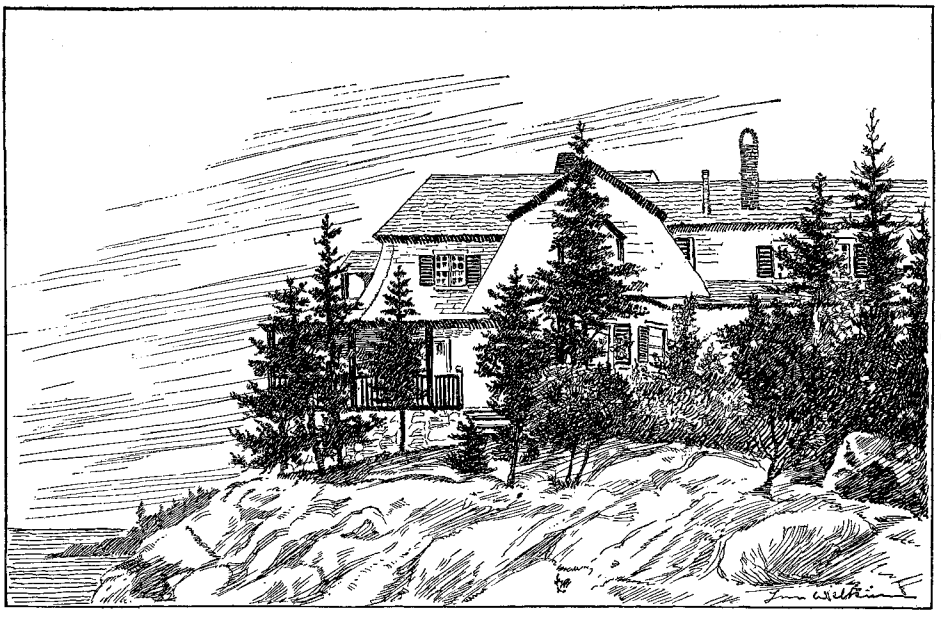

THE CRAGS, TENANT'S HARBOUR, MAINE

# THE CRAGS

## IN MEMORY OF THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

### BY ALFRED NOYES

FALERNIAN, first! What other wine
Should brim the cup and flush the line
That would recall my days
Among your creeks and bays,

Where, founded on a rock, your house
Between the pines' unfading boughs
Watches through sun and rain
That lonelier coast of Maine;

And the Atlantic's mounded blue
Breaks on your crags, the summer through,
A long pine's length below,
In rainbow-tinted snow;

While, from your railed veranda there,
As on a deck you sail through air,
And sea and cloud and sky
Go softly streaming by.

Smoothing the waves, at set of sun,
Like delicate oils the colours run—
Around the enchanted hull,
Anchored and beautiful;—

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Restoring to that sun-dried star
You brought from coral isles afar,
With shells that mock the moon,
The tints of their lagoon;

Till, from within, your lamps declare
Your harbours by the colours there,—
An Indian god, a fan
Painted in old Japan.

Then, best of all, I think, at night
The moon that makes a road of light
Across the whispering sea,
A road for memory;

When the blue dusk has filled the pane,
And the great pine-logs burn again,
And books are good to read;
For his were books indeed.

Their silken shadows, rustling, dim,
May sing no more of Spain for him;
No shadows of old France
Renew their courtly dance.

He walks no more where shadows are,
But left their ivory gates ajar
That shadows might prolong
The dance, the tale, the song.

His was no narrow test or rule.
He chose the best of every school,—
Stendhal and Keats and Donne,
Balzac and Stevenson.

Wordsworth and Flaubert filled their place.
Dumas met Hawthorne face to face.
There were both new and old,
In his good realm of gold.

The title-pages bore his name;
And, nightly, by the dancing flame
Following him, I found
That all was haunted ground;

Until a friendlier shadow fell
Upon the leaves he loved so well,
And I no longer read,
But talked with him instead.

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# THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PART I

*The present state of the novel—its immense popularity—the rise in its respectability—definition of a good novel—the penalty of popularity—reasons for this popularity—books sold under false pretences—distinction between "romance" and "novel"—the philosophy underlying realism and romanticism—the strength of realism—the vicious circle in all art.*

THE beginning of the twentieth century witnessed the predominance in literature of the novel. More copies of novels were in circulation than all other kinds of books put together. It took two centuries to bring about the consummation; and at this moment the novel is still supreme. Nothing threatens its hegemony except the growing vogue of the printed play, accompanied as it has been by a blizzard of critical works on the stage. We cannot help noticing how many professional novelists have become professional playwrights. Does this mean that the drama has really awakened at last, refreshed by a sound sleep of three hundred years? Does it mean that the dying prophecies of William Sharp and Bronson Howard are to become fact, and the next generation is to express itself mainly in dramatic dialogue, as in the days of Elizabeth? Or is all this play-making simply one more florescence from the root of all evil? Has the same quick-return fever that has shaken the souls from so many bodies in business smitten the vast army of literary speculators with drama delirium?

No accurate answers can yet be given to these questions; but to those professional students, critics and teachers of literature who are as eagerly interested in contemporary production as are teachers of science and economics, the literary movements of the next twenty years are going to be well worth watching. Meanwhile the present proud height of the novel's popularity and influence makes an excellent platform for the observer; he cannot only look about him; he has a fine chance to look back, and if he is mentally alive, he cannot help looking forward.

There are fashions in the array of thoughts as there are fashions in corporeal coverings; and as it would be a bold undertaking to explain the causes of the time-variations in the length of men's coats and the diameter of women's hats, so even the most philosophical historian cannot fully account for the occasional predominance of certain literary forms. Even some literary *material* actually vanishes; scholastic speculation, that filled many folios, seems extinct. But the chief material of literature is human nature, which never changes; poets, dramatists, novelists, satirists focus their attention on "man's thoughts and loves and hates." It is the fashion of expression that varies; it is rather interesting to reflect that not merely the mob of professional scribblers, who produce what to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, but inspired men of genius interpreted human life by means of the drama and the sonnet in 1600, by the heroic couplet in 1700 and by the novel in 1900. Twentieth century publishers are not eagerly looking for theology in verse; yet two hundred years ago theological poetry was a sure card. Pope's *Essay on Man* sold off as sensationally as Winston Churchill's *The Inside of the Cup*. Pope and Mr. Churchill had one thing in common besides success—an accurate flair for public taste. I dare say that Pope would be a clever realistic nov-

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elist were he alive to-day—for he would know his market now as he knew it then. In his time theological verse was so much in demand that Samuel Boyse, who usually wrote in bed, his frequent sprees giving the pawnbroker possession of his garments, composed a poem on the nature of the Deity, being forced—unhappy artist—to produce something that would sell. A similar predicament would to-day drive his energies into a quite different channel. Boyse's poetry is read no more; and he would have followed his works were it not that Dr. Johnson liked him and used to go about collecting sixpences to redeem his clothes, thus giving temporary decency to his body and immortality to his name. The reading public in those days was patrician; in the latter half of the nineteenth century, when the ability to read ceased to be any more of a distinction than the ability to breathe, the novel reached the climax of popularity. For the novel is the most democratic form of literature, easily adaptable to minds of high, low and no intelligence.

The extraordinary popularity of the novel toward the close of the nineteenth century is proved by its sudden conquest of the American stage. The relation between acted play and published romance that had been one of the most notable features in Elizabethan literature again came into being—with just the opposite emphasis and for a totally different reason. The Elizabethan dramatists—except Ben Jonson—did not dream of inventing their plots; their business, as some one has said, was not creation, but translation. They hunted for plots, not in their own brain, but in contemporary fiction; they selected a story, adapted it for the stage, and in many cases gave it permanent beauty. The only reason why many Elizabethan prose romances are still read is because Shakespeare glorified them by his genius; Tolstoy being the only person who has maintained that the originals were better than the dramas. The playwrights took this material, not because it was popular, but because it was convenient; and the custom lapsed with the extinction of the Elizabethan stage. It was resumed, however, in 1894; and for ten years flourished mightily, being finally killed by the American sense of humour. Two prodigiously popular novels appeared in 1894: *Trilby* and *The Prisoner of Zenda.* They were quickly transferred to the stage, where thousands of people greeted the incarnation of their favourite characters with childish delight. The "dramatised novel" became a fad; every "best seller" was certain to take dramatic form, not because it contained germs of drama, but because it was the thing everybody was talking about. Each theatre manager in New York employed men who made dramas with scissors and paste; and one director said frankly that the natural adaptability of the particular novel had nothing to do with the case so long as it was popular; he had a man on a salary who had become so skilful that he could make a play out of the city directory, were there any demand for it. It is seldom in the history of literature that the popularity of a certain form becomes so extensive as to conquer another form with which it has really almost nothing in common; in this instance the drama for a decade became the slave of the novel; and the fact is worth recording as showing the triumphant vogue of the latter.

The advance of the novel in popularity was accompanied by an automatic rise in respectability. A hundred years ago novel reading was thought by many to be positively wicked, classed with that unholy trinity—cards, dancing, stage-plays. The mother of Thomas Carlyle read only one novel in her life, Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister;* and she read that because her son had translated it, the best of all reasons, from a maternal point of view, for making an exception. Could Goethe by any possibility have imagined in the course of its composition that it would be read by such a woman? Yet John Carlyle wrote to his brother Thomas: "She is sitting here as if under some charm, reading *Meister,* and has nearly got through the second vol-

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ume. Though we are often repeating honest Hall Foster's denouncement against readers of 'novels,' she still continues to persevere. She does not relish the character of the women, and especially of Philina: 'They are so wanton.' She cannot well tell what it is that interests her." Indeed, from Jane Austen to Henry James, responsible novelists were on the defensive. In the fifth chapter of *Northanger Abbey* we are told that two girls

> shut themselves up to read novels together. Yes, novels; for I will not adopt that ungenerous and impolitic custom, so common with novel writers, of degrading, by their contemptuous censure, the very performances to the number of which they are themselves adding; joining with their greatest enemies in bestowing the harshest epithets on such works, and scarcely ever permitting them to be read by their own heroine, who, if she accidentally take up a novel, is sure to turn over its insipid pages with disgust. . . . Let us leave it to the reviewers to abuse such effusions of fancy at their leisure, and over every new novel to talk in threadbare strains of the trash with which the press now groans. Let us not desert one another—we are an injured body. Although our productions have afforded more extensive and unaffected pleasure than those of any other literary corporation in the world, no species of composition has been so much decried. From pride, ignorance or fashion, our foes are almost as many as our readers; and while the abilities of the nine-hundredth abridger of the History of England, or of the man who collects and publishes in a volume some dozen lines of Milton, Pope and Prior, with a paper from the *Spectator* and a chapter from Sterne, are eulogised by a thousand pens—there seems almost a general wish of decrying the capacity and undervaluing the labour of the novelist, and of slighting the performances which have only genius, wit and taste to recommend them. . . . "And what are you reading, Miss ——?" "Oh, it is only a novel!" replies the young lady; while she lays down her book with affected indifference, or momentary shame. "It is only *Cecilia,* or *Camilla,* or *Belinda*"; or, in short, only some work in which the greatest powers of the mind are displayed, in which the most thorough knowledge of human nature, the happiest delineation of its varieties, the liveliest effusions of wit and humour, are conveyed to the world in the best-chosen language.

Twenty-five years ago Henry James thought it necessary to insist on the "dignity" of the novel. The best novelists are really historians, and the novel is history. Or, if one is unaffected by the challenge of truth, Mr. James pleaded for the worth of the novel in art. He declared that a picture was not expected to apologise for itself, why should the novel? Our Canadian contemporary, Mr. Leacock, who is a professor of political economy, rather indignantly denies the supposition that his humourous extravaganzas are the offshoots of leisure hours. Quite the contrary he affirms to be true, saying that any one can consult columns of statistics and rearrange them, but to write a work of pure imagination requires a much higher quality of mind and much more serious effort.

When I was a child my mother would not permit me to read novels on Sunday; and yet, some thirty years after that period, I received a letter from a woman who was very old, a bed-ridden invalid, and the widow of a Baptist minister (the three qualifications are not arranged as a climax); she wrote, "Thank the Lord for novels!"

If one indulges in a little analysis, one sees that the respectability of the novel was naturally forced to rise with its popularity—not because of a more general liberality in pleasures, a weakening of the consciousness of sin, an increased flippancy in all life's habits and conventions; no, the rise in respectability came for just the opposite reason. When any literary form is predominant, the majority of writers are compelled to write in that form, simply because it is the surest way to secure the two things that nearly every writer wants—fame and cash. The supremacy of Elizabethan drama forced

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most of the great writers of that age to put their ideas and imaginings into the dramatic form; which is one reason why the Elizabethan drama is so wonderful as poetry and so wretched as drama. Of all those towering men of genius, Shakespeare alone holds the stage to-day, and only a small fraction of his plays are commonly acted.

During the last years of the nineteenth century the novel became so popular that many professional writers chose that method of expression, whether they had any natural love for it or not, and even when they were totally ignorant of the novel as an art form. All over the world thoughtful authors joined the ever-swelling ranks of the novelists. The result was, of course, that serious readers, men and women who were determined to read works that reflected the great movements in modern thought, were compelled to read novels. Clubs were organised all over our country to study contemporary fiction, courses on the novel in college curricula ceased to attract outside attention, and critical works on the subject multiplied abundantly.

This vast popularity of the novel was and is by no means an unmixed blessing. Indeed, with reference purely to the *art* of fiction—a great and noble art—it has been fraught with disaster. I should define a high-class novel in five words—*a good story well told*. How rarely do we find a perfect illustration! The number of people who are seeking in the welter of contemporary books to find "good stories"—stories that shall at once be interesting, charming, clever, decent, and that shall not be treatises on politics, religion or sociology—the number of such earnest seekers after amusement is pathetic. They want entertainment, and what are they doing? Many are turning from "novels" to history, biography, letters and essays to find it. Every man and woman with any pretension at all to a knowledge of literature is constantly besieged with this question: "Where can I find a really good story?"

For if a true novel be a good story well told, it is certain that the majority of so-called novels are not stories at all: of the saving remnant, only a few are good stories: and still fewer are well told. The great bulk of modern fiction may be divided into two classes—those that are merely rambling accounts of the lives of uninteresting characters, and those that are treatises on aspects of modern thought. Among the "best sellers" of the past thirty years only a small number could possibly be classified as real novels. Edward Bellamy was deeply interested in socialism, and its earnest advocate as well; in 1860 he would perhaps have written a tract embodying his arguments, but coming at a later time, he called his treatise a novel, and named it *Looking Backward*. Mrs. Ward has never written a novel in her life, and only once came near it, in *David Grieve*. But she is a serious, earnest, thoughtful, deeply read woman, with a passion to improve the world: she once wrote a treatise on religious reform, and called it *Robert Elsmere*. As people are more interested in religion than in any other subject in the world save two, her book had a prodigious success—exactly paralleled a short time ago by Winston Churchill's *The Inside of the Cup*. For many months after the day of its publication this work was selling at the rate of five hundred copies a day; yet, with the possible exception of the curate, there was not a living character in the book, there was no real story, and none of the charm of fiction. But there was a timely and earnest discussion of the modern creed and the modern work of the church, with a plea for liberalism. Suppose one is interested in the question—Have we a right to kill our friends when they are suffering acutely from a hopeless disease?—one may be referred to Edith Wharton's work on the subject, called *The Fruit of the Tree*. The fact that in this particular instance the woman who did kill her friend to save her from suffering subsequently married the friend's husband, is merely a matter of detail, and should not be permitted to distract our attention from the main theme. All of these "novels" remind

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me of the way I was once decoyed by a Sunday school book. I looked over the catalogue, and my youthful attention was arrested by the title *Putnam and the Wolf*. Thinking I should witness a rattling good fight, I drew out the book, and in the calm of the Sunday afternoon began to read. This was the first sentence: "As General Putnam descended into the cave to fight with the fierce and savage wolf, so should we all struggle with the demon of intemperance." And there was not a further allusion to either Putnam or the wolf in the entire work. "Money under false pretences" is a mild term for such literary dexterity; but it can now be paralleled in every publisher's list of forthcoming works of fiction.

The production of literature and the various forms that it assumes are, of course, chiefly governed by our old friend in the study of political economy—the law of supply and demand. What, then, has caused the sharp demand for novels which has made the supply increase in a cumulative progression since 1850, and which accounts for such a vast body of essays, sermons, theses, arguments, scientific treatises, masquerading as works of fiction? It is, I think, the enormous increase of high schools. Formerly the number of people for whom reading was either a refuge or a stimulation was comparatively small; toward the close of the nineteenth century millions of people discovered the pleasure or the anæsthetic of books. I do not refer to college professors, ministers, journalists, who make their living by reading books and then writing or speaking about them; no, I mean people engaged in useful occupations, who work hard during the day, and who read anywhere from six to fifteen hours a week for pleasure. Most of these read for a mental change of air, for rest, relaxation, for refuge from sorrow, for relief from care, possibly to get to sleep o' nights—this vast army of readers demand, of course, something entertaining, something that can be guaranteed to divert the mind; and the novel has risen by leaps and bounds to satisfy this particular daughter of the horse-leech.

It is somewhat unfortunate, in discussing the history of English prose fiction, that we cannot make a sharp distinction between the words "romance" and "novel." We ought to mean by "romance" a story where the chief interest lies, not in the characters, but in the events; as, for example, *Quentin Durward*. By the word "novel" we should denote a story where the principal stress falls, not on the succession of incidents, but on the development of the characters; an excellent illustration would be *The Mill on the Floss*. Occasionally a man of genius has made a splendidly successful fusion of the two, as in Thackeray's *Henry Esmond*—which, if a secret ballot could be taken, might possibly be voted the greatest work of fiction in the English language. In 1785, at the flood-tide of the English Romantic Movement, Clara Reeve attempted to draw a distinction between the two words: "The novel is a picture of real life and manners, and of the times in which it is written. The romance, in lofty and elevated language, describes what never happened nor is likely to happen. The novel gives a familiar relation of such things as pass every day before our eyes, such as may happen to our friend or to ourselves." It will be observed that her distinction is not the same as the one I have suggested as desirable. I do not think the main difference should be one of style, nor do I think romances should include only those works which deal with fantastic or impossible adventures; for such a nomenclature would leave no place at all for those works of fiction that deal with historical events and personages in a manner that is meant to be scrupulously accurate. Such works, according to Clara Reeve, and all historians who follow her, could not possibly be either romances or novels. What are they, then?

When one considers such difficulties as these, one is, after all, reconciled to the generally prevailing loose use of the word "novel," which means simply any

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work of prose fiction. Definitions are dangerous; no sooner have you got your definition stated in a manner that appears to you sound and unassailable than some awkward questioner will want to know what you are going to do with such and such a concrete instance, which most certainly exists, and which refuses to conform to your artificially made standard. Creative writers are more interested in the inherent truth and beauty of their compositions than they are in their possible classification under established forms. A man who writes for the stage does not care very much if all the critics refuse to call his composition a play so long as the theatre is packed night after night and audiences are spellbound. It is better to have it indefinable and impressive than to have it a perfect illustration of the rules without the breath of life.

Still we can, I think, by remembering that romances contain incident and novels analysis, find such a distinction useful. One of the greatest of all English romances is *Lorna Doone;* and its author, in his original preface, remarked: "This work is called a 'romance,' because the incidents, characters, time and scenery are alike romantic. And in shaping this old tale the writer neither dares nor desires to claim for it the dignity or cumber it with the difficulty of an historic novel." There you have the real essence of romanticism—liberty. The romantic drama and the romantic story are essentially free—free of all rules, and not to be measured precisely by canons of criticism or standards of fact. Mr. Blackmore did not care to verify any statement or any person in his work; but he meant to write, and did write, a good story, a genuine romance. For *Lorna Doone* is surely a romance, as *Barchester Towers* is surely a novel.

For my part, as a tireless and catholic reader of fiction, I do not much care whether I read romances or novels. I have never had any of Mr. Howells's contempt for romance. I have more contempt for a badly written realistic novel than I have for a well-executed, wildly exciting romance. I had rather hear a good melodrama than a stupid play founded on fact. But the theories underlying romantic and realistic fiction are diametrically opposed, and might be compared to two opposite methods of treating a hospital "case." The romanticist and the realist agree that all men and women, no matter how apparently healthy, are suffering from an incurable disease—life. In addition to being doomed—every one of us—most of us are not any too comfortable in our prolonged illness. Our days are filled with small aches and pains, little vexations, frustrated hopes, with every now and then a calamity or a disaster of serious magnitude. Our appearance, ability and resources during the progress of our disease are just ordinary, without any positively striking characteristics. The world is made up of average men and women, whose lives are filled with trivial events. Your realist is a homeopath; because persons and happenings are for the most part commonplace, novels should be the same; they should be filled with commonplace people, and extraordinary incidents should be barred. Let all novel readers find the truth of life accurately reflected in art, and art will be a real antiseptic. Your romanticist, while agreeing in the diagnosis, insists on an absolutely opposite remedy. Because life is rather stupid and commonplace, art should be just the contrary. Novels should save us from ourselves, by taking us into a refreshingly different world. Romances should act on our nerves exactly as a change of air—to borrow Stevenson's phrase—acts on the bodily health. Without the slightest jar in the transit, we escape from our environment, meet marvellously strong men and radiantly beautiful women, who, after passing through thrilling adventures, reach a paradise of wedded love. The novelist remoulds the sorry scheme of things nearer to the heart's desire. We return to the daily task refreshed in spirit, with the blessed knowledge that the first half-hour of leisure can take us back to the world of beauty.

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While the philosophies underlying realism and romanticism are thus diametrically in opposition, it must be confessed that, however alluring and diverting the field of romance may be, the realist makes in the end a deeper and more lasting impression on the mind. Suppose, for example, Blackmore had supplied a different ending to *Lorna Doone,* as some misguided critics would have preferred. It will be remembered that at the wedding in the tiny church Carver slips in with a gun and shoots the bride; she lingers for a page and a half, and recovers. Now, suppose she had succumbed. The reader would doubtless have wept; then shortly have dried his tears with the sound reflection that all this never happened, and that it is silly to weep over the fate of even so attractive a girl as Lorna, since she never existed. We come to ourselves at the end of a sad romance, as we leave the opera house after the curtain of *Königskinder* to eat a good supper, or as we awake from a horrible dream, and hear the reassuring trolley car go by. But the effect brought by a realistic novel cannot be thus summarily blotted out; in fact, it cannot be blotted out at all, except by the slow and unconscious method of forgetting it. When one finishes *Esther Waters,* one cannot say, "Pshaw, this is all a dream!" because it is not a dream, and we feel certain that the selected cases are accurately typical of millions.

Every sincere novelist, poet and dramatist hopes that his created illusion will endure; all have a well-founded fear of importunate facts of life that may erase the impression made by the eloquence of art. The dramatist wishes that between the acts the audience would remain in their seats, discussing the probabilities of the next act in awestruck whispers; but the women indulge in social gossip and the men adjourn for a drink. In August, 1914, every novelist was angry with the war; he would rather have the little groups of casual acquaintances talking excitedly about the one thing most important to him. Even in the absence of journalistic sensations, life is always the ruthless enemy of art; the novelist fears the bridge party, the dramatist fears the oysters and champagne. So the teacher fears the football game which is imminent, and the fiery preacher the soggy Sunday dinner, which will stupefy the audience he has momentarily awakened to a sense of spiritual values. Art always loses much in a vicious circle; the singers cannot be supported without the boxes, and the boxes do not respond to the singer's soul, and they are empty during the early and during the late portions of the great opera. The faithful gallery has the thrills, but lacks the cash. The West End dramatist is the one who reaps the harvest of gold; and his plays are supported by grown-up children and must be modelled to their necessities. For although God never tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, the artist finds it expedient to do so. The novelist may aim his work at the highest intelligence; but the highest intelligence borrows or reads the book in a public library, adding nothing to the author's royalties. If it is to make an immediate fortune for him, he must perhaps compromise with his soul. If it is to be published in a limited and beautiful edition, it will be owned by those who will never cut the leaves. The greatest portrait painter cannot always select interesting faces; he is doomed to paint those who have his price.

This fear of indifference, frivolity, lack of response on the part of those by whom the work of art is made possible has afflicted many a creative genius. At the very beginning of *Père Goriot* Balzac roared in his reader's face: "This drama is neither fiction nor romance. It is so true that each one can recognise its elements in his own home; yes, perchance in his own heart."

Everything works together for evil against art. The only possible salvation is sincerity. The duration and depth of the impression made by a realistic novel are both in direct proportion to its approximation to reality; whether the reality be in the events, in the characters, or in both.

(*To be continued*)

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# THE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

PART VIII—THE CONVERTED CORSAIR

IN George W. Childs's memoirs there is a story which makes an exclamation point seem but a feeble toy. "I can recall," says he, "a solemn conversation in the office of the Harpers, then on Cliff Street. The four founders of the great firm were present. I was one of a group of Philadelphians and we were discussing the first number of Harper's new monthly. It seemed so certain to us that the publication would be a failure. 'It can't,' said one Philadelphian emphatically, 'last very long.' The only successful magazines then published in the United States were in Philadelphia—*Graham's, Godey's, Sartain's* and *Peterson's.*"

One can understand under these circumstances (or perhaps under any) the peculiar bias of Philadelphians; but you will look in vain, in authors' letters and reminiscences, for any of those familiar chirps of satisfaction which heralded the hatching of almost all the other American magazines. You will find, instead, curses not loud but deep. Indeed, there was no reason why any one, besides the publishers themselves, should have hailed the advent of *Harper's* with joy except that notoriously inarticulate person, the Average Reader—and he, as was soon admitted even by the most disgruntled American author, was placed under an everlasting debt of gratitude. The Philadelphia magazines, so shortly to be extinguished or dimmed by the new luminary, might have merited the derision which they later received from those who now mocked the meat they had once gladly fed upon, but there was never any question that they had saved the life of the struggling American author of professional potentiality—life which the paddles of the first transatlantic steamer had well nigh made an end of. For when it became possible to get English magazines once a fortnight, there had sprung up in New York numerous weeklies whose sole purpose was to serve the plunder piping hot; and had it not been for the Philadelphia magazines, the native author would have found no market whatever, so entirely had these weeklies driven out of existence the dealers who paid for home products. Though like all the magazines they were in the habit of printing for nothing what was worth scarcely more, to writers who were in demand Philadelphia paid prices deemed munificent in those days. And the writers, in return, were never weary of testifying that to her they owed creation, preservation, and what temporal blessings they possessed. And of that gratitude *Graham's* had the lion's share. The *United States Gazette* cautiously estimated that sometimes *Graham's* must be paying as much as five hundred dollars a number to American authors. But the figure was low, in spite of its being put foward as strapping.

"Graham says he would have given me one hundred and fifty dollars for the Legend of Brittany without the copyright," wrote Lowell in 1845, only three years after he had written jubilantly that he might safely reckon on earning four hundred dollars by his pen the following year. "We have spent as high as fifteen hundred dollars on a single number for authorship alone," said *Graham's* editorially in 1853. "This is more than twice the sum ever paid by any other magazine in America; while for years our minimum rate was eight hundred dollars per number." In its valedictory to *Sartain's*, which had made a splendid

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struggle for three years, there is a note of bitterness:

> It has spent over fifteen thousand dollars for original contributions, and now it is hopelessly wrecked. The publishers spent money with a lavish hand to American writers, but the flood of foreign literature overwhelmed the gallant book and she has gone down to rise no more. Will there *never* be pride enough in the American people to stand by those who support a national literature! We felt a year ago the demand for English magazine articles; the success of the reprint magazines confirmed what we felt; and we therefore doubled the number of our pages to give our readers, *in addition* to our former supply of original American articles, such papers from foreign sources as struck us of value or interest. We shall only add—in answer to carpers generally—that *Graham's* for the last ten years has paid over eighty thousand dollars to American writers.

This was in 1852—two years after the establishment of a magazine which had helped to re-create and greatly profited by this demand for English magazine articles. *Graham's* had watched anxiously the growth of its competitor. "*Harper's* is a good *foreign* magazine, but it is not *Graham's* by a long way," had run an editorial in 1851. "The veriest worshipper of the dust of Europe will tire of the dead level of silly praise of John Bull upon every page. John hasn't *quite* the brains of all the family. Jonathan is not altogether a dolt in letters. Graham thinks he has a class of young writers now who ask no odds in a fair encounter—Lowell, Read, Legare, Godman, Whipple, Fields, Bayard Taylor, Stoddard, Hosmer, Street, Boker, Tuckerman, Hawthorne, Conrad, Moorhead and others of the young men." Many newspapers of the country were watching the struggle with indignation. "*Graham's* great rival now is *Harper's*," said one of them, "but *Graham's* equals it in amount and quality of literary contents and far exceeds it in beauty of illustration—and in the fact that its contributors are all honestly paid for their labours." Said another: "*Graham's* is now what *Harper's* should have been. *Harper's* is a grand failure." Upon which remark Graham commented grimly: "Our friend is a wag in his way. We have done more for magazine writers than *Harper's* will ever do, but one hundred and thirty-five thousand copies a month does not seem to us a grand failure." This same year of 1852 Boker was writing to Stoddard:

> Graham is our only stand-by in these evil times. He is a man with a big soul and a gentleman, but his liberality, great as it is, cannot support an author. Alas! alas! Dick, is it not sad that an American author cannot live by magazine writing? And this is wholly due to the want of an international copyright law.

In these documents, then, we find one of the reasons why we encounter so little pleasant mention of *Harper's* in authors' correspondence in the 'fifties. Furthermore, there was an indefinable but spacious air of self-righteousness about the magazine which, taken with what was considered the unique opulence of its publishers, seems to have greatly annoyed its critics—and not the less, of course, because they were less successful. There was, for instance, none of the ingratiating impudence which Willis had exhibited a few years before when he established a weekly called the *Corsair*. Lest the romance of this title should deceive any one, Willis had proposed to name it the Pirate; and he editorially desired Henry Clay to take it into Congress as a people's exhibit of the results of an iniquitous law. "We shall convey to our columns," said he, "the cream and spirit of everything that ventures to light, in France, England and Germany. As to original American productions, we shall, as the publishers do, take what we can get for nothing, holding, as the publishers do, that while we can get Boz and Bulwer for a thank-ye or less, it is not pocket-wise to pay much for Halleck and Irving."

As frankly did Harpers announce their intention, but the implication was different. In their *New Monthly Mag-*

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*azine,* June, 1850, occurs A Word at the Start:

> The design is to place within the reach of the great mass of the American people the unbounded treasures of the periodical literature of the present day. The leading authors of Great Britain and France, as well as of the United States, are now regular and constant contributors to the periodicals of their several countries. The publishers intend to place everything of permanent value and interest in this literature in the hands of people who up to now have been hopelessly excluded from it.

The columns of *Harper's* did not for a long time, however, contain any treasures of the "leading authors of the United States." In the Contents of volume one appear only a few names, leading or otherwise. They are Ik Marvel, William Howitt, Dr. Moore, Leigh Hunt, Albert Smith, Harriet Martineau, Frederika Bremer, and Robert Southey. Volume three announces that the best talent of the country has been engaged in writing and illustrating original articles, and the magazine now contains regularly one or more original articles upon some topic of historical or national interest by some able and popular writer, illustrated by from fifteen to thirty wood-engravings. In the Contents now appear the American names: G. W. Curtis, G. P. Morris, Epes Sargent, Jacob Abbott, John S. C. Abbott, B. J. Lossing. Setting aside Curtis, who was one of the editors, and Lossing, whose historical articles were a convenient vehicle for illustrations, the leading authors of the country had no reason to regard this list with satisfaction. Volume ten announces that, while they have not neglected the rich stores of foreign literature, they have gradually enlarged the list of their editors and contributors till it includes the names of a large portion of the most popular writers of the country, and nothing has been wanting to induce them to contribute their best productions. But the Contents presents only the names of J. T. Headley, G. P. R. James, J. Abbott, S. I. Prime, Thomas Ewbank, G. W. Greene, Elias Loomis!

Certainly, no material inducement needed to have been wanting. "Although but six months have elapsed," said volume one, "we have a monthly issue of fifty thousand." Volume three speaks of the present circulation as enormous, saying, and with justice, that it has come about simply because the magazine gives a greater amount of reading matter, of a higher quality, in better style and at a cheaper price, than any other periodical ever published. Volume six proclaims a monthly edition of one hundred and eighteen thousand, and it had to be electrotyped. Volume seven announced a gain of seventeen thousand over the last. Thus in four short years the magazine was financially able to stimulate the best writers to contribute to its columns. The *Atlantic* had not yet come to afford the Boston men an outlet; and many New Yorkers were complaining that they could not get a living price for their wares at home; while the Philadelphia magazines, as we have seen, were offering less and less, on account of the shrivelling of their subscription. The best writers of America had either been uncharacteristically deaf to inducement, or *Harper's* considered that they were already included in its columns. In the first decade of its successful existence *Harper's* had printed, by the standard of contemporary judgment, scarcely a notable name. The home-grown treasures it had contributed came chiefly from the store of the Abbott brothers—Jacob, the father of the immortal Rollo and Lucy, and of many histories which on a somewhat wider canvas presented life in the same spirit of domestic didactics; and John, who piled up during his industrious and exemplary existence more than fifty volumes of a moral, religious and historical nature. In 1870 he wrote:

> I prepare a monthly article of twenty pages for *Harper's,* and am writing two books, one on the history of Louis XIV and the other the *History of the Christian Re-*

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*ligion.* Last week I wrote the tenth chapter of this history. I have sent the first four chapters of Louis XIV to *Harper's* and have four other chapters completed. In addition to this, I have full charge of not a small parish, with all its pulpit and parochial labours; it is a rule with me to prepare one new sermon every week."

It is no wonder that Henry James, senior, complained of the "stupid Methodism" of *Harper's,* or that here and there among the sturdy middle class it so triumphantly catered to were some who remembered that even in the Scriptures it had been written that man should not live by bread alone.

In 1859, after almost a decade of *Harper's,* Godkin could write, from the city which now raised the ancient Philadelphia boast of the greatest periodical in the world, to a friend in England, his apprehension about the financial embarrassment of the *Atlantic*—with never a hint that *Harper's* was existent:

> Our one, our only, magazine is again in danger. We have been for many years dying for a magazine and have been making divers unsuccessful attempts to have one of a high order, that would rival your *Blackwood* or *Fraser.* Our last attempt was *Putnam's Magazine,* which, after a brilliant career of a few years, was at last driven into that last haven of all crazy literary craft, "first-class wood-engravings." Boston stepped into the breach, however, and set on foot the *Atlantic,* which was to be kept up to the highest point of excellence by contributions from both sides of the Atlantic. The British quota, however, was not sent in very long, and it has owed a very remarkable success almost entirely to native pens. The articles were rarely either so elaborate or so profound, or even so varied in interest, as those of its English contemporaries, since that ripe and careful cultivation of which good magazine literature is the fruit is by no means so general here as with you; but they were incomparably better than any similar recueil that has yet made its appearance.

### THE LIMITED APPEAL OF AMERICAN WRITERS

In reviewing the early history of its magazine, the House of Harper, published in 1912, discloses an uneasy appreciation of the need for an apologist. "If *Harper's Magazine* had been started upon the plan of exclusive American authorship," it says, "the limitation thus imposed would have been an obstacle to the development of its present comprehensive and popular scope. Every other American magazine published in 1850 had a definite plan which determined its field, and, as a matter of fact, had filled its field and had attained its full development. As regards literary appeal, the conditions of American literature at that time fixed a narrow limit. In this situation the Harpers did, as magazine publishers, what for many years they had been doing in their book business—they brought to readers the richest treasures of literature wherever they were to be found, which at that time was mostly in periodical publications of Europe." Yet in a moment the apologist hastens to announce that its eclectic character—in spite of the limitations of American literary appeal—rapidly disappeared in its very infancy. Now, it does not appear that the work of the chief native authors had undergone any change whatever by the time *Harper's* decided to give a more national tone to its pages. But even had this been the case, its readers would not have benefited thereby; for the chief concession the magazine had made to native authorship was in articles especially designed as vehicles for the illustrations that had been the other great reason for the financial success of the publication—"popular" scientific and historical and travel articles, which cheered the family circle without any danger of inebriation. These were supplied by American ministers and writers of journalistic calibre, but for the most part all expression of thought or imagination was imported from England. A moment's marshalling of the men so limited in literary appeal as to fail entirely to meet the demands of the early *Harper's* will convince one

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of the impressiveness of their exclusion. We may find them in Parke Godwin's address upon Curtis:

> When we began *Putnam's,* among our promised contributors—and nearly all of them made good their promise—were Irving, Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Ripley, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Kirkland, J. P. Kennedy, Fred Cozzens, Richard Grant White, Melville, Stoddard, Stedman, Read, Maria Lowell.

The secret of the exclusion of these writers is afforded almost in the same paragraph. "If we were asked why we started a monthly magazine," said Fletcher Harper, "we would have to say frankly that it was as a tender to our business, though it has grown into something quite beyond that." The business of the house, the author states quite as frankly a little later:

> The Harper brothers saw an enormous reading public in a country of cheap literature and an immense store of material at their disposal in England, more various and more attractive than the home supply; and they resolved to bring the two together.

*Harper's Magazine,* in short, intended to do on a wider basis only what *Harper's Family Library* had done—and bring as many kinds of English literary goods as possible to an American market.

There is no reason why it should not have done so, but in the process of the lucrative enterprise no outsider, except the Average Reader, had any cause for gratitude. *Knickerbocker, Putnam's, Graham's* and the Philadelphia sisterhood had all likewise fought according to the measure of their intelligence for their place in the sun, yet they had fought for the fatherland also—they had fallen in the combat, it is true, but they had gone down with the sustaining thought of having assisted in furthering the cause of American literature. Although *Harper's* splendidly atoned for the sins of her youth, her punishment endures now when those sins have been forgotten by the present grateful generation. Scarcely, in the lives and letters of our illustrious of fifty years ago, do we come across an appreciative and endearing mention of her name, like that which has so often bejewelled all the others. *Putnam's,* while the light of her founder still shone in her, contributed generously to the advancement of periodical literature in America, but not the least of her gifts was bestowed in departing from the field it was not given her to win—the nationalisation of *Harper's.* The *Atlantic* continued the fight, and when *Scribner's* came along in 1870 to make its notable American success, it had become no longer possible for an American magazine to be mainly nourished from over seas. The converted corsair had metamorphosed into one of our most reliable merchantmen; and thus we may echo the House of Harper in closing the retrospect of its magazine: "Looking back upon the one hundred and twenty-one volumes, the first impression made upon the mind is their real exposition of human activity and interest in the half-century and"—when it at last made its delayed appearance—"our steady growth in literary and artistic excellence."

For a long time after American authors of a higher rank began to appear, the magazine and the other periodicals of the house had but little room for them. Three novels of Dickens, four of Thackeray's, with the Four Georges, one of Bulwer's, two of George Eliot's, six of Trollope's rather crowded its earlier years. "In the period 1860-1880," says the House of Harper, "not infrequently we would have two and even three foreign serials running at the same time in each one of our three periodicals." As the prominent English novelists did not, in their opinion, often write good short stories, here seemed to offer the American opportunity; indeed, the English serials, the account continues, caused special stress to be laid upon short stories of American life. Yet the stories submitted could not have been very satisfactory, for on the occasion of Justin McCarthy's first visit to America they gave him an order for forty-five in a batch.

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These, with an industry which even John Abbott might have envied, he finished and delivered before returning to the smiling shore of Britain. Besides lecturing right and left and acting as the literary editor of the *Independent!* He must have looked back upon his tidy trip with satisfaction.

All the more because, although he went to America to make money, his immediate literary success came as a surprise to him. "Up to the time of my visiting New York," he says, "I had published nothing bearing my name, but I had published three books anonymously. I found on my arrival one of my novels passing as a serial through *Harper's,* which became the means of introducing me personally to the house, with which I have had many dealings since of the most cordial and satisfactory kind." McCarthy does not, unfortunately, tell us how it happened that a serial of his could be running in New York without his knowledge. But the confusions arising from the lack of copyright gave room for endless predicaments as well as endless exploitations. William James Stillman throws some light on the magazine phase of the situation in the *Autobiography of a Journalist:*

> In 1871 I became the London literary agent for *Scribner's Magazine,* afterward the *Century.* I was instructed to secure a story from a certain author and contracted for the proof sheets of her next novel, about to be published in England in a certain magazine. On the announcement of *Scribner's* of the coming publication, the (American) firm who published her prior works announced that they would not respect the agreement with the author, but would pirate the story. As the result of the quarrel, *Scribner's* resigned the story to its rival on payment to the lady of the sum agreed on. But now appeared an utterly unsuspected state of things: the London magazine had already sold the proof sheets of the story to a third American house, and an exposé of the situation showed that English publishers had been in the practice of selling the advance proofs of their most popular works and recouping the half of the price paid the authors. I wrote to the English papers, which were just now indulging in one of their periodical outbreaks against American literary piracy, and dwelt on the hitherto unknown point that the depredations on the author's interests were committed by the English publishers, who sold to the American the wares the latter was accused of stealing, whereas the fact was that he bought and paid equally for the right of publication, while the English publishers continued to reprint American books without the least regard for analogous transatlantic rights. . . . I was treated with a torrent of abuse. Only Mr. Trollope came forward to sustain me, with the statement that he had received more from Harpers than from his English publishers. The author whose novel had been the occasion of the trouble declared that English authors ought to make me a testimonial, but from no other source did I receive a word of thanks.

To follow all the implications of this interesting story would lead us far afield. There was, at any rate, no lack of British material, and the success of it in the magazine amply justified the admirable business perception which had thus made a market for it. As Charles Nordhoff said, "Fletcher Harper made few mistakes about his public, because he had created it." And even had he been seeking to force American writers down its captious throat, there was a striking confirmation of the wisdom of his policy. We are told that after the conclusion of the war the edition of the magazine fell off so greatly that he seriously considered terminating its publication; but "Our Mutual Friend" and Wilkie Collins's "Armadale," especially the latter, revived its circulation. After all, even when one has created a public, one is as much at its mercy as if one had not. It is with gratitude that we find that in the mid-'seventies this infant turned giant had at last come to the appreciation of Longfellow (who had for some years been getting from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars a poem in other magazines, and for whose "Hanging of the Crane" Robert Bon-

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ner, catering to the exclusively intellectual readers of the *Ledger,* had paid three thousand dollars). The poet records in 1877 that he has received one thousand dollars from them for the right of first publication of "Kéramos" in their magazine, his earliest mention of any dealings with them, although he had, through the kindly services of Fields, sold them "Morituri Salutamus" in 1875. By 1882 Higginson also, having outlived the earlier limitations of his appeal, was publishing there chapters of his *Larger History of the United States;* and notes, "I have written one of my *Harper's* papers regularly every month for the last eleven months." And in 1885—when he engaged to write a weekly article for *Harper's Bazar,* similar in tone to his *Woman's Journal* papers, but not entering upon the still delicate question, from a publisher's point of view, of suffrage—he speaks of his great pleasure in an audience of one hundred thousand people listening to his voice in all parts of the civilised world.

ILLUSTRATIONS

In artistic excellence, however, the record of America's steady growth began from the very beginning. This was for precisely the same reason that the other had not. It was found before the first year was out that the patrons wanted pictorial illustrations; and these, if they were to have any appositeness, were better procured in America. The prejudice of high-class readers against "picture-books" has historically been one of the most amusing of their many affectations; and, like a great many others, it had little counterpart in their actual practice. Intellectual people liked pictures whenever they were interesting; when they were not, it afforded an excellent opportunity to exhibit a fine chastity of taste. The three portraits of contemporary historians which enlivened the first number of *Harper's* naturally filled no family circle with clamorous joy, nor did the cautious adventures of the rest of the first volume. The numbers had, apart from fashion-plates, only about half a dozen pictures each, and almost all of them were of the highly uninteresting kind which have "literary associations." But crude by our standards as are the early wood-cuts, the fact that they bore any immediate and spontaneous relation to the text was very interesting in itself to readers for whom the funeral-baked steel-engravings of *Graham's* and *Godey's* had coldly furnished forth the wedding feast for so many years; and *Harper's,* emboldened by the great success of a new pictorial London paper, tried a flyer with some home-made descriptive articles, rather elaborately and freshly illustrated. The experiment demonstrated. Until *Scribner's* was founded in 1870, *Harper's* had, except for a limited flight or two by the clipped-winged *Putnam's,* no competition in the new popular specialty. Their rival took a long leap ahead in the discovery and development of a new method of printing illustrations—to which perhaps more than to any other one item the success of the American magazine is to be ascribed—and *Harper's* naturally strained every nerve to come abreast of her once more. "The competition between the two," says the House of Harper, "became so keen that at times we paid as high as five hundred dollars for engraving one page. In 1888, when both the *Century* and *Scribner's* were in the field, the demand for first-class engravers was very great, and the market value of their work became a serious consideration for the publishers." Thus the competition waxed—to the chagrin and often to the cost of authors, who found their texts become decidedly second-fiddle—until the invention of process reproduction in half-tone worked another revolution and began to take the place of wood-engraving. But with it the author was in no better case. Indeed, he had all the more reason to feel that by the decrees of heaven and publishers the artist was a pampered child of fortune. For he was still second-fiddle in prices, and the change allowed the artist to gloat over the engraver, whom he had accused of tampering con-

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stantly with his work; but no revolution of process is yet in sight which will compel the illustrator to stick to the author's text. Lafcadio Hearn broke his contract with *Harper's* when he found that he was getting less for his Japanese sketches than his illustrator, but his fancied superiority was as unwarrantable as his folly. Now—in the making of the modern magazine—abideth these three: the advertiser, the artist, and the author, and the least of these is the last.

EDITORIAL POLICY

The new journals of opinion founded during *Harper's* first decade and a little later reproached it for having none. But it is to be remembered that this was distinctly a new idea for a magazine which aimed at large popular circulation. Lewis Gaylord Clark, who was in charge of the "Drawer," had been editor of *Knickerbocker,* and that urbane old party would have thought it as bad taste to divide the company of gentlemen by uttering an opinion which all could not share as to raise his voice in the lurid accents of the *Ledger*. Another editor of *Harper's* was H. J. Raymond, who had plenty of opinions (proved by his having helped to found the New York *Times* and his resigning in five years in order to pay exclusive attention to it), but, like Curtis, who also had a mind of his own, he was not encouraged to express them. Indeed, when Curtis was very forcibly expressing his editorial opinion in the *Weekly* at a later date, Godkin of the *Nation* felt aggrieved that it ran counter to the personal opinion of the man. But the real editor, Fletcher Harper, kept his eye single unto the prospectus. This announced that the magazine intended to supply to the family circle of every intelligent citizen in the United States, at so low a rate as to give it a value much beyond its price, everything of *general* interest and usefulness. And the family circle must not be disrupted by opinions. "We shall not, I trust," said Mrs. Malaprop, or some other Dogberry, "venture any opinions before ladies." It was many years before the ideal of the magazine—"that it should lie along the great lines of current thought"—was interpreted as other than merely expository. That it should not risk its great circulation by having opinions was naturally resented by those virtuous magazines which had limited theirs by doing so. The obvious safety of this course somewhat discredited, in the minds of its enemies, the obvious sanity of another—the middle path it took between the immoderation of slaveholder and of abolitionist. This was also thought to be dictated by prudence. It was, however, an opinion shared by every property-holder in New York; as was also the advocation, after 1861, of the principles of the Republican party. Not, then, until it espoused Civil Service Reform, and later the nomination of Grover Cleveland, did its subscription list run any risk by reason of its ideas. And by that time it was beginning to be discovered that nobody gave up reading a magazine which was nine-tenths profitable entertainment merely because he disagreed with the other tenth. It was just about this era that Sarah Bernhardt became a great factor in our civilisation by providing a topic of burning discussion in clubs and debating societies (a subject which agitated many editorial sanctums also): "Should we go to see an immoral actress? (Especially if foreign?)" But long before the *Magazine* ventured to have opinions of its own, it had intrusted them to the *Weekly,* issued in 1857. This, too, announced itself as "adopted for family reading"; but, being nearer a newspaper by three weeks, tradition justified it, family harmony notwithstanding, in speaking its mind. How long ago it seems since literary magazines, like clergymen, were expected to have plenty of sentiments, but no alienating ideas!

Almost as long ago was it when publishers trusted it was not necessary for them to reiterate their assurance that nothing should ever be admitted to the pages of the magazine in the slightest degree offensive to delicacy or any moral sentiment. When *Harper's* added in

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volume five a department "Pictorial Comicalities"—the matter and manner of which was not very dissimilar to *Graham's* "Sips of Punch," begun in 1851 and followed later by "Original Comicalities"—it declared its intention with the utmost solemnity: "The most scrupulous care will be exercised that humour shall not pass into vulgarity or satire degenerate into abuse."

This whole subject of the sacredness of moral sentiments, which once so concerned our publishers, is, of course, extremely skittish. Nor is this the place to dwell upon the inevitable absurdities of a censor. It is not so long ago that the law of the English-speaking stage was, "Say anything you like about seduction, but be sure you call it flirtation—except, of course, in a farce"; and since mothers were writing to school teachers, "Don't teach my girl anything about her insides; 'taint no use, and besides it's rude." But surely few things are more apt to make us blush than the books we once called immoral. And the influence of our magazine publishers in prolonging our intellectual infancy must have been a powerful one. The announcements which bleat so proudly from all of their opening pages would no longer allure subscribers to-day, when the hearth has ceased to be a cloister and fathers have given up fondly conceiving that the family circle suspends its animation until they return with the hour of the evening lamp. The House of Harper provides a delightful illustration of how beneficent has been the flight of time. Can you fancy this happening in the 'sixties, for instance, when the moral sensitiveness of *Harper's* was appalling?

The Simpletons, afterward Hearts Insurgent, as it appeared in the magazine, was published by us in its original form as a book, with the title *Jude the Obscure*. We had said when he wrote us that he must assure us it would be in every respect suitable for a family magazine. He said it would not offend the most fastidious maiden; so we began it. It had not progressed far when he informed us that he was distressed to say the development of the story was carrying him into unexpected fields, and he proposed that we discontinue it or make any changes we desired. We wrote him that we were properly ashamed of every word of protest we had to write, but our rule was that the magazine should contain nothing which could not be read aloud in any family circle. Hardy, without any irritation, rewrote one of the chapters, and we made some modifications as the story ran.

Addisonian in its morality and its sentimentality, it was—in the beginning—following in all other respects the well-beaten and safe path. Unlike *Putnam's* and the *Atlantic,* it sought nothing new. The early issues lacked only a meterological page to duplicate its forbears of a score of years before. The old titles to the old departments are all here, without any effort for individuality or originality—Literary and Scientific Miscellany, Literary Notices, Monthly Review of Current Events, Domestic and Foreign, Fashions. Only in the third volume is an attempt made to be interesting in the titles of the new departments, Editor's Drawer, Easy Chair, and Editor's Table. These headings, like Leaves from Punch, were stereotype, but not flavourless, and made some slight concession to erring humanity. They did not even exhibit any novelty in the type they employed—speaking according to sanctified precedent in the tiny voice of Alice's gnat, as if their time alone were worth a thousand pounds a minute. This third volume, by the way, announces that it cost more than either of its predecessors by five *to* ten thousand dollars! A lavish use of figures, which becomes all the more convincing when you remember that just at this time Graham mentioned (certainly not conservatively) one-fourth of the lesser amount as a thumping sum for a single number, even when most of his authors were paid. The Editor's Table purposed to discuss the higher questions of ethics and principles, the Drawer was to serve viands otherwise rejectable, the Easy Chair was for light and pointed

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social chat. The last was undertaken in 1853 by Curtis, although other men contributed to it for several years. Curtis had become a Harper author with Nile Notes in 1851, and when he became associated with the magazine he was an editor of *Putnam's,* which a little later spoke its mind so freely on the policy of its editor's other household. As the two publishers were on the most ticklish terms, never could a man have had more trouble with his double life; and he doubtless returned devout thanks when he became monogamous again. It was in 1863 that he left the Chair, which he must have found at times uneasy, to be political editor of the *Weekly.* This year Mr. Howells joined the magazine, and Literary Notices reincarnated under the more attractive name of Editor's Study. Here he was succeeded by Charles Dudley Warner. The trio is a gracious and accomplished one, of which any magazine—or era—might be proud. When the *Bazar* appeared in 1867, Curtis took a department in that also. The *Bazar* was the same canny compound of old and new which had made the other periodicals so brilliantly successful. Its sub-title, A Repository of Fashion and Instruction, might have graced many of our eighteenth century magazines; but the ingenious advertising which heralded it and its pictorial policy were an outcome of Harper's specialised experience. The first Easy-Chair, so charmingly endeared to later generations by its succession of genial occupants, is of interest.

After our more severe editorial work is done—the scissors laid in our drawer and the Monthly Record made as full as our pages will bear, of history—we have a way of throwing ourselves back into an old red-backed easy-chair that has long been an ornament of our dingy office, and indulging in an easy and careless overlook of the gossiping papers of the day, and in such chit-chat with chance visitors as keeps us informed of the drift of the town-talk. Having made our course good, we mean to catch up in these few additional pages those lighter whiffs from the great world of opinion which come floating to us as we sit here in our Easy-Chair.

Thus it records the fire of December, 1853, which cost the firm a million and a half dollars and destroyed the entire January number of the magazine—and incidentally demonstrated most triumphantly the Harper efficiency by delaying it no more than ten days:

It is now just about a year since we rescued our Easy-Chair from the falling timbers and the general wreck of our great fire. This Easy-Chair can never forget how along the wires came thrilling a thousand messages of cheerful encouragement, of prompt offers of aid, and of the most generous sympathy. But not only is our Easy-Chair planted again, but a great part of the building in which it stands is restored. The same old square between Cliff Street and Pearl Street will be occupied by the new structure.

"Wesley Harper told me," wrote Charles Nordhoff, "that the fire seemed at first a heaven-sent opportunity to give up business. They were abundantly wealthy. 'We never dared let our children know how well off we were,' he said, 'for fear of spoiling their lives.'" Nordhoff tells his experience in "Some Editors I Have Known":

I came into the firm in the fall of 1856. Mr. Fletcher Harper was then in his prime and planning the establishment of a weekly paper. I was a young man and very much unknown. I had offered them a small book for children and had signed the contract, when he suddenly asked me if I should like to come to them. I was to have no specific duties, but would have to find my place and work. On my first appearance in Franklin Square I felt as uncomfortable as a very young cat in a very strange garret. I found it literally true that for a while I had no regular duties. I wrote some things, of which a few were used; I read foreign papers and made extracts; at the suggestion of an editor, whose kindness to a very depressed young man I have never forgotten, I "gutted" a new book of travel and ad-

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venture—that is to say, I made out of the most readable parts of it a magazine article, and this, to my delight, was printed; and of this kind of work I did later a good deal. Then I became one of the readers. . . . Mr. Fletcher Harper had a sound popular judgment. In respect to magazine articles he often stood alone—but his judgment was final. "Whether we ought to publish it" meant with him whether it would be intelligible, interesting and useful to the average American reader. Mr. Harper made very few mistakes. He was a most lovely character, unpretentious and considerate to all in his employ. I suppose the other brothers would have freely owned that Mr. Fletcher Harper was the ablest of them all, but they were a united band.

### ITS RIVALRY WITH INFANT PHENOMENON NUMBER TWO

In 1874 *Harper's* followed the lead of *Scribner's* and the *Atlantic* in introducing the transformed South and its new writers. This exceedingly great service to the cause of the American reunion, as well as of American letters, had been begun the year before. Its effect upon the Southern attitude toward the North was immediate. "Contrary to the idea which had prevailed in the South after the war," says Mr. Edwin Mims, in his *Life of Lanier;* "that Northern people would refuse to recognise Southern genius, it was the Northern magazines which made possible the success of Southern literature." *Harper's* in January, 1874, began a series of articles on the New South, and the next year Constance Fenimore Woolson began to write her Southern articles. In 1887 Southern literature, thanks to *Scribner's* and the *Atlantic,* had now become of such bulk and quality as to hold a conspicuous place in periodical output, and *Harper's* devoted an appreciative article to it, saying that it had introduced a stream of rich warm blood. In opening another new field *Harper's* was nip and tuck with *Scribner's,* but, as before, the latter seems to have nipped first. This was the issuing of an English edition. It started off in 1880 with a large circulation, and there was in the beginning a difference in the editorial departments. "The delicacy and beauty of the illustrations," says the House of Harper, "found nothing comparable in Europe; and it was the English edition of *Harper's* which made Europe acknowledge our superior work in rapid fine art printing." But *Scribner's* also rather piqued itself on making Europe sit up and take notice—the inborn craving of every true American heart—and feeling that she was ahead of her rival in illustration, as well as in priority of the invasion of London, she naturally claimed that honour. "The founding of an English edition," said she in 1881, "seemed on the face of it like carrying coals to Newcastle. It was not many years since American monthlies largely lived upon the productions, sometimes bought and sometimes stolen, of English writers. Starting with an edition of two thousand, it now issues in England eighteen thousand. The daring of the publishers has given an impetus to American literature in England, two other magazines having since issued English editions."

Her rivalry with *Scribner's-Century* was always a touchy subject with *Harper's.* Dr. H. M. Field in his paper, *The Evangelist,* wrote in 1894 a straddling article entitled "Is There a Falling Off in Our Magazines, or Are They Better Than Ever?" It was difficult to extract his meaning, for what he took away with one hand he gave back with the other. But it was at least apparent that he had praised the *Century,* and condemned some qualities which *Harper's* shared with the other popular magazines. "The idea of *Harper's* learning a lesson from the *Century* is not objectionable," wrote Mr. H. M. Alden in reply, "as I hope we are not above learning a lesson from any quarter. There would have been no competition if the *Century* had not so entirely adopted the plan of *Harper's* from beginning to end, even in its editorial department. This was a very comprehensive lesson taught by *Harper's* to the

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*Century,* as, indeed, to every popular illustrated magazine that could hope for wide success." As we have already seen, neither the idea of their editorial departments nor of addressing the average family circle originated with *Harper's;* what the magazine chiefly resented was the inputation of "stooping to a lower level of readers." But it was an accusation that once the firm would have gloried in, and did when charged with it by certain unsuccessful magazines. *Harper's* had grown with the growing age, that is all; and was a little ashamed to recall that its estimate of the average family circle had once been somewhat lower than now could be remembered with any pride. As for the rest of Dr. Field's charge, it ran as follows:

> They have carried illustrations to such an extent that they (the magazines) are becoming more and more picture-books, very beautiful to the eye, but a little wearisome to one who looks for something besides "embellishments," while in their contents there is a little too much of froth and foam for my antiquated taste. Whereas I once felt that life was hardly worth living if I did not have my monthly magazines, I now feel that I could at least endure existence if those stars in the literary firmament should disappear.

Mr. Alden wrote in somewhat pointed rejoinder to this part of the accusation:

> I will admit that we are not making so promiment the editorial features as we did a generation ago—simply because other agencies meet the popular need. We never treated political or religious questions; but recently, far more than formerly, have we laid open the more hidden phases of European politics and the most important phases of religious development. It is a good thing for you and me (who are growing older) that there are now special periodicals, religious, scientific, artistic and political, to which we can resort for the satisfaction of our scholarly interests in these several fields, untroubled and undistracted by the fluctuating and ever-changing moods of a world that insists upon living as strongly as we insist upon studying.

This was a good enough answer, but there were obviously three better ones which he was constrained from making. It would perhaps have been impolitic to express his surprise that any one could prefer the didactic and wishy-washy tone of the old *Harper's* to the tone of the modern magazine; it would perhaps have been impolite to point to the pages of the dull and feeble *Evangelist* as the sort of thing they had now learned to avoid; and it would perhaps have proved embarrassing to inquire what in that year's contents had given Dr. Field the impression of prevailing foam and froth. Merely to open the two bound volumes of that year gives a reminiscent delight. Where could be found a more varied, substantial and well-seasoned feast? Dr. Field confessed to as much loftiness of spirit about stories as about pictures—but friends who had read them didn't feel repaid for their time. Well, they were by Miss Wilkins, Constance Woolson, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Sarah Orne Jewett, Egbert Craddock, Owen Wister, R. H. Davis and Howard Pyle. As for serials, the year was made remarkable by one of the most exquisite of American romances—"A Kentucky Cardinal," by James Lane Allen—and "Trilby," by Du Maurier, which if it stooped to a lower level of readers, stooped to conquer the world, since it was by universal admission more popular with more kinds of readers than any other serial ever published. But to turn to something Dr. Field at least would not recoil from unread, since it provided the educational and informational food he craved, there were, among an opulent list of topics, "Charleston in 1861," "Egypt and Chaldea in Recent Discoveries," "Emperor William's Stud Farm and Hunting Forest," "The English Senate," "Russia and Her Jews," "Tuberculosis and Its Prevention," "Relation of Life to Style in Architecture," a series of articles on "Great American Industries" and some studies of the "Comedies of Shakespeare," together with instalments of Mr. Howells's charming literary recollections. Other authors were Frederic

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Remington, George W. Smalley, Edwin Lord Weeks, Poulney Bigelow, and Arthur T. Hadley—a light and frothy crew! It was a golden year. What volume of *Knickerbocker* or *Putnam's* or *Graham's* or *Godey's* could have made his life more worth living when he was young? Dr. Field confessed that he might be growing old, but what rose-misted reminiscence of youth could so enhalo any periodical in the whole history of America as to entitle it to stand beside the plain fact of *Harper's*, 1894! And except for the beatific chance of the two serials, the year was not unrepresentative. Fashions in literature come and go, and the worst as well as the best of magazines must follow them; after a season of grey half-tints and an exasperating cultivation of nuances, swings in a season of splurge and an equally exasperating welter of red blood—with the change the individual liking may expand or contract, but it should admit, if it recognise that a magazine is published for more than one subscriber, a steady level of catholic excellence in *Harper's* which it would be difficult to suggest ways of surpassing.

# ARNOLD BENNETT AS A MELODRAMATIST

BY GEORGE BRONSON-HOWARD

## I

Said Robert Stevenson of Rudyard Kipling, writing from Saranac Lake in 1890:

> He amazes me by his precocity and various endowments. But he alarms me by his copiousness and haste. He should shield his fire with both hands, "and draw all his strength and all his sweetness up into one ball."

If the beloved Louis was alarmed that, through haste and wide direction, Kipling would waste his energies before he delivered his message, what would that same Tusitala have felt at discovering talent in the earlier work of the facile and versatile Five Towns fellow? Unremittingly painstaking over the smallest literary task, and fortunate enough to have means that was provided by his pen, Stevenson never allowed anything to leave his workshop until he had lavished upon it the last possible iota of lapidarianism. So that when he saw in the work of others points neglected through haste, he grieved. Had there been less of this in Stevenson, the world would have been richer for many tales and essays plotted out, in some cases partly done. With one so inevitably doomed to short life, it would seem that for the sake of polished phrasing we lost much we can ill afford, especially when the subjects of the unfinished tales are dangled tantalisingly before us by biographers and writers of Stevenson memorials. That yarn about "Jerry Abershaw" now; "a tale of the Great North Road"; with one of its chapters laid on and many about Hounslow Heath. How I, for one, have longed to read that yarn. How I have pictured it, written in the style of *A Lodging for the Night*.

It may be fitly answered that I would have had no Villon story, with its memorable snowy Paris night, had Stevenson written less sedulously; but it is my privilege to reply that while some finer flights of style might be missed, it was, after all, the atmosphere and the characters of *A Lodging for the Night* that put it on a shelf with *The Christmas Carol*—another triumph of atmosphere—to be read and reread. And yet, while accomplishing the same purpose, *The Carol* does not abound in delicate phrasery. We love it none the less for that.

I imagine all will agree that we

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would unwillingly part with *Great Expectations, Dombey and Son, Our Mutual Friend* and *Martin Chuzzlewit* for the same of more polished versions of *Pickwick, Oliver Twist, Nicholas Nickleby* and *Barnaby Rudge.* Put us in solitary confinement and give us the choice of but one set of one author, and, while there is in all Dickens no equal number of words as effective as the *A Lodging for the Night,* I hardly believe that we would prefer the scanty Stevenson set to the ample one of Dickens.

No, let us by all means have as many of the author's imaginings as he can write in his usual vein, and as long as they produce the desired effect upon us, we are willing to be indulgent when our favourite's tired brain falls into blank verse, or he forgets the difference between pathetic with a "p" and with a "b." One feels sure, after finishing his Dickens, that he has had as much of the author as there was to have. With Stevenson this is not so. No person has written of Stevenson's work without maddening us with imaginations unfulfilled.

## II

It was Stevenson's opinion, and is that of many literary censors to-day, that facility is fatal to the development of talent, and that quickly conceived and hastily written matter of early days stand blots immemorial against future reputations. Worse: work done not the author's best (at the time) weakens his inspiration and retards his progress; so that, if much of such work is done, progress ceases and genius dies in the fire that boils the pot.

No doubt this is true when an author looks upon such work as good work and uses it as a standard. But hack-work, in my opinion, never yet has hurt any writer worthy of the name; so long as he realises it *is* hack-work and does it sooner than submit to outside employment distasteful to his temperament. It is difficult to clerk all day and produce masterpieces all night. Leaving aside the drain upon energy, it puts the young writer in so subordinate a position that he must be a confirmed egoist, indeed, who can take himself with sufficient seriousness to believe that one the world so hustles about on petty details by day has it in him to be an instructor of that world by night.

Egoism plus egotism is necessary to the young writer just trying his wings; necessary to persuade him to try them for splendid flights; although, as one's knowledge of the world is necessarily exceedingly small when first tempted to fly, the result of such flights, outside justifying him to make further use of his wings, can be of very little service to the world at large. To leave hyperbole: the youthful writer knowing nothing of human nature and of life (*per se*), his earlier writings can be of little permanent value unless he be a poet, a child-genius, a Keats, fast-defying paradox. Therefore, the earlier efforts of a young writer will be either expositions of the mechanical side of his imagination or else be copies of sentiments and philosophies of writers he most admires.

Stevenson recognised this fact instinctively, and, consciously (as everybody remembers), aped the style of masters. Combining these imitation styles with boyish imaginations, he produced (he tells us) epics styled "Robin Hood," "Rathillet," "The King's Pardon" and others whose titles betray their type. Perhaps they were not so worthless as he thought; but he had a father and an allowance, so was not forced to discover. For this work, then, he got only experience. Arnold Bennett, by trimming such cloth closer to the desired pattern, got the same experience, and, besides, money to support him while he learned his trade so thoroughly that he could produce *The Old Wives' Tale, Buried Alive, A Great Man.*

## III

Feeling that the public should see that it, not he, was to blame for the inferior quality of subjects selected for a majority of his earlier work, Arnold Bennett in 1900 delivered himself of an

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anonymous brochure, *The Truth About an Author*. In this he tells us that after producing a novel written in a manner to please Flaubert and the brothers de Goncourt, he was no richer than half a guinea above the cost of typing it. This novel, now to be identified as *A Man from the North,* is creditable fiction; not poignant, scarcely vital, concerning itself, as it does, with Bennett's own authorial aspirations, but distinctly worth while, and with no stylistic traits of the amateur.

It was received by the press, in many instances, with enthusiasm; the enthusiasm every reviewer feels for a book by an unknown that can be read with neither skipping nor impatience. But Bennett could not afford to write forty-five thousand words at one-fiftieth of a cent a word. He wanted at least the current rate he himself was compelled to pay for reliable serials by hack-writers—a guinea a thousand words. He was at the time acting as editor of a small magazine for women, and he knew the rates. Also he knew the formula:

> I had entered into a compact with myself never to "write down" . . . in long fiction. I was bound to pander to the vulgar taste in my editing, articles, and short stories, but I had sworn I would keep the novel-form unsullied for the pure exercise of the artist in me. What became of this high compact? . . . It was forgotten the instant I saw a chance of earning the money of shame. . . . The tale was divided into twelve instalments of five thousand words apiece and I composed it in twenty-four half-days. . . .

This tale the present writer now identifies as *The Gates of Wrath,* since upon the reverse of that volume's title-page appears the note: ". . . published serially before the publication of either *The Grand Babylon Hotel* or *Anna of the Five Towns.*" No doubt it lay dormant between magazine pages until these future semi-successes, and, having disposed of the book rights and unable to prevent its republication, Bennett shamefacedly adds the slight apology just quoted. We appreciate the apology. It is not meet that a Bennett enthusiast be plunged into alien blood-and-thunder without some sort of warning.

For this *frisson* Bennett received about a cent a word, and perceiving that he could so earn three guineas per half-day, plunged into composition again, evolving *The Mystery of the Grand Babylon Hotel,* and beginning my first acquaintanceship with him.

## IV

*The Grand Babylon Hotel*—as it is more generally known—dates back fifteen years. Yes, fifteen years—you who now regard Bennett as a new and promising writer, deploring only his fecundity of production—fifteen years ago Arnold Bennett's second book was published in these United States. The first, *A Man from the North,* has John Lane's imprint, and the date of copyright *1898*; the second, this sensation serial now under discussion, appeared first—you will never guess where—in the *Argosy*. So that the editors of *McClure's, Harper's* and the American magazines must waive their claim as to the discoverers of Bennett's toothsome magazine confectionery in favour of Matthew White, Jr., whom boys have worshipped for a quarter century as the tutelary genius of the first *Munsey Magazine.*

Whether Mr. White paid anything for the American serial rights of *The Grand Babylon Hotel* he now smilingly refuses to say; but it is doubtful, for in those days prior to international copyright in its stricter or moral sense, struggling magazines often maintained men who had almost no other duties than to look up the actual hard-and-fast copyrighting of English authors' work; and since our copyright law made it frightfully expensive to copyright English work, the stories of minor authors, if not snapped up when offered for American sale before English publication, were allowed to take their chance. I note that the American edition of this work now under discussion bore no men-

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tion of copyright, and after serial publication opened its pages in New York under an unimportant publisher's imprint, not as *The Grand Babylon Hotel,* but as *T. Racksele and Daughter.*

I may safely say that, as an *Argosy* story, this second serial of Bennett's attracted boyish attention. Its hero and heroine were Americans in London, and every form of kidnapping, murder, conspiracy and crime in general flourished in its pages. But in the opening chapters, and here and there amid sensations, are traces of that whimsical awe and exaggeration which are among the chiefest charms of the Bennett we know to-day.

I lavished wit and style on the thing, and there is no material splendour of life that I left out. I wrote the fifteen instalments in fifteen days. But when I was done I was a wreck.

So writes Bennett concerning the story now identified. It is curious that no reviewers have troubled to perform this office for any work referred to when *The Truth About an Author* was republished recently; nor to speak of its author as a sensational serialist. Possibly to them Bennett's earlier stuff is as unknown as it is to the bookseller; they have no remembrance of Bennett in those earlier days.

Again Bennett disposed of all rights in his work for payment only slightly in advance of the last; one and one-half cents per word was paid for *The Grand Babylon Hotel*—serial rights, second serial rights, foreign rights, book rights, dramatic rights, everything.

This will always remain a sore spot with Bennett. For the serial was a boom. It was profusely illustrated, highly advertised and, later, overran the provincial press. As a book in London it went almost immediately into a second edition.

"It was the first of my books that *The Times* condescended to review," writes Bennett; "the *Spectator* took it seriously in a column and a quarter and my friends took it seriously. I became known as the author of that serial. . . ."

Indeed, he did, and I can remember a certain small boy who, having enthused over the *Argosy* serial, persuaded his father to buy, as part of the literary portion of his Christmas gift, the next Bennett book to see American light, *Anna of the Five Towns,* dramatised by the author as *Cupid and Commonsense,* and performed by the Stage Society, London, in 1908. An act is added ridiculing the youthful serious termination of the tale, which the *McClures* brought out soon after, the first of the *Five Towns* books, and, like most of them, a serious character study. I can remember that boy, wading through descriptions of commonplace people in the forlorn hope that, soon, a prince, incognito, would appear to make love to Anna, followed by an arch-conspirator, who would tempt Anna's grim father to aid him in his nefarious kidnapping by appeals to cupidity. But finally the book was traded to a second-hand dealer for a tattered copy of *The White Company,* and Bennett faded out of the boyish mind as a possibility when asked to name authors desired for birthday and other presents.

## V

Just why Bennett serials did not continue to appear in the *Argosy* Mr. White will not say. Privately, it is my opinion that with the publication of that magazine in England it was not deemed advisable to include English stuff that had already had serial publication. For Bennett was not the only author to vanish from its pages after endearing himself to its boyish clientele.

An author to be found still in the catalogues of Messrs. Sampson, Low, Marsden and Company vanished with Bennett. This firm was the English representative of the French house that brought out the Jules Verne stories; and, while the *Argosy* was too late for Jules, it rejected in his successor and imitator, M. André Laurie, one of whose tales about adventurers in the moon I remember pleased the *Argosy* boys mightily. André Laurie continued to write reams just as available, and so

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did Bennett, although he goes into details about *The Gates of Wrath* and *The Grand Babylon Hotel* only.

"Subsequently I wrote other serials, but never again with the same verve," that is all *The Truth About an Author* has to say concerning the many volumes of sensation that Bennett afterward brought out. His sensational fictions, in fact, are almost the equal in number of his more serious works, and it may be are not complete in volume form, either. Dimly do I remember some yarns—a series—that appeared in the magazine edited by and bearing the name of Archibald Clavering Gunter—as far as I know, the second sensational serial of Bennett's to be published here. They seemed to concern—although this is not certain—some noble lord posing as a valet; and the title, *The Loot of Cities* (which I have never been able to procure), seems to suggest that this published volume may be identified with that Gunter series. This book and *Teresa of Watling Street* are the only Bennett melodramas I have not read.

That Bennett began calling these sensation serials "melodramas" when serially issued is evidenced by the title-page of *The Gates of Wrath;* but evidently this had a deterring effect upon the purse-strings of "genteel" lower middle-class buyers, and no doubt editors suggested that Bennett make apologies less thinly disguised; as that when *The Grand Babylon Hotel* was issued the author substituted as a criticism, "A Fantasia on Modern Thames." Thereafter this type of story was included among his works under "Fantasies" contradistinguished from "Novels" of the *Five Towns* series. A masterly blending of "fantasia" and "novel" is *Buried Alive* with the good features of both and the bad ones of neither. The fourth of these sensational serials, a discussion of the third serial comes later, to have American publication was *Hugo.*

In this Bennett shows the romantic possibilities of a huge department store. In it he practically duplicates the system used in his second serial, except that he dramatises Mershal and Snelgrove's, say, instead of the Savoy or Cecil Hotel. But this magazine publication in America came after *The Old Wives' Tale* had brought him success, nay, fame; and cannot be called strictly serial publication, for the magazine (one of the all-fiction Munsey publications) admits that the story has had previous book publication in America. (Again an obscure publishing firm.) *The Ghost,* another "fantasia" published in America, had the same type of publisher; but the others remain, mercifully, on Chatto and Windus's catalogues only.

The "fantasias" in the order of that catalogue are as follows: *The Grand Babylon Hotel, The Gates of Wrath, Teresa of Watling Street, The Loot of Cities, Hugo, The Ghost, The Sinews of War, The City of Pleasure* and *The Statue. The City of Pleasure*—another place of public interest dramatised; this time Earl's Court or Coney Island—is the last by his own hand. On *The Statue* he had the assistance of no less a person than Mr. Eden Phillpotts, famous for Dartmoor word pictures. It was not their first collaboration; together they had already produced *The Sinews of War,* which, under the name of *Doubloons,* had serial publication here in the Sunday *American and Journal,* antedating *Hugo;* for this was in the days when Bennett was unknown to American readers, and consequently the story was placed almost altogether to Phillpotts's discredit.

To those familiar with preceding "fantasias," however, there was more of Bennett; the descriptions of Bermudan scenery alone suggested the Dartmoor artist. *The Statue,* I think, must be an acknowledged failure; it is neither sensational serial nor novel; suggesting that the authors took little interest in their work and tried to make up for this deficiency by assiduous concentration in the working out of details.

## VI

The date on *The City of Pleasure* is 1907; the reverse of title-page shows

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that it is copyrighted in the United States—no doubt Bennett was weary of unauthorised American editions. At that time he was the author of five *Five Towns* novels, *A Great Man,* two volumes of *Five Towns* short stories—many republished after his American fame in *McClure's Magazine,* five volumes of belles-lettres, and a collection of "Polite Farces"; so it would seem that sensational serials had impaired neither his ability nor his vision.

His fame was growing despite this "fantasia" prostitution; and he now determined to do no more. Only *The Statue* afterward appeared, and, as has been said, was taken too seriously, and not seriously enough to be successful. Soon after Bennett began the labours resulting in *The Old Wives' Tale,* published in England only a year and a half after *The City of Pleasure;* and then to him finally came financial success, preluding further need of "writing down." Followed the speedy publication of all his American unrecognised novels by the Doran Company, which made of George H. Doran something more than the American selling agent of Hodder and Stoughton; and the initiative of the Duttons in making with Bennett a liberal contract for the American rights of a new Five-Towns series, a contract that has given us two of a serious trilogy (*Clayhanger* and *Hilda Lessways*) and one comedy, *Denry the Audacious,* called in England *The Card,* a sequel to which now runs its way in the *American Magazine, The Regent.*

Jack London in *Martin Eden* tells how scornfully "Martin" received the plaudits of a finally awakened public; all for "work performed." No doubt Bennett feels something akin to this when he reads enthusiastic American criticisms of novels which, when published, brought him so little that they were not deemed worthy of American copyright: a state of things that forced him to the manufacture of sensational series; while all along he wrote illuminative criticisms of which novels *should* be!

Which reminds the present writer that one of the best volumes of contemporary literary criticism has never seen the American light. It is *Fame and Fiction,* by E. A. Bennett, published in 1901 by Grant Richards, and published before Bennett had deleted the superfluous "Enoch." The fact that Bennett was so secretive about his given names, using initials only for his first published volumes, has given rise to the calumny that the novelist was christened not "Enoch Arnold" but "Enoch Arden." This (many urge) is quite probable, since Tennyson's sentimentalities were the rage among the people of the Five Towns. And those sentimentalities are of the sort to enrage one who, from his own admission, finds among the coldly logical of the Flaubert school his favourite authors. However, that is as it is. Arnold by any other name could write as well, so it hardly matters except to him and, perhaps, to those whose sense of humour is so great that they find delicious paradox in such a parent's reminder upon so errant a child.

Such a paper as this should have a purpose; else why drag from obscurity work a celebrated author would rather forget. And the purpose was expressed for the knowing in the quotation of R. L. S. upon Kipling. Bennett has proven it is not necessary to "draw up all your strength and all your sweetness into one ball." The change of prenominal form is intentional; the change refers to those young writers of talent forced by the age to produce work such as Bennett's "fantasias," or perish before their message has been delivered. It is to encourage them to labour upon remunerative work containing that message that the above has been written; to prove to them that though they may be hack-writers by day they may be real writers by night.

It is the very spread of education that has caused their temporary undoing. The great figures of last century's literature flourished when a few people made literature's laws; those few, mostly of

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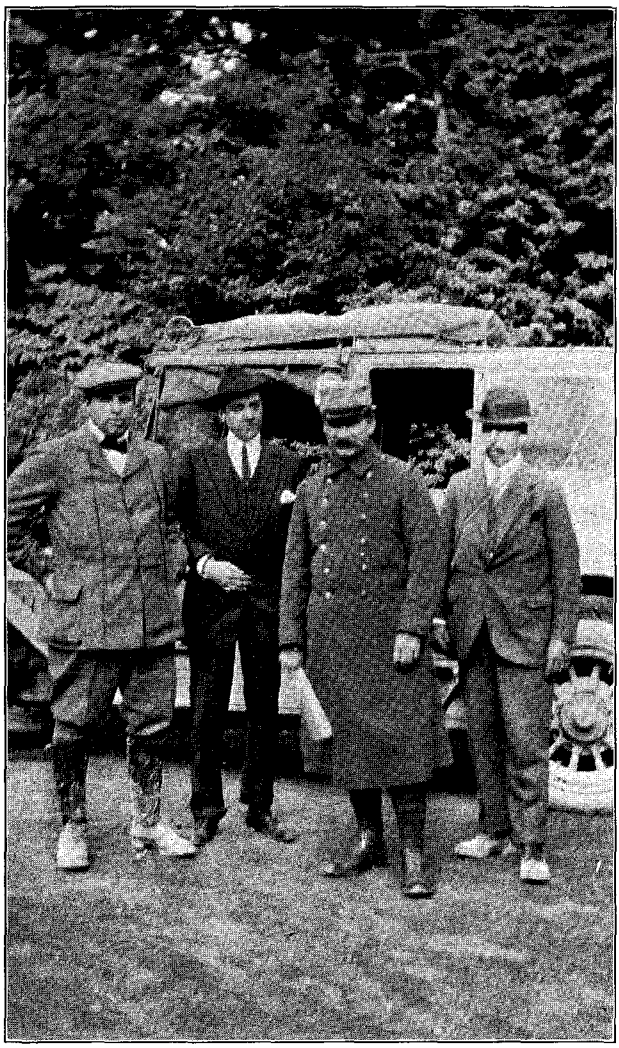

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT IN THIS PICTURE ARE OWEN JOHNSON, THE NOVELIST; WALTER HALE, THE ETCHER; CHARLES HOFFBAUER, THE PAINTER, AND ARNOLD BENNETT. THE PICTURE WAS TAKEN IN JULY OF THIS YEAR, AND THE MEN ARE WITHIN THIRTY YARDS OF THE FRENCH TRENCHES AND ONE HUNDRED YARDS OF THE GERMAN TRENCHES. MR. JOHNSON, MR. HALE AND MR. HOFFBAUER ARE MEMBERS OF THE SAME NEW YORK CLUB. IN AUGUST, 1914, MR. HOFFBAUER SAID GOOD-BYE TO HIS CLUBMATES AND WENT TO FRANCE TO ANSWER THE CALL TO THE COLOURS. ALMOST A YEAR LATER MR. JOHNSON AND MR. HALE WERE PRIVILEGED TO SEE THE FRENCH ARMY AT CLOSE RANGE, AND CHANCE THREW THEM IN WITH THEIR CLUBMATE

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catholic tastes; at least enough judgment to make it necessary for any even popular novelist to possess talent. Now that such dicta are by sales alone (a great army of recently unread people responsible, in most cases, for sales), the man of talent must cry long in a wilderness of books before his voice, like Bennett's, is heard and recognised. And so, contemplating his lengthy obscurity and the work he did, yet loathed Arnold Bennett remains the great exemplar of early twentieth-century literature; one who adapted himself to conditions that he might live to deliver the message that was in him.

# THE TROUBLESOME LAST ACT

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THERE is an old saying in the theatre that hell is paved with good first acts; for many a play has started out with promise and failed to fulfil that promise in the end. It must not be supposed, however, that first acts are easy to construct. In fact, the very contrary is true; for the problem of laying out a well-ordered exposition is one of the most difficult for the playwright to attack. But, even if he falters in his handling of this problem, he may be carried safely by his subject-matter. If the project of his play is at all interesting, and particularly if it shows the trait of novelty, a barely adequate exposition of this project will attract the attention of the audience and hold it until time is called by the first curtain-fall.

In the subsequent acts, however, the attention of the audience is shifted from a consideration of the material itself to a consideration of what the playwright does with this material; and this is the reason why a faltering technique is more disastrous to a play in those acts which come subsequent to the exposition. A certain expectation has already been aroused; and the audience will be disappointed if this expectation is not satisfied with proper emphasis. To climb the ladder to a climax without ever missing footing on an upward step is a technical task that calls for nice discrimination. The climax itself is usually easy to achieve. It is the first thing that the author has imagined; it is, indeed, the *raison d'être* of his play; and the "big scene" so much admired by the public has seldom cost the playwright any trouble. But this climax is customarily succeeded by a last act that is troublesome indeed; and it is precisely at this point that the majority of plays are dashed upon the rocks of failure. It is harder to write a satisfactory last act than to write twenty good "big scenes" or ten adequately interesting acts of exposition. These figures have been gathered from observing many plays. The fact, then, is empirical: but wherein lies the explanation of the fact?

The main difficulty in laying out a satisfactory last act arises from the fact that it comes by custom after the climax of the play and is consequently doomed to deal with material inherently less dramatic than what has gone before. To state the matter in the simplest terms, it is more difficult for the playwright to conduct a falling than a rising action. Whatever follows a climax must appear an anti-climax; and the playwright, like the mountain-climber, is inclined to stumble on the downward trail.

Why not, then, obliterate this downward trail?,—why not build the action to its climax and then suddenly cut off any further consideration of the story? The negative answer to this question is based upon tradition; and it is therefore necessary that the origins of this tradition should briefly be examined.

In Greek tragedy the climax of the play was always followed by a period of falling action, in which the tragic ten-

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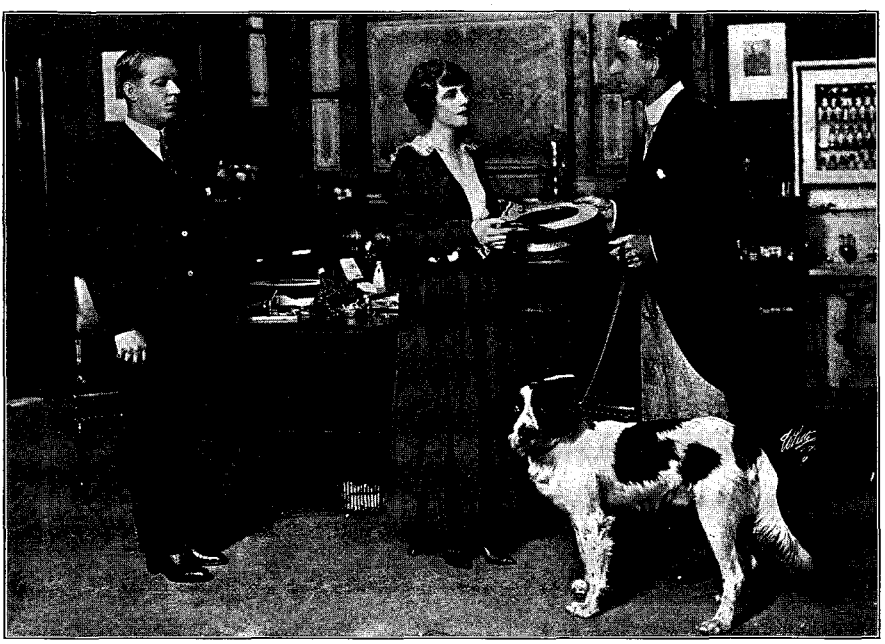

"THE BOOMERANG"—ACT I

"The settings are more simple, and less encumbered with unnecessary furniture, than those which Mr. Belasco has exhibited in the past. In the first act, however, he allows the hero of the play, who is a doctor, to wash his hands at an enamelled sink, equipped with running water and with liquid soap. . . . The ostentatious exhibition of that actual sink distracts attention, for the moment, from the imaginative delicacy of the comedy."

sity was lessened and the mood was softened to serenity. Nearly all the literary critics have assumed that the Greeks adopted this pattern in obedience to some esthetic theory; but to a critic of the drama it seems more sensible to suppose that this pattern was imposed upon them by the necessity of providing for an exodus of the chorus from the orchestra. The chorus could not march out while the three actors on the stage were still in the throes of the climax; and it could not remain in the orchestra after the play was over. Hence a period of falling action had to be provided as a sort of recessional for the supernumeraries.

The anti-climax at the close of Elizabethan tragedy may be similarly explained by reference to the physical peculiarities of the Elizabethan theatre. After Shakespeare had strewed the stage with bodies in the last act of *Hamlet,* he had to provide a period of diminished tensity during which the accumulated dead could be carried off the stage. The simple reason for this fact is that he had no curtain to ring down. Hence in the original text, the long continuance of unimportant talk after the entrance of Fortinbras. Hence, also, in the original text of *Romeo and Juliet,* the interminable speech of Friar Laurence at the conclusion of the tragedy. This, obviously, was provided to afford sufficient time to carry off the bodies of Romeo and Juliet and Paris.

We are so accustomed to the proscenium curtain in the modern theatre that we are likely to forget that this revolutionary innovation was not introduced until the latter half of the seventeenth century. For two centuries it has been possible to drop the curtain and sud-

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"YOUNG AMERICA"—ACT II

"The dirty-faced little gangster is tried in a children's court and is about to be sent to a reformatory when his pathetic appeal that his dog shall be sent away with him so moves the young woman whose chicken-coop he has rifled that she insists on standing sponsor for him and adopting him into her own household, even against the protests of her husband."

denly exclude from observation all the actors on the stage; but this fact has not as yet succeeded utterly in overturning a tradition of the drama which had been necessitated by the physical requirements of the preceding twenty centuries.

But, granted our proscenium curtain, is there any real reason why we should continue longer to follow the Greeks and the Elizabethans in their custom of carrying a play beyond its climax to an anti-climax? It is evident that Ibsen did not think so. Both in *A Doll's House* and in *Ghosts* he rang the final curtain down at the highest point of tensity, and left the most momentous question of the play still undecided.

The great example of Ibsen should make us bold to try to do away entirely with the period of falling action that characterised the close of Greek and Elizabethan tragedy. The best way to deal with the troublesome last act is not to write it at all. The insistence of this motive accounts, historically, for the fact that, late in the nineteenth century, the traditional five-act pattern was discarded for a four-act form, and that, early in the twentieth century, this four-act pattern has, in turn, been superseded in favour of a three-act form. These two progressive changes in the standard structure of the drama have been occasioned by a growing desire to do away with the troublesome last act.

The extreme of this treatment is exhibited in the famous close of *The Madras House,* by Mr. Granville Barker. The final curtain cuts off a conversation in mid-career; and the stage-direction reads, "She doesn't finish, for really there is no end to the subject." This piece was designed by Mr. Barker to illustrate the thesis that a play should have no end, since, in life itself, nothing

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"COMMON CLAY"—ACT III

"The scene was set in a court-room; and the heroine—her character discredited by the testimony on the stand—suddenly discovered that she was the long-lost illegitimate daughter of the opposing lawyer."

is terminal and nothing is conclusive. The play, however, was an utter failure; and the disaster that attended its production seemed to prove that the public preferred the traditional pattern to Mr. Barker's unprecedented attempt to approximate the inconclusiveness of nature.

But this attempt to obliterate the troublesome last act might have been more hospitably welcomed if Mr. Barker had chosen to cut off his play at the moment of greatest interest and highest tensity. There seems to be no theoretic reason why the periodic structure developed for the short-story by Guy de Maupassant should not be successfully transferred to the service of the serious drama. It ought to be possible, by the exercise of sufficient ingenuity, to hold back the solution of a serious plot until the very last line of the last act. This feat was successfully accomplished by Mr. Augustus Thomas in one of the most skillful of his comedies, *Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots*.

In farce, however, the problem of the playwright is more difficult. A farce is customarily developed to its climax through a series of misunderstandings between the various characters. On the one hand, it appears impossible to close the play without clearing up these foregone misunderstandings by explaining them to all the characters involved; but, on the other hand, these eleventh-hour passages of explanation must deal necessarily with materials of which the audience has all the time been cognisant, and must, therefore, result in the falling-off of interest that attends the hearing of a twice-told tale. If some master could invent a method to do away entirely with the troublesome last act of farce, he would indeed confer a boon on future playwrights.

Nothing has been said thus far concerning that falsification in the last act

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of a play which is commonly assumed to be demanded by the public. In an absolute sense, any ending to a play is false to nature, since in life itself there can never be an utter termination to a series of events; and it has, therefore, frequently been argued that, to end a play, the dramatist is justified in cogging the dice of circumstance in favour of those characters with whom the audience has come to sympathise. This argument, apparently, holds good for comedy, since it is supported by the constant practice of such great dramatists as Molière and Shakespeare. But in proportion as a play becomes more serious, the audience will tend more and more to be disappointed by any ending that does not follow as a logical result from all the incidents that have preceded it. Shakespeare is allowed to falsify the end of *As You Like It;* but the audience would be deeply disappointed if Hamlet were permitted to live happily forever after the conclusion of the play.

There are certain plays, and not all of these by any means are tragedies, that—to use a phrase of Stevenson's—"begin to end badly"; and to give them arbitrarily a happy ending results merely in preventing the audience from enjoying the exercise of that contributory faculty which the late William James described as "the will to believe." Those managers, therefore, are misguided who persist in assuming that the public will prefer an illogical happy ending to an unhappy ending that has clearly been foreshadowed. Yet the recent history of the drama shows many instances of plays with two last acts—the one preferred for its logic by the author, and the other preferred for its optimism by the manager. Thus, *The Profligate* of Sir Arthur Pinero has two last acts. In the first version, the profligate takes poison;

"UNDER FIRE"—ACT II

"An interesting entertainment, because it effectively rearranges nearly all of the materials that the public, through long custom, has grown to expect of any play that deals with war. Sardou himself would generously have applauded a scene in which an innocent Belgian innkeeper is led forth to be shot by his German captors."

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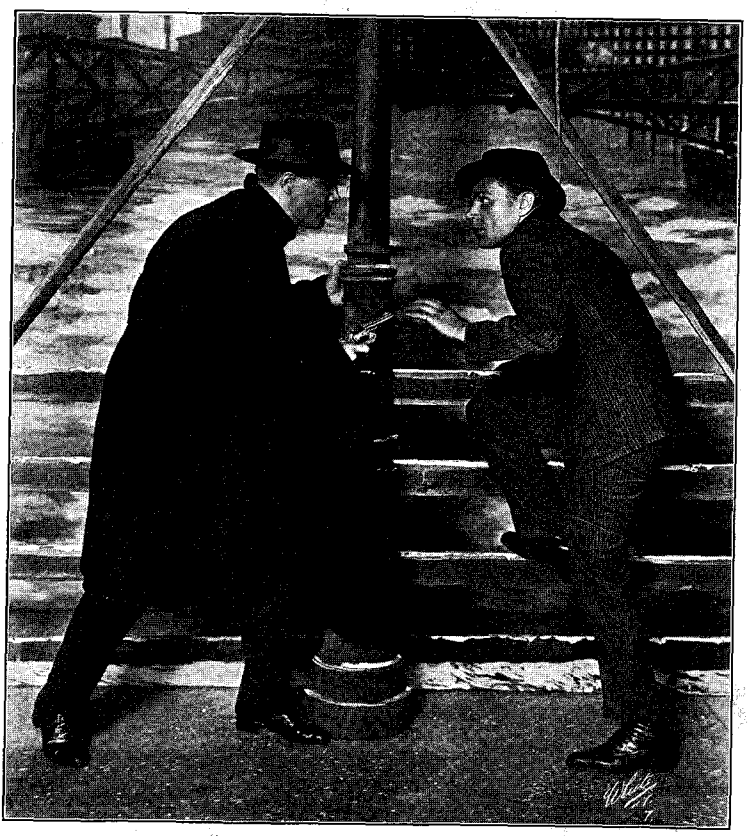
and in the second version, he lives happily forever after. In a recent farce by the same author, *Preserving Mr. Panmure,* one last act was provided for the production in London and a different last act was provided for the production in New York; and it appears that the same astonishing procedure is destined to be followed in the exhibition of Sir Arthur's latest play, "The Big Drum." When Henry Bernstein's *Israël* was produced in Paris, the hero committed suicide at the close of the play; but, when the piece was subsequently produced in New York, he merely married a girl in a picture hat. This change, suggested by the late Charles Frohman—although it reduced the entire play to nonsense—was accomplished with the consent and connivance of the author. Both *The Legend of Leonora,* by Sir James Barrie, and *The New Sin,* by Mr. B. Macdonald Hastings, were produced in New York with troublesome last acts which did not exist at all when the two plays were first produced in London. It will be seen, therefore, that even authors of acknowledged eminence are not entirely immune from falsifying the concluding moments of their plays when pressure is



"ROLLING STONES"—ACT I, SCENE 2

"A young man, out of work and ejected from his boarding-house for non-payment of arrears, goes forth to the Clark Street Bridge with the desperate intention of holding-up at the pistol's point the first man who comes along. His victim turns out to be a homeless waif more desperate than himself, who had come to the bridge with the express purpose of jumping over and committing suicide."

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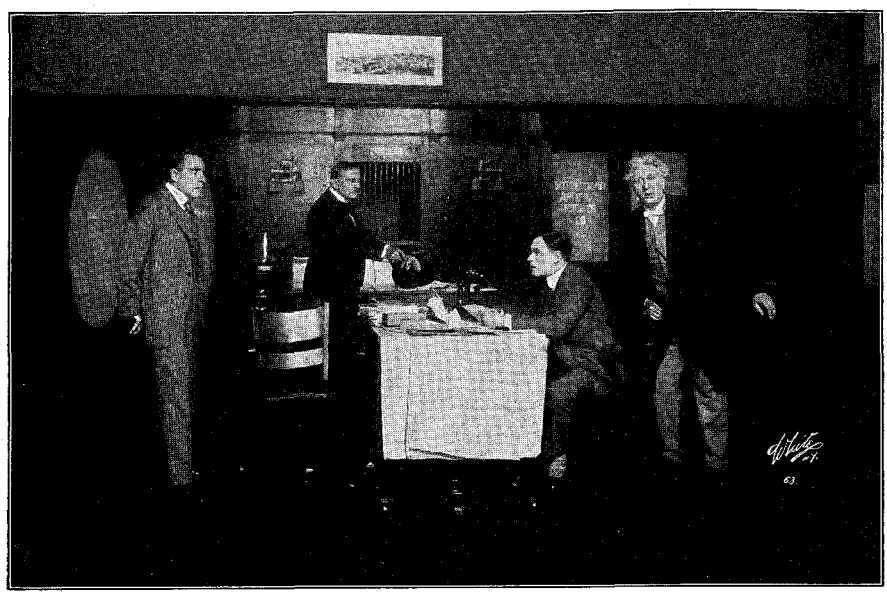
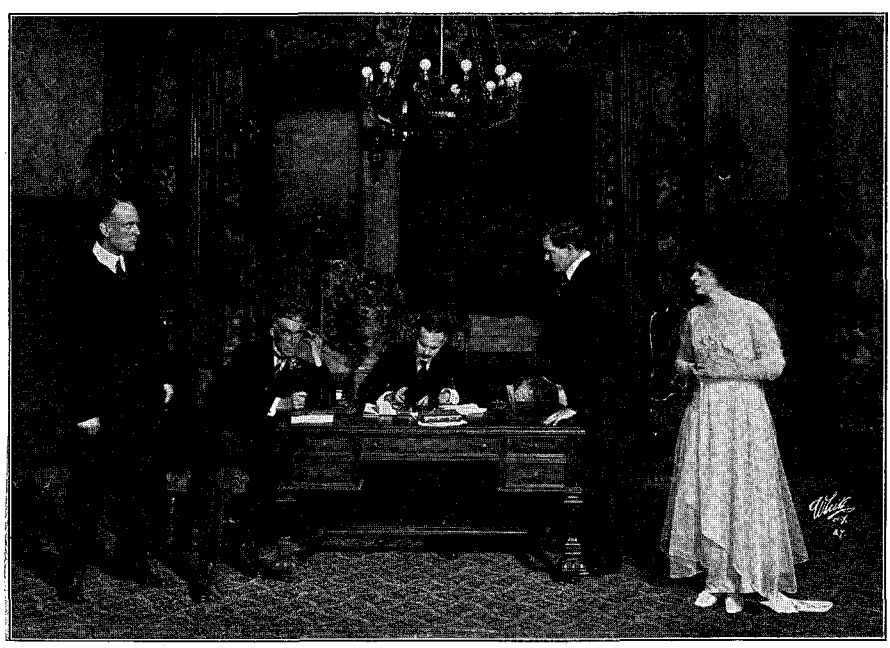


"SEE MY LAWYER"—ACT I

"The hero, accused of misusing the mails to promote a scheme to rob the public, pretended to be insane, and therefore irresponsible, until it turned out that his project would, after all, result in profit to his patrons."



"THE HOUSE OF GLASS"—ACT III

"The heroine lives continually in a house of glass, until at last she is confronted by a detective who is familiar with her past and who has been searching for her ever since she ran away."

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brought to bear upon them by friendly and persuasive managers. To rescue comparatively unestablished playwrights from this insidious insistence, the only certain remedy will be the general adoption of a new dramatic pattern in which the troublesome last act will, by common consent, remain unwritten.

"COMMON CLAY"

In "Common Clay," by Mr. Cleves Kinkead, the first two acts are written with an evident sincerity and the last act is quite as evidently insincere. It may, therefore, be inferred that this last act was suggested either by the leading actress or by the producing manager and does not represent the honest intention of the author. It spoils what started out to be an interesting play, and prevents a proper estimate of the talent of a promising newcomer to the theatre.

Until this most unfortunate last act, the play had appeared to be informed with an indubitable earnestness. The author had a thesis to expound; and, though he chose to illustrate this thesis with a story that was somewhat reminiscent of the cheap melodramas of a former generation, he seemed to believe ardently in the thing he had to say, until in the last act he turned about and called himself a liar.

It was apparently the purpose of the author to inculcate the injustice of that social law which, in the punishment of sins of sex, is harder on the woman than on the man and is harder on the poor than on the rich. This thesis, in the main, is sound; and, in the first two acts, the author discussed it honestly and earnestly, in a series of dramatic dialogues uncommonly well written. In his third act, in order to achieve a "big scene," he made a sacrifice of plausibility for mere theatrical effect. The scene was set in a court-room; and the heroine —her character discredited by the testimony on the stand—suddenly discovered that she was the long-lost illegitimate daughter of the opposing lawyer. This discovery, which resulted in the climax of the play, seemed scarcely credible; but it had been carefully prepared for in the antecedent action and was sufficiently interesting in itself to be excused.

What cannot be excused, however, is the last act of the play, wherein the author controverts his thesis, alters utterly the characters of his protagonists, and writes a lot of sentimental nonsense which nobody believes. In this act, the heroine, who had formerly been poor, makes her entrance in a gorgeous opera-cloak; and the whole act was apparently designed to get this cloak upon the stage.

"ROLLING STONES"

*Rolling Stones,* by Mr. Edgar Selwyn, starts out with one of those promising first acts with which, according to the adage, hell is paved. The scene is set in Chicago. A young man, out of work and ejected from his boarding-house for non-payment of arrears, goes forth to the Clark Street Bridge with the desperate intention of holding up at the pistol's point the first man who comes along. His victim turns out to be a homeless waif more desperate than himself, who had come to the bridge with the express purpose of jumping over and committing suicide. The irony of this incident, in which a potential suicide is rescued from his intended death by his potential murderer, is undeniably delightful. The two desperate young men become intimate at once. They agree that the world owes every man a living, and join forces to beat the game that hitherto has beaten them.

This is indeed a promising beginning for a comedy, but the author subsequently conducts these two young men through a series of events both incredible and unethical. They steal a business that does not belong to them and grow rich by exercising a suddenly discovered genius for finance. Both the morality and the plausibility of the play become more hopelessly submerged as it proceeds, until the last act disavows the promise of the first.

"UNDER FIRE"

*Under Fire,* by Mr. Roi Cooper Megrue, is an interesting entertainment, be-

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cause it effectively rearranges nearly all of the materials that the public, through long custom, has grown to expect in any play that deals with war. Sardou himself would generously have applauded a scene in which an innocent Belgian innkeeper is led forth to be shot by his German captors and a subsequent scene in which his daughter avenges him by stabbing in the back the German officer who had ordered his execution.

The most questionable point about this play is the ethical status of the heroine. She is an English governess in love with a Captain of the Irish Guards. After a misunderstanding with her lover, she marries a German spy who has assured her that he is a spy of France. Her lover, at the outbreak of the war, is assigned to the English secret service. Discovering that she is married to a German spy, he requests her to continue her conjugal relations with her husband, to worm out her husband's secrets in moments of marital intimacy, and to betray them to himself. This she does; with the result that, at a particularly ticklish moment in the trenches, the hero is enabled to save the entire British army. The play closes with a negligible last act, in which the hero, lying wounded in a hospital, is discovered by the wandering heroine, who informs him that, her husband being slain, they may now at last be married. Oddly enough, she has suffered no diminution of her integrity and purity in the course of her uncomfortable career; and the hero takes her —as old Thomas Heywood puts it—"as spotless as an angel to his arms."

### "THE BOOMERANG"

*The Boomerang* is by all odds the most delightful play of the early autumn season. It is a tenuous but clever comedy by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. The theme is that the disease of unrequited love may be cured most easily by the counter-irritant of jealousy; and this theme is illustrated in a pleasant story that probes, at many points, beneath the surface of human character. The dialogue is deftly written; the acting is, in every part, superlative; and the production of the play by Mr. David Belasco is, with a single reservation, worthy of the highest praise.

Particularly interesting, as showing an advance in Mr. Belasco's stagecraft, is the lighting of this play. The old footlights have been utterly abolished; and the stage is flooded with an amber light diffused downward from the top of the proscenium and disembarrassed of intrusive shadows by cross-lights from the borders. This new method of lighting, which Mr. Belasco has imported from Germany and Russia, considerably aids the facial expression of the actors and enhances the atmosphere of actuality.

The settings, also, are more simple, and less encumbered with unnecessary furniture, than those which Mr. Belasco has exhibited in the past. In the first act, however, he allows the hero of the play, who is a doctor, to wash his hands at an enamelled sink equipped with running water and with liquid soap. This operation—if, indeed, the doctor's hands were dirty—might much more plausibly have been imagined off the stage; and the ostentatious exhibition of that actual sink distracts attention, for the moment, from the imaginative delicacy of the comedy. Mr. Belasco, it would seem, has still to learn that the actual is not the true.

### "YOUNG AMERICA"

*Young America* is not a well-constructed play, and the scene in the children's court is utterly unplausible; yet this new piece by Mr. Fred Ballard is so rich in human interest that it deserves to be ranked as second only to *The Boomerang* among the early autumn plays.

The hero is a dirty-faced little gangster who is arrested for stealing chickens, and by this circumstance is separated arbitrarily from his faithful dog. He is tried in a children's court and is about to be sent to a reformatory when his pathetic appeal that his dog shall be sent away with him so moves the young

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woman whose chicken-coop he has rifled that she insists on standing sponsor for him and adopting him into her own household, even against the protests of her husband. In the last act, the dog first wins the affection of the protesting husband; and this humanly induced affection is subsequently transferred to the unfortunate little ragamuffin who is his master.

This play was originally called *Me and My Dog,* and this eloquent and homely title sufficiently expresses the sources of its sure appeal to the emotions. It is rich in the sort of comedy that is attended by a tear, the sort of pathos that is attended by a smile.

"THE HOUSE OF GLASS"

On two successive nights at the outset of September, two plays by a hitherto unknown author, Mr. Max Marcin, were produced at two adjacent theatres in New York. The first was a melodrama and the second was a farce. Both were reminiscent of many other recent plays in their respective styles; but the melodrama was by far the more effective of the two.

*The House of Glass,* though laid out on familiar lines, was an interesting melodrama until the troublesome last act was reached. In the first act, the innocent heroine was shown to be implicated by circumstantial evidence in a robbery of which, in actuality, she was ignorant. In the first *entr'acte,* it was assumed that, having been convicted of this crime, she served a term in prison, and, having subsequently been released on probation, broke her parole and fled to a distant State. In the second act we find her married to a rising railroad magnate; but, when the exigencies of his own career require him to bring her back to reside in the State whose laws she has eluded, she lives continually in a house of glass, until at last she is confronted by a detective who is familiar with her past and who has been searching for her ever since she ran away.

The development of this familiar plot is well conducted; but, in the troublesome last act, the author shows himself unable to unravel the "knot intrinsicate" that he has tied. He introduces, as a *deus ex machina,* the governor of the State, who duly pardons the heroine for her perilous evasion of the law. This is the sort of last act in which the audience cannot possibly believe; and it seriously mars a melodrama that, until this final anti-climax, had been interesting.

"SEE MY LAWYER"

*See My Lawyer,* by the same author, was merely a belated imitation of *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford* and *It Pays to Advertise,* divested of the spontaneity of these exaggerative and engaging farces. The hero, accused of misusing the mails to promote a scheme to rob the public, pretended to be insane and therefore irresponsible, until it turned out that his project would, after all, result in profit to his patrons. The ethical integrity of this play was just as defective as that of *Rolling Stones,* and both the situations and the lines were lacking in the necessary comic spirit to win forgiveness for the play's infirmities.

"NO. 13 WASHINGTON SQUARE"

*No. 13 Washington Square,* a dramatisation by Mr. Leroy Scott of his own novel of the same name, exhibited an abundance of farcical material but also an evident deficiency of skill in the dramatic projection of the narrative. What it lacked mainly was the sort of pointed dialogue that is welcomed with laughter in the theatre. The structure, however, was so devised as to sustain a suspensive rise of interest until the end. A point of genuine surprise was reserved until the final act; and the necessary explanations at the conclusion of the play were summarised so swiftly that the audience was undisturbed by the expected anti-climax. The same scenario, if followed faithfully by an author with a practised gift for comic dialogue, might have been developed into a diverting farce.

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# THE GREAT WAR AND THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

In the Annual Report of the New York Public Library for the year ending December 31, 1914, it is interesting to note the effect of the European war on the use of the library. First there is the increase in the demand for the service of the library. In the Reference Department, 711,122 readers consulted 2,127,328 volumes, a gain of thirty-five per cent. over 1913, while in the Circulation Department, 9,516,482 volumes were given out for home use, as against 8,320,144 in 1913. Not all of this increase, of course, can rightly be attributed to the war, but especially in the Reference Department, an analysis of the conditions shows an interesting connection between the war and the service of the library in many departments. Thus, the Arts and Prints Division notes that demands from costume designers became acute the latter part of the year when they were thrown on their own resources by the war; the Economics Division had so many inquiries about the effects of war on prices in general, and the effect of the Napoleonic wars on the prices of consols, "rentes," and so forth, that a bibliography was prepared and issued on the economic and social aspects of war. To the Science Division the war brought first, specialists who were making practical investigations connected with inventions for use in warfare; another large class of inquirers consisted of those who were desirous of making money in the manufacture of certain chemicals, particularly the pharmaceutical chemicals whose importation was so largely cut off by the war. Finally, it was noted by this Division that there was a marked falling-off in the number of professional chemists who usually make bibliographical researches there, the inference being that they did not have time this winter to leave their laboratories. The Technology Division also felt the pressure of the increased interest in the manufacture of chemicals, and also the effect of the presence of many engineers and draftsmen who were out of work. The Periodical and Newspaper Divisions have naturally had a large increase in the number of readers, due to the war. In the latter Division the average daily number of readers for the first six months of 1914 was 286, while for the last half of the year it was 349. One of the most interesting effects of the war has been the increase in the use of the Slavonic Division, which has supplied information by correspondence, by telephone, and by word of mouth to lecturers, newspaper reporters, and general readers concerning the cities, rivers and battlefields of Poland and Galicia, and has answered over five hundred inquiries about the pronunciation of "Przemysl"!

## THE NEW YORK OF THE NOVELISTS—A NEW PILGRIMAGE
## PART III—THE REMNANTS OF BOHEMIA

*In the third paper of this series the trail will lead northward from the Cañons of the Money Grubbers, stopping in the neighbourhood of Washington Square. It will take the reader through the purlieus of Greenwich Village, along the six blocks of the thoroughfare which derived its name from Washington Irving, over on the east side to Rutherford, Stuyvesant, and Tompkins Squares, and among the benches of Union Square and Madison Square.*

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# SO LET ME SHIP WITH GULLIVER!

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

THERE still are spots in Africa, Australia and America,
Where a man who's a man may lose himself and on adventure fare;
But who may sail like Francis Drake with bright uncertainty his stake:
Though a region may be marked unknown, we know that it is there.
So let me ship with Gulliver to Lilliput or Brobdingnag!
Oh, let me ship with Gulliver, for your modern goal's a snare!

The Sea of Chance is a lost Romance, all magic lands are found:
From pole to pole the Golden West with iron bands is bound;
And almost all the spicy East is ladled out to serve as feast
For boiled shirt kings and smug Old Things whose mettle is the Pound.

Oh, yes, there are spots in Africa, Australia and America,
Where a man who's a man may lose himself and on adventure fare;
But who may sail like Captain Cook and take his toll by hook or crook:
Though an island may not boast a name, some desk-grub's flag is there.
So let me ship with Gulliver to Lilliput or Brobdingnag!
Oh, let me ship with Gulliver, for your modern goal's a snare!

# THE NEW YORK OF THE NOVELISTS

## A NEW PILGRIMAGE

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

PART II—THE CANONS OF THE MONEY-GRUBBERS

I. APPROACHING THE SKY LINE

A CENTURY and more has passed since Jacob Dolph of Bunner's *The Story of the New York House* used to sit on his balcony in the long summer evenings, and build dreams of the city's future as he looked across Battery Park and out over the dancing waters of the Upper Bay. At that time his house was a monument to be pointed out by those on the deck of the merchantmen entering the port. The house is still there. But from the incoming *Mauretania,* or *St. Paul,* or *France,* you would be hard put to find it, be your eyes ever so sharp. In the towering jungle of steel, and stone, and masonry, it is no more than a little shrub. The contrast between what was and what is can hardly be called the epitome of the hundred years. For rightly, in accordance with the spirit of the city, No. 7 State Street should have undergone a series of transformations, in the course of which the original three-story house would have been torn down and replaced by a structure of seven stories, which in turn would have given way to an edifice of fifteen stories, and then—but who knows how far up that marvellous sky line that greets the eyes of the home comer and the new comer will have reached in the year of Grace 1925? Who or what the observer is matters but little. It is the city that

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counts; the city, ugly or beautiful, as you will, but never commonplace. The city that may mean welcome, or may mean loneliness, or opportunity, or danger, or refuge, or despair. The Narrows are passed, and there it is behind the Statue of Liberty. Perhaps it is the soul of the *Dimbula,* Rudyard Kipling's "The Ship that Found Herself" that speaks. But in the *Dimbula* the spectacle roused only the overpowering desire for self-assertion, for the song of achievement. "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Princes, Dukes, and Barons of the High Seas! Know ye by these presents, we are the *Dimbula,* fifteen days nine hours from Liverpool, having crossed the Atlantic with four thousand tons of cargo for the first time in our career! We have not foundered. We are here. 'Eer! 'Eer! We are not disabled. But we have had a time wholly unparalleled in the annals of ship-building! Our decks were swept! We pitched; we rolled! We thought we were going to die! Hi! Hi! But we didn't. We wish to give notice that we have come to New York all the way across the Atlantic through the worst weather in the world; and we are the *Dimbula!* We are-arr-ha-ha-ha-r-r-r!" A natural and pardonable exuberance. But perhaps on our second trip westward the *Dimbula* had calmed down to the point where some consideration of the city itself was possible, and New York was compared to Liverpool, and voted rather "ripping" or the reverse.

## II. GATEWAYS OF INVASION

Of the writing men and women of the newer generation, the men and women whose trails are the subject of these papers, there are many who have staked claims to certain New York streets or quarters. There has been but one conqueror of Alexander-like ambitions. That is, of course, the late O. Henry, and Sidney Porter's name will naturally appear again and again in these and in ensuing pages. To north, east, south, and west, stretch his trails; to north, east, south, and west, he wandered like a modern Haroun al Raschid. And like a conqueror he rechristened the city to suit his whimsical humour. At one moment it is his "Little Old Bagdad on the Subway"; at another, "The City of Too Many Caliphs"; at another, "Noisyville on the Hudson"; or, "Wolfville on the Subway"; or, "The City of Chameleon Changes." Bunner, as he told us in certain lines already quoted, had inherited New York from his father, his grandfather, and his great grandfather. Sidney Porter discovered the city comparatively late in life, lived in it but the few brief last years. "Pull up the shades," he whispered a few minutes before the end came, "I don't want to go home in the dark." Perhaps also he did not want to go home without one last glimpse of the city that he had learned to love so well; one last glimpse of his "Little Old Bagdad on the Subway," his "City of Too Many Caliphs."

But turn, for the moment, in the approach to the city, to the grotesque. There is a very human note in the emotions roused in the breasts of Abe Potash and Moe Griesman by the sight of the metropolis of their adoption as they view it from the steamer deck after their return from their European trip as told in Mr. Montague Glass's "The Judgment of Paris." There, on the dock, Rosie was waiting for her Abe, to bestow upon him a series of kisses that re-echoed down the long pier. That pier, contiguous piers, and similar piers across the North and East Rivers, play their parts in every third or fourth novel that touches on New York life. The note may be grave or gay, trivial or comparatively important. Denoting departure, these piers are the gateways to adventure. A hero from one of Mr. George Barr McCutcheon's novels walks lightly down the gang-plank to the deck of the ship that is to bear him away to love-making, and intrigue, and the clash of battle in the somewhere principality of Graustark. A brave little heroine from Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's pages embarks on a journey that is quite as knightly, although it takes her no farther than the pleasant,

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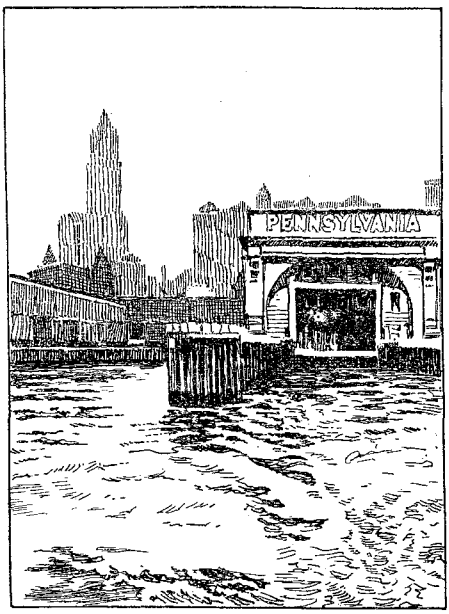


A PASSING GATEWAY OF INVASION. DRAWN BY TOM WILKINSON

peaceful English countryside. The painter hero of Richard Harding Davis's *The Princess Arline* begins the whimsical pursuit that takes him over half Europe, loses him a dream, but wins him very material happiness. In a word, in the picture that is presented by the sailing of any big transatlantic liner you have a picture that, with certain variations, is conventional to the novel touching the social side of the city life, whether the author be Mrs. Wharton or Mrs. Burnett or Mrs. Riggs, or Mr. Davis, or Mr. Chambers, or Mr. Johnson, or Mr. McCutcheon, or any of a score more. But the pier of the transatlantic liner is but one of the gateways of invasion.

Probably in all fiction there is no single episode that has left an impression on succeeding generations of story spinners more obvious than that in Balzac's *Père Goriot* where Eugène de Rastignac, from the heights of the cemetery of Père La Chaise, bids defiance to Paris—"a nous deux, maintenant!" In the New York of the novelists the episode has been constantly imitated. The young hero (we might for example say that it is Frank Sartain of Brander Matthews's *A Confident To-morrow*) sees the big city for the first time at night. From the deck of a ferry boat crossing from the New Jersey shore he beholds the great towers of glittering light. His heart beats fast at the thought of the coming struggle. "I will conquer you!" he whispers to himself, "or I will die in the attempt." Or perhaps the second or third night after his arrival the vision comes to him and he feels the thrill of conflict. The vast-

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ness and the indifference of the city have for the moment cowed his spirit. The solitude of his hall bedroom in Chelsea or Greenwich Village has become a horror to him. He finds himself aimlessly walking the streets to the south and east. Then he is in the middle of the Brooklyn Bridge, the black waters beneath him, and the myriads of lights of Manhattan stretching away far to the north. Ah, those myriads of lights! In comparison how dim seem "the lights of London flaring like a dreary dawn" of the Tennysonian poem! Some day let the New Yorker go down to the end of the long dock between the Erie and Atlantic Basins in Brooklyn, and turn his eyes toward Manhattan. Governor's Island, with its thick growth of trees, seems to blend and merge with the lower part of the city, hiding all but the few great skyscrapers. The city itself is gone. The effect is that of an enchanted park in which it has pleased some mediæval giant to conjure up vast castles of fairy-like beauty. But it matters not from where you have seen the city, so long as you have felt once, with the throbbing heart of so many heroes and heroines of fiction, the spirit of invasion.

### III. THE BIG CANONS OF THE MONEY GRUBBING TRIBE

The heroine is always an uncertainty. She may be grey-eyed and earnest, with a leaning to settlement work, or she may have no ideals or aspirations that take her beyond the boundaries of "Tea, Tango and Toper Land." It may be on the Drive that you meet her first, or along the Park bridle path, or being propelled by Afro-mobile through the Jungle at Palm Beach, or on the links of Cannes, or in Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo. But whether his business be stocks, or leather, or cotton, the father of the heroine, provided the novel be one of New York life, will spend certain hours of every working day in his office, which will be situated somewhere in the Big Cañons of the Money Grubbing Tribes. In "Thimble, Thimble," that delightfully whimsical story of the Old Nigger Man, the Hunting Case Watch, and the Open Faced Question, O. Henry gave the specific directions for the finding of the cañons in general and the office of Carteret and Carteret, Mill Supplies and Leather Belting, in particular. "You follow the Broadway trail until you pass the Crosstown Line, the Bread Line and the Dead Line, and come to the Big Cañons of the Money Grubbing Tribe. Then you turn to the left, to the right, dodge a pushcart, and the tongue of a two-ton four-horse dray, and hop, skip, and jump to a granite ledge on the side of a twenty-one story synthetic mountain of stone and iron. In the twelfth story is the office of Carteret and Carteret." For the benefit of those readers who are not familiar with New York and its *argot,* it may be said that by the Crosstown Line is meant Fourteenth Street, the Bread Line Eleventh Street, and the Dead Line, Fulton Street, below which thoroughfare no professional criminal may go without making himself liable to arrest. Very luckily for the purposes of the novelist, what has become known as the malefactor of great wealth is not yet subject to this particular restriction. Tom Scribe has been at liberty to populate these cañons to his heart's content, with the result that from the Battery to the Dead Line fiction stalks. Just the list of the financiers of the world of make-believe who have occupied the expensive and extravagantly equipped offices of this part of Manhattan would fill a chapter. It is hard to know where to begin, or what order to follow. The pilgrim has but to take his stand on the steps of the new Custom House that replaced the row of red-brick buildings on Bowling Green that a decade ago were the offices of the transatlantic steamship lines and gaze northward between the great walls of steel and concrete. There, over on the right, is No. 26 Broadway. That is not a mere indication of a number and a street. No. 26 Broadway has come to stand for the Standard Oil Company as much as Downing Street

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stands for the British Government or Quai d'Orsay for the French Government. Somewhere in one of the great adjoining skyscrapers are the offices of Wilton Sargent of Rudyard Kipling's "An Error in the Fourth Dimension." To reach them he travelled down the Hudson on his twelve-hundred-ton ocean-going steam yacht *Columbia,* and from Bleecker Street by the Elevated, hanging on to a leather strap between an Irish washerwoman and a German anarchist. Once, at Holt Hangars, he tried to make himself an Englishman. But the *Induna*

Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York.

ENTERING THE GREAT CAÑONS OF THE MONEY GRUBBING TRIBE

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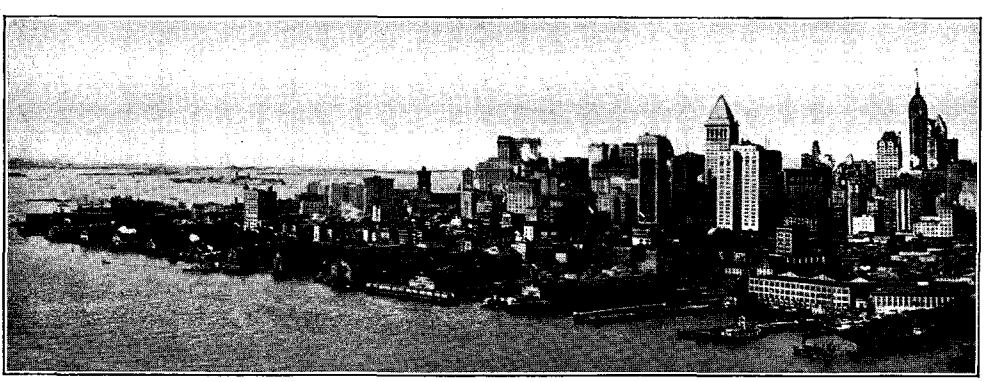
THE CITY THAT WAS. THE LOWER END OF MANHATTAN ISLAND IN 1876

of the Great Buchonian line was stopped —"for the first time since King Charles hid in her smoke-stack"—such was the picturesque exaggeration of the offender —and Wilton Sargent once more assumed allegiance to the land of his birth, which had reviled him. Nor, with the Kipling trail for the moment in mind, shall we overlook, while the Battery and West Street are close by, the Belt Line of horse-drawn surface cars. On that line, as told in "A Walking Delegate," served Muldoon, born in Iowa, but to end in his equine days swearing by the New York of his adoption. "Any horse dat knows beans gits outer Kansas before dey crip his shoes," Muldoon defiantly told the yellow frame house of a horse, trying to rouse the spirit of rebellion against the tyrant man. "I blew in dere from Ioway in de days o' me youth an' innocence an' I was grateful when dey boxed me for N' York. Yer can't tell me anything about Kansas. I don't wanter fergit. De Belt Line stable ain't no Hoffman House, but dere Vanderbilts long side of Kansas."

To resume the Broadway trail. On the nineteenth floor of one of these mammoth structures towering above Battery Park were the offices, commanding a superb view of the Bay, the Staten Island hills and the New Jersey highlands beyond, of "The Goldfish" of Arthur Train's story of that name. Perhaps just across the hall was the fighting lair of the multi-millionaire, Jim Breed, on whose appearance, clothes and deportment Harry Leon Wilson's "Bunker Bean" used to make caustic stenographic comments in moments of irritation. But as it is very unlikely that Mr. Train or Mr. Wilson or any other of the novelists of this part of the city had any particular buildings in mind, it is perhaps wiser to curtail. With old Trinity's spire fac-



THE CITY THAT IS. THE LOWER END OF MANHATTAN ISLAND IN 1915

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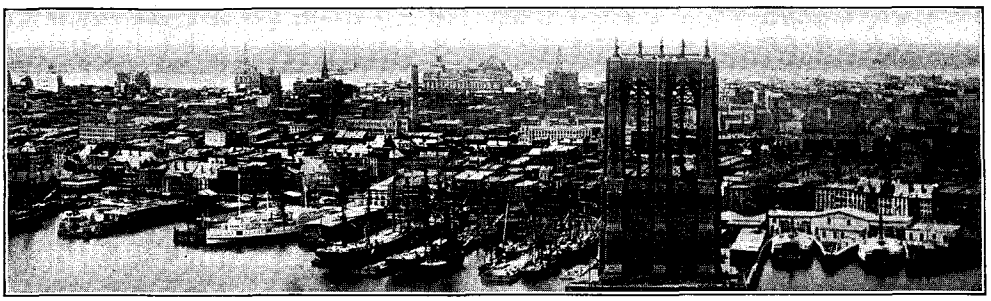
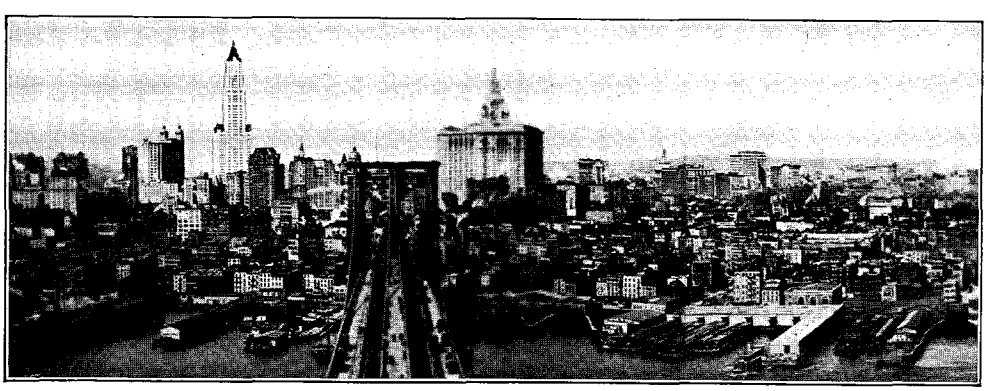


Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York.

ing the western end of Wall Street, there are perhaps bits of definite description, such as the "that last white meadow of New Amsterdam, where the brown church stands mothering her graves at bay," of the late Herman Knickerbocker Vielé's *The Last of the Knickerbockers.* But of lower Broadway and Wall Street, and Broad Street, and the Exchange of most of the novelists of the last decade and a half, it is perhaps best to speak only in terms of generality. There is so much and yet comparatively so little. The exception to this rule is Mr. Edwin Lefevre, whose "Lane of the Ticker" and its associations will be discussed in the following chapter. Of such novelists as Mrs. Wharton, Mr. Robert W. Chambers, David Graham Phillips, George Barr McCutcheon, Rex Beach, Owen Johnson, Samuel Merwin, Thomas Dixon, it is enough to say that their invasions of "The Street" have been at best vague. Elsewhere in the city we shall find their trails far more definite and distinct.

### IV. EDWIN LEFEVRE'S WALL STREET

Wall Street, like other sections or phases of the city, has had its specialist, the man who, making it the basis of fiction, has written about the life from the inside, in the person of Mr. Edwin Lefevre, the author of *Wall Street Stories, Sampson Rock of Wall Street* and *The Golden Flood.* Of the collection gathered under the title of *Wall Street Stories,* which Mr. Lefevre afterward wished that he had called *Stock Exchange Stories,* the most successful and far reaching by far was "The Woman and Her Bonds." The tale deals with the efforts of Fullerton F. Colwell, "the politest man in Wall Street," to aid the widow of a business friend. At 96 he buys for her account certain thoroughly reliable bonds. A slight pressure in the



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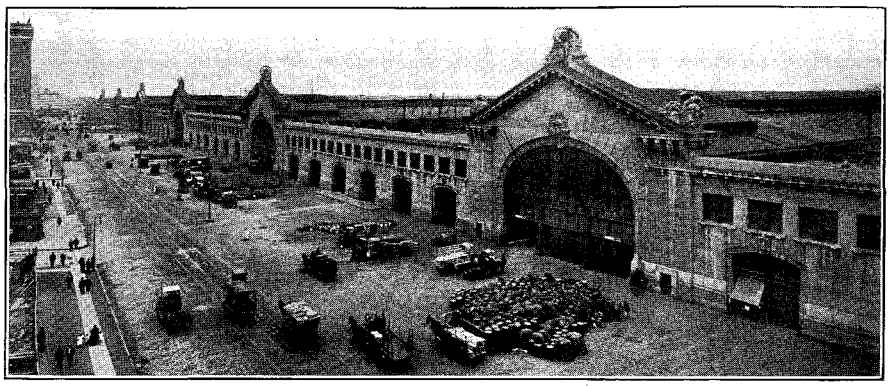

Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York.

THE LONG STRETCH OF THE CHELSEA PIERS. DENOTING DEPARTURE, THESE PIERS ARE THE GATEWAYS TO ADVENTURE. HOW MANY OF THE NOVEL'S HEROES AND HEROINES HAVE PARTED HERE; HOW MANY GALLANT YOUNG AMERICANS OF THE MAGIC WORLD OF MAKE-BELIEVE HAVE SWUNG LIGHTLY DOWN THE GANG-PLANK BOUND FOR INTRIGUE AND SWORD PLAY IN IMAGINARY BALKAN PRINCIPALITIES!

market forces the price down to 93. Despite Colwell's reassurances Mrs. Hunt is seriously perturbed by the paper loss, and in order to relieve her mind the broker buys back at 96 the bonds that he could have purchased in the open market for 93, thereby pocketing an actual loss to himself of three thousand dollars. But when the bonds rise again Mrs. Hunt decides that she would like to buy them back at 93. All Colwell's explanations are useless. "Are those not the same bonds?" she asks sadly. "Then why are they not my bonds?" Through life the woman went clinging to the conviction that her husband's friend had robbed her. The original of Fullerton F. Colwell was Elverton R. Chapman. The Stock Exchange brokerage house of Wilson and Graves of the story was Moore and Schley, at 80 Broadway, in which Mr. Chapman was a partner. As to the heroine, Mrs. Hunt, the author had no particular woman in mind. He kept the sex before him and did his best. The result was that his sister told him when she read the story, that it was a shame for him to poke fun at his own mother. But his brother-in-law, who is a banker, told him proudly that he recognised his own wife. John S. Phillips, who was then the Editor of *McClure's Magazine* (in which the tale originally appeared), told Lefevre he did not know whether he had produced a burlesque or a masterpiece. So he read the story to Mrs. Phillips, and when he had finished Mrs. Phillips said: "Well, why didn't he give her back the bonds?" Thereupon, Phillips added, "Then of course I knew that it was a great story." Mr. Phillips also told Mr. Lefevre that Booth Tarkington told him that he had read the story aloud to his mother and sister and that they did not speak to him for a long time afterward, and, if any additional testimony on the subject is needed, the writer of these papers recalls that he read "The Woman and Her Bonds" to his own mother and sister with the resulting comment: "Wasn't it dreadful the way he robbed that poor woman."

"The Woman and Her Bonds" was written at a single sitting before breakfast. Mr. Lefevre had written half a dozen Wall Street stories which he was going to hand into *McClure's*, and it suddenly struck him that he had not done one about a woman. At first he thought he would do a woman gambler, for he had some striking originals. On second thought he decided that it was too disagreeable a type; and, after all,

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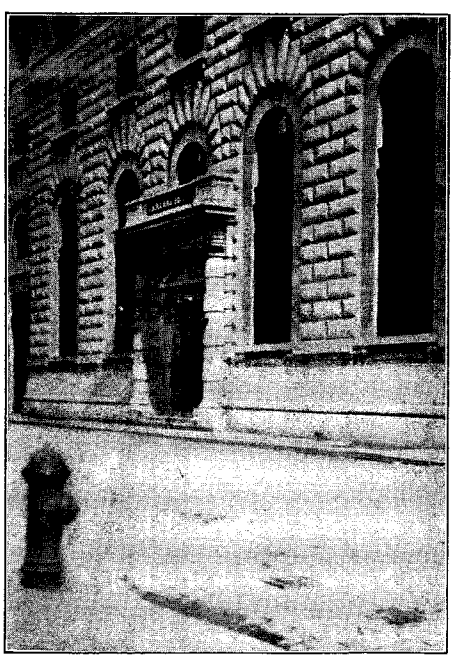
not really typical. So he thought of the woman investor—Heaven help the brokers! After the story was finished no end of stock brokers told him, "Say, you got that story from seeing Mrs. —— in my office." Many of them swore that they had told him all about Mrs. Hunt. But they had not.

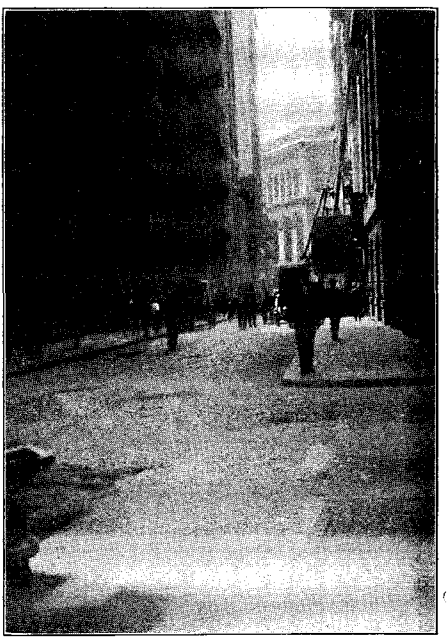
### IV. SOME MEN OF THE STREET

All the streets in the vicinity of the New York Stock Exchange have definite associations with the men of Mr. Lefevre's stories. The office of "Sam" Sharpe, which plays such a part in "The Break in Turpentine," based upon the old "Whiskey pool," was on the fifth floor of the Johnson Building, at the corner of Exchange Place and New Street. The haunts of "the tipster" of the tale of that name were in New Street, between Exchange Place and Wall. It was there that the old "Put and Call" brokers, or "privilege men," used to be. This type is now practically defunct, and professional tipsters are scarce. The hero of the story was a composite of several men that the author knew. Percy's bucketshop was in New Street. This was the only bucketshop where they used to trade in as little as two shares. The old building, torn down some years ago, was on the east side of New Street, between Exchange Place and Beaver Street. By the "Lane of the Ticker" was of course meant Wall Street. "At the head of the Street was old Trinity; to the right the Sub-Treasury; to the left the Stock Exchange."



Photograph by the Author.

THE OLD SLIP POLICE STATION. IT WAS TO THIS STATION, OR RATHER TO THE EARLIER BUILDING, THAT COLONEL GEORGE FAIRFAX CARTER, OF NO. 58½ BEDFORD PLACE, AND CARTERSVILLE, FAIRFAX COUNTY, VIRGINIA, WAS HALED FOR THREATENING VIOLENCE TO THE BROKER, KLUTCHEM, AS RELATED IN THE LATE F. HOPKINSON SMITH'S "COLONEL CARTER'S CHRISTMAS"



Photograph by the Author.

NEW STREET, THE STREET OF THE DERELICTS. EDWIN LEFEVRE'S "WALL STREET STORIES"

The Colonel Josiah T. Treadwell of "A Philanthropic Whisper" was former governor Roswell P. Flower. He was the leader of the Big Bull market in 1898 and 1899. He was a generous,

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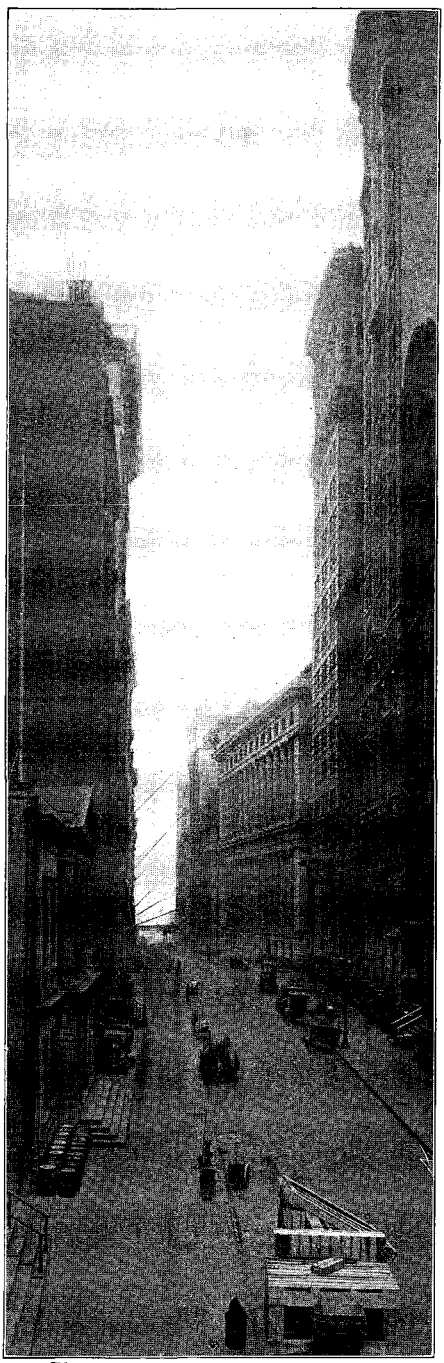

Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York.

"THE LANE OF THE TICKER"

genial man, who was forever doing kind things. His office was always full of men like William Rockefeller, D. O. Mills, H. H. Porter, E. H. Harriman, and Anthony J. Brady. Mr. Lefevre recalls the time a poor woman came into the office with some tale of woe about her husband, who had been a friend of the governor's, and had died leaving nothing. She had some jewels which she thought she would like to sell and invest the proceeds. The governor told her to sit down, went into his office, where some multi-millionaires were talking about the Market, and held an auction sale of the jewelry. He was the auctioneer, and he made his friends pay royal prices. The office of Flower and Company was in 45 Broadway. It is now occupied by the Hamburg American Line. Governor Flower used to say, "Stop sitting on the shirt tail of progress, hollering whoa! Stop jumping on the trusts. Get into them!"

Then there is *The Golden Flood,* which tells of a young man opening a bank account with a deposit of something over one hundred thousand dollars, increasing it week by week until the seemingly inexhaustible golden flood threatens the financial leaders of the nation with destruction. "The greatest bank in Wall Street," called in the tale the Metropolitan National, is, of course, the National City Bank. The Marshall National is the Chase Bank. It was in the big room in the City Bank that "the clink of gold was aristocratically inaudible, the clerks habitually spoke in whispers." At the southeast corner of Pine and William Streets was the Wolff Building, containing the offices of Wolff, Herzog and Company, a firm drawn from Kuhn, Loeb and Company. Into the Assay Office, by the Pine Street entrance, "on Mondays William Watson took a loan of bullion bars, painted black to disguise their nature." The Heinsheimer Exploration Company was the Guggenheim Exploration Company at 71 Broadway. "Dawson entered the huge home of the International

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Distributing Syndicate." At first it was called the Natural Illuminant Syndicate, but this disguise was too thin, and the name was changed. At all events there is hardly any indiscretion in identifying the enterprise in question as the Standard Oil Company at 26 Broadway.

When *Wall Street Stories* first appeared readers who were familiar with the Street found amusement in identifying the characters. Here is a list which was drawn up at the time by a member of the Stock Exchange.

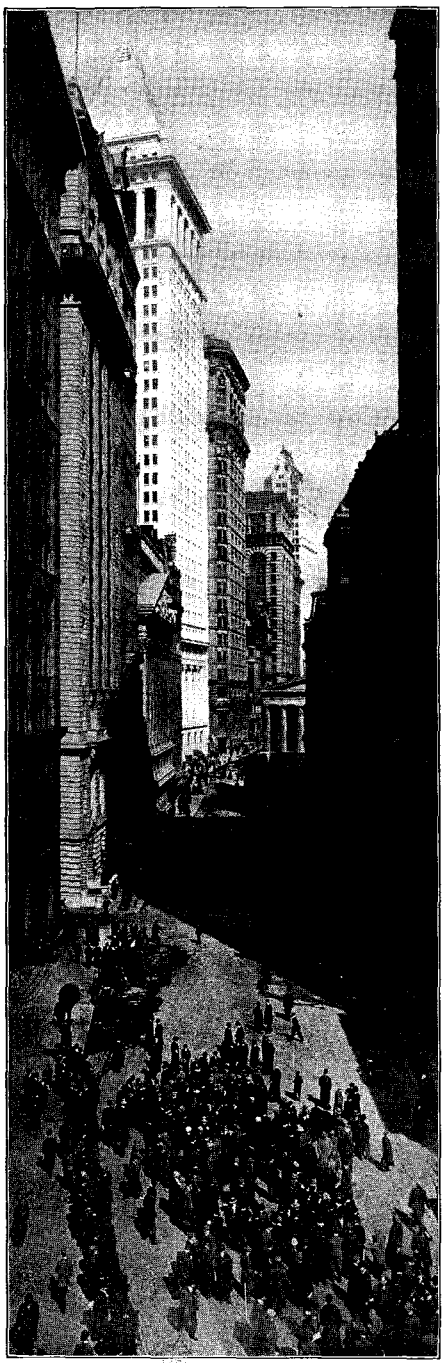
| | |
|---|---|
| Samuel W. Sharpe | James R. Keene |
| Colonel Treadwell | Roswell P. Flower |
| John F. Greener | Jay Gould |
| Daniel Dittenhoeffer | Charles Woerishoeffer |
| Silas Shaw | Daniel Drew |

For *The Golden Flood* the following identifications were suggested:

| | |
|---|---|
| Richard Dawson | James R. Stillman |
| The Mellons | The Rockefellers |
| Isaac Herzog | Jacob Schiff |
| F. W. Harding | Frank W. Savin |

In writing *Sampson Rock of Wall Street* Mr. Lefevre had a composite in mind for Sampson Rock; a combination of E. H. Harriman, James R. Keene, and others. He put Rock's office in the Mills Building, at the corner of Broad Street and Exchange Place, because neither Keene nor Harriman had theirs there. The "War Street News Agency" was the New York News Bureau on Beaver Street.

In connection with Mr. Lefevre's Wall Street experiences there is a graphic little story concerning him and the late Frank Norris. During Mr. Norris's last year in New York the two were close friends, and it was at one time agreed between them that Mr. Lefevre should revise the proofs of Mr. Norris's story, *The Pit,* in all the chapters relating to the wheat market, receiving due credit in the preface for his share of the work. As it turned out, they never succeeded in coming together for that purpose, and the plan was aban-



Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York.

BROAD STREET, THE EXCHANGE, AND THE SUB-TREASURY

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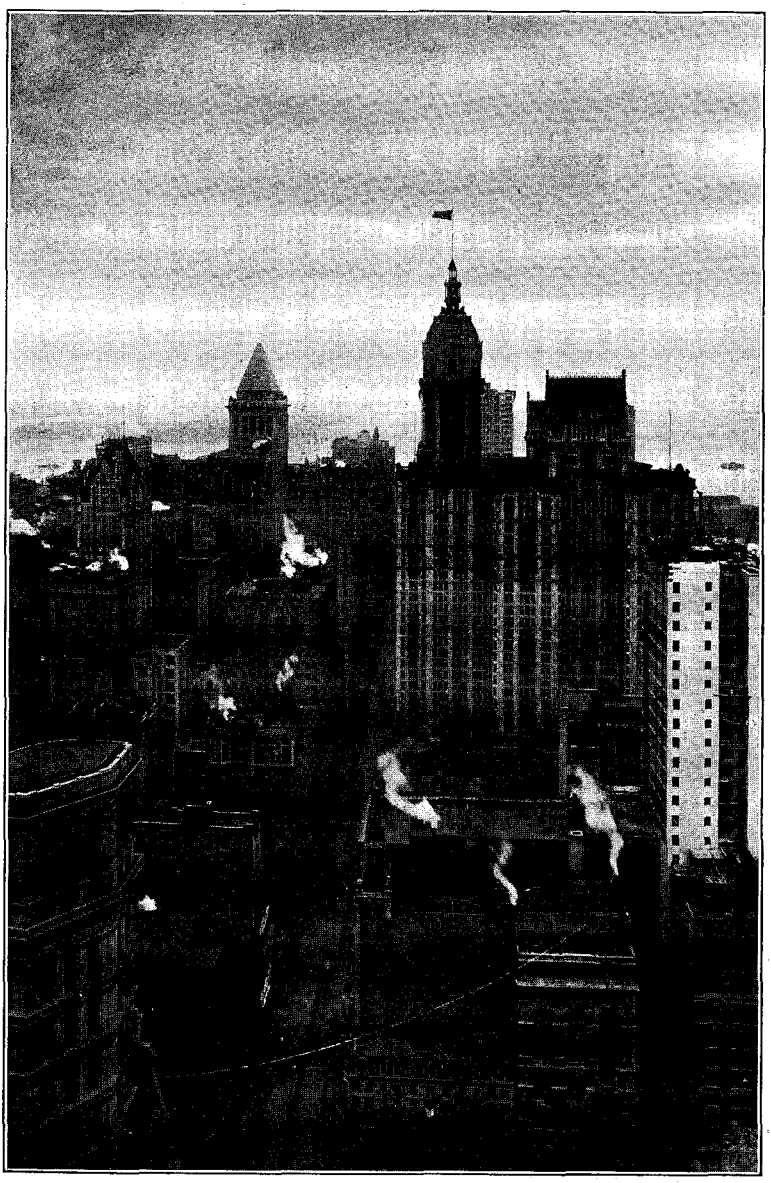
doned. But frequently, at Norris's request, Mr. Lefevre explained the intricacies of stock markets, speculations, corners and the like; and one night he found himself launched upon an eloquent description of a panic. He described the pandemonium reigning on the floor of the Exchange, the groups of frenzied, yelling brokers, the haggard faces of men to whom the next change of a point or two meant ruin. And then he followed one man in particular through the events of the day, and pictured him groping his way blindly out from the gallery, a



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"THE BIG CAÑONS OF THE MONEY GRUBBING TRIBE" BY DAY

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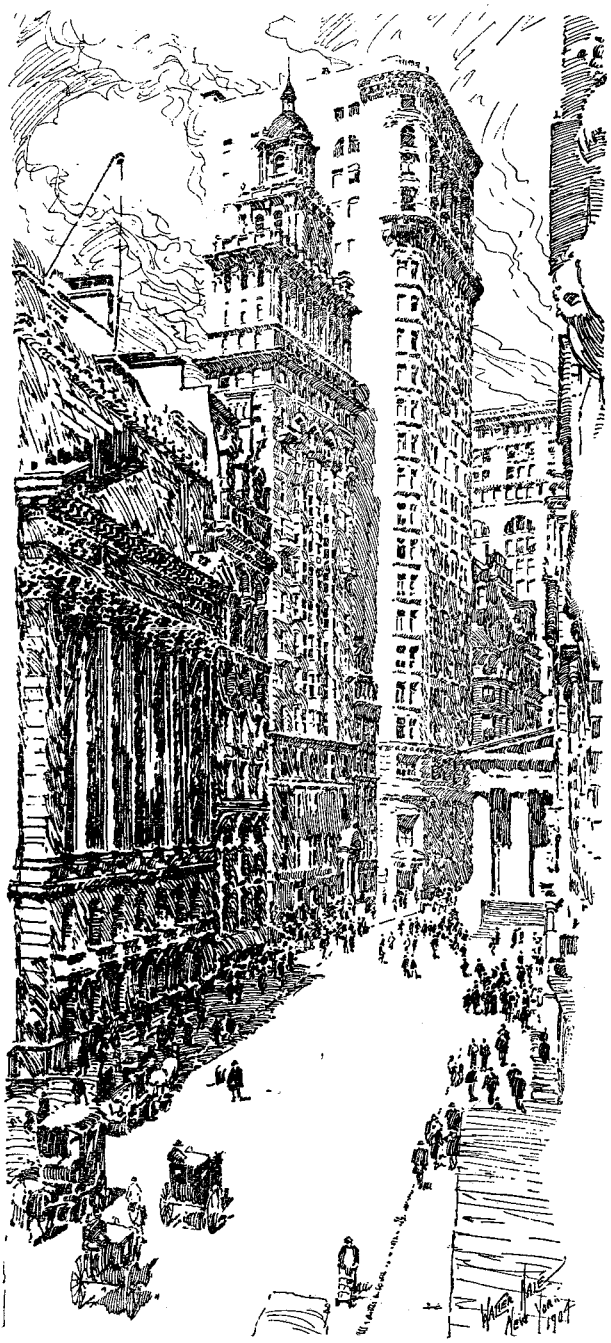

THE STREET TEN YEARS AGO. FROM A DRAWING BY WALTER HALE

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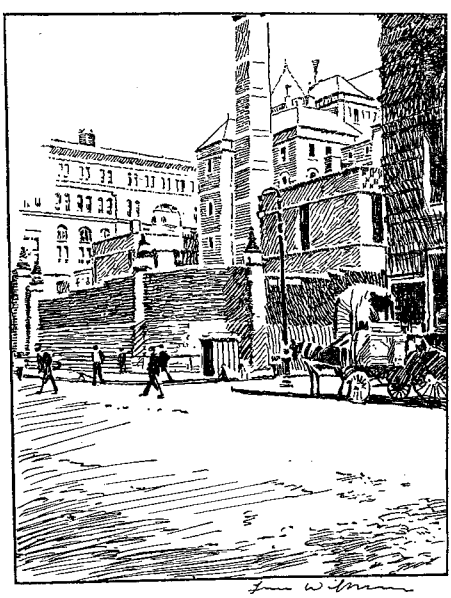
broken, ruined man. So far, Mr. Lefevre had told only what he had seen, all too often, with his own eyes. But at this point, carried away by his own story, he yielded to the temptation to fake a dramatic conclusion, and he told how the man was still striding restlessly, aimlessly along the corridor, when the elevator shot past and some one shouted "Down!" and the ruined man, his mind still bent upon the falling market, continued his nervous striding, gesticulating fiercely and repeating audibly, "Down! down! down!" "There you are!" interrupted Mr. Norris, springing up excitedly. "There you are! That is one of those things that no novelist could invent!" And yet, added Mr. Lefevre in telling the story, "it was the one bit of fake in my whole description."

### V. POLICE HEADQUARTERS AND CRIMINAL COURT

What Scotland Yard is to the English novelist who allows his imagination to play about London crime, what the Rue Jerusalem is to the French novelist, No. 300 Mulberry Street is to the novelist of New York life. In former years it was almost exclusively "300 Mulberry Street." Now it is as much interpreted by its telephonic symbol. A young District Attorney in a recent story by Richard Harding Davis is inveigled to a road house on the old Boston Post Road, and there confronted with a



THE NEWGATE OF NEW YORK. DRAWING BY TOM WILKINSON

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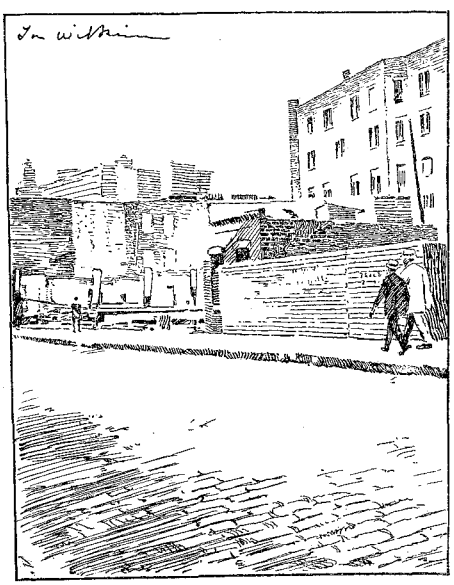
trumped-up situation designed to lead to his political undoing. Tempted to hush up the pretended scandal involving his sister and brother-in-law, his reply comes when he takes up the telephone and says: "Central, give me Spring 3100." For to ask for Spring 3100 is equivalent to Sherlock Holmes calling for direct communication with Scotland Yard. The number signifies the vast, complex underworld of New York life; the struggle between the powers that rule and the powers that prey. From 300 Mulberry Street the logical sequence is to Centre Street, first to the Criminal Court Building and then to the Tombs Prison. All about the Criminal Court are the offices of the shyster, black-mailing lawyers of New York fiction. Here, on one corner are the rooms where Bansemer of George Barr McCutcheon's *Jane Cable* spun his web. In bygone years there was a dingy, red brick building in the shadow of the Criminal Court which flaunted the sign of a notorious firm that has since been dissolved. That firm and that dingy structure are continually serving as models. Back in the days of *Mrs. Peixada,* the late Henry Harland, writing under the pseudonym of "Sidney Luska," introduced the firm as that of Shaw and Shimmel. David Graham Phillips in *The Fortune Hunter* called it "Loeb, Lynn, Levy, and McCafferty." It was there that the shady Feuerstein resorted with the hopes



ONE OF THE MOST SINISTER OF ALL THE SINISTER CORNERS OF THE FIVE POINTS DISTRICT OF THE OTHER DAYS WAS WHAT WAS KNOWN AS "MURDERERS' ALLEY." IT WOUND ITS WAY THROUGH THE GRIMY TENEMENTS FROM THE ENTRANCE AT NO. 14 BAXTER STREET TO AN OUTLET ON PEARL STREET. "MURDERERS' ALLEY" WAS USED AND ELABORATELY STAGED BY AUGUSTIN DALY IN "PIQUE," IN WHICH PLAY FANNIE DAVENPORT ENACTED THE HEROINE'S PART. THE DRAWING SHOWS ALL THAT IS LEFT OF "MURDERERS' ALLEY" IN THE EARLY PART OF SEPTEMBER, 1915. DRAWING BY TOM WILKINSON

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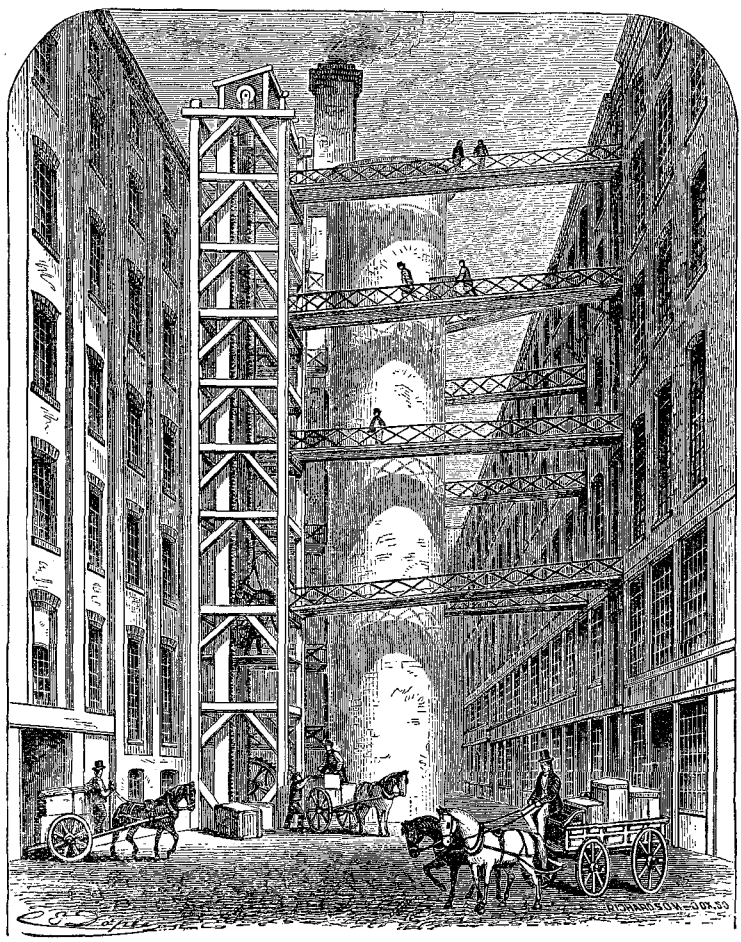
of buying immunity from just punishment and was naturally bled. But perhaps in no book has that representative firm and the life of chicanery and legal corruption for which it stood been more vigourously indicted than in Arthur Train's *The Confessions of Artemas Quibble.* There is set forth "the ingenuous and unvarnished history of Artemas Quibble, Esq., one time practitioner in the New York Criminal Courts, together with an account of the divers wiles, tricks, sophistries, technicalities, and sundry artifices of himself and others of the Fraternity, commonly yclept 'shysters' or 'shyster lawyers.'" Quibble, ejected from his desk with the dignified legal firm of Haight and Fos-



THE SPIRAL CLIMB TO LITERARY RECOGNITION. AS THE OLDEST OF ALL OUR GREAT PUBLISHING HOUSES THE FIRM OF HARPER AND BROTHERS HAS NATURALLY FOUND ITS WAY INTO THE FICTION THAT HAS BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT NEW YORK LIFE. THE LATE EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN USED TO RELATE HOW, A FEW DAYS AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK, HE FOUND HIS WAY DOWN TO FRANKLIN SQUARE AND, WITH FAST-BEATING HEART, CLIMBED THE SPIRAL STAIRWAY THAT LED TO THE OFFICES OF "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" AND "HARPER'S WEEKLY." IN MORE THAN ONE NOVEL THE IMAGINARY HERO HAS MADE THAT CLIMB

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ter, at No. 10 Wall Street, contracts a partnership with Gottlieb, and for nearly a generation makes a fat living by blackmail, bribery, and perjury; by ruining homes and reputations; and by directing the operations of organised bands of criminals. They become the Fagins of the City of New York. Once the poor and defenceless fall into their power, they extort tribute from them and turn them into the paths of crime. But growing bolder with each year of success they make the one false step that brings them within reach of the arms of the law and with the sentence to ten years in States Prison at hard labour the firm of Gottlieb and Quibble comes to an end.

Artemas Quibble and Abraham Gottlieb, like many of the habitués of the Criminal Court Building, were in the habit of taking their midday meal at Pontin's. That restaurant is in Franklin Street. Now it is on the south side of the street. But for forty-four years, and until 1912, it was on the north side, almost exactly opposite its present situation. For nearly half a century there has hardly been a single great case tried in the New York Criminal Court in which the lawyers for the prosecution and for the defence did not lunch at Pontin's and over the tables discuss the points brought out at the morning session. A portrait of the original from which Arthur Train drew Gottlieb, whose checkered career as a New York lawyer came to an end a few years ago, hangs on the wall to one side of the little stairway leading from the street to the second floor.

### VI. CHINATOWN

The old Chinatown was most intimately portrayed by Mr. Edward W. Townsend. If in the new Chinatown the claim of any one writer of fiction is paramount, it is that of Helen Van Campen, whose trail we shall meet later in Irving Place and along the Great White Way. The stories that appeared in book form eight or nine years ago under the title of *At the Actors' Boarding House* were not confined exclusively to the exploits of the various vaudeville teams who patronised the Maison de Shine. There were tales that treated vividly of the seamy side of life in the neighbourhood of Chatham Square, of opium joints in Pell Street, and corner saloons, where the thieves and pickpockets and yeggmen gather for the exchange of confidences. There was "The Fickleness of Pugnose Grady's Girl"; and "Dopey Polly Never Reached the Orchard," with its description of "Boston Annie's resort for crooks of both sexes down a dark alley off Chatham Square;" and "The Finish of Daffy the Dip," introducing "Canton Willie's" place in Pell Street; and "Flatnose Ed Takes His Medicine," beginning in the Mott Street dive of Murphy; and "The Love of One-Armed Anne"; and "The Emperor's Pipe." "The wonder of it all," Mr. James L. Ford once said of Mrs. Van Campen's studies of the New York slums, "is not that she has chosen to portray life in such unusual places, but that she could do it so truthfully and with such a fine sense of humour and the humanities. When she goes down to Pell Street or Chatham Square for characters and what is known on the literary counters as 'local colour,' she does not concern herself with owl-like speculations on the 'problems of the slums' or any of the fifty-seven or more varieties of reform—one for almost every kind of crime—with which honest New Yorkers are harassed year in and year out. The truth is that Mrs. Van Campen, working in the fallow fields that lie below Grand Street, has kept herself free from all taint or suspicion of Zola; even as George Luks, painting butcher boys, beggar women, and the bar-room hag with her offspring, has escaped the influence of Forain."

### VII. THE POTASH AND PERLMUTTER TRAIL

Those who saw the play made from the Potash and Perlmutter stories took away some false impressions of certain of the characters and also of the defi-

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nite background. For example, stage exigencies made something of a rascal of the lawyer, Henry D. Feldman. As a matter of fact the original Henry D. Feldman was a thoroughly respectable and reliable member of the New York bar, who practised in offices at 51 Chambers Street, opposite the County Court House. The first business establishment of the firm of Potash and Perlmutter was placed in East Broadway. In reality it was in Lispenard Street. There, in a loft in a rickety old brown building bearing the number 19, Potash and Perlmutter first came upon the scene of fiction. Afterward, in both stories and play, the business, feeling the spirit of progress, moved up to Fifth Avenue and Twentieth Street, the very centre of the new clothing district. Just round the corner, at 11 West Nineteenth Street, was the business of Max Koblin, the "Cravenette King." The Prince Clarence Hotel was, of course, the Prince George. In the play the home of Potash was placed in Lexington Avenue. Potash really lived in an apartment over a drug store at the corner of Lenox Avenue and One Hundred and Eighteenth Street. The Harlem Winter Garden, where "Abe" entertained his family, and, on occasion, an out-of-town customer, was drawn from Pabst's, on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues.

Probably no place mentioned in the stories has left a more definite impression on the minds of readers than Wasserbauer's Café. Over the tables there were enacted the tragedies and comedies of business. There frugal self-denial was practised and extravagant gluttony given free rein. Wasserbauer's was a composite of many restaurants and hosts. Far back, the original of Wasserbauer's was Glogau's, in Canal Street, where eating was incidental and business was the reigning sport. Then there was a restaurant kept by a man named Wasser, who very closely resembled the Wasserbauer of the tales. Years ago he forsook the business district for more aristocratic fields, and an uptown Wasser's came into existence. But most closely approximating Wasserbauer's was Felix's, in Greene Street.

In Canal Street, well over to the East River, was the tailor shop which plays a part in the story "Opportunity." The region is a study in colour and laughable contradictions. The Yiddish tailors have an abundance of signs designed to exploit their wares, but owing to their limited knowledge of English, hang any sign on any suit, with rather astonishing results. Near by was New Riga Hall, the scene of the social activities described in "R. S. V. P."

### VIII. THE ORIGIN OF THE TALES

By reason of the extraordinary success of the stories, and the additional extraordinary success of the play subsequently based upon them, there is no more vital trail in recent fiction dealing with the city than that of Mr. Montague Glass's "Abe" Potash and "Mawrus" Perlmutter. A year or two ago Mr. Glass told of the origin of these tales. The first three that he wrote introducing the characters went the rounds of the magazines and were found much too radical for acceptance by the editors. Eventually the author disposed of two of them to a magazine proprietor in Detroit. The proprietor promptly failed. The magazine, however, continued under new management, and a compromise was reached by which Mr. Glass sold the stories to the new owner at an absurdly low figure. The third story appeared in the *Scrap Book,* and the fourth in *Munsey's.* Then came "Taking It Easy" in the *Saturday Evening Post,* followed by "The Arverne Sacque." "With that," commented Mr. Glass, "the season opened."

Henry D. Feldman had a definite office, but Potash and Perlmutter were composite characters. Feldman's habit of quoting law Latin for the benefit of his clients is a trick of many practitioners of New York City, and as for his reputed infallibility, there are few business men who have not exalted ideas

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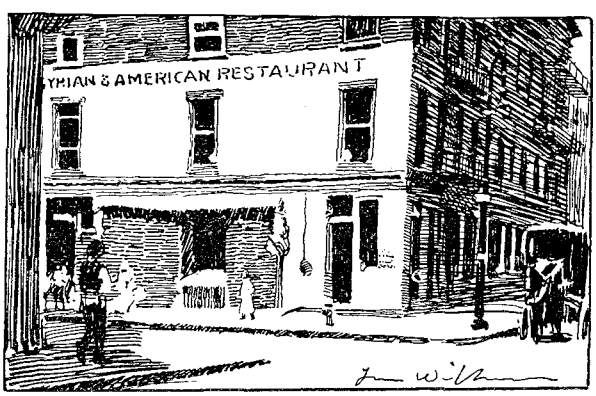
of the powers of some particular lawyer. Of course, the adventures of Potash and Perlmutter were pure invention, but their speech, thought, and action were drawn from life. For ten years Mr. Glass was present almost daily at bankruptcy meetings, closing of titles to real estate, and conferences with reference to the entrance into or dissolution of co-partnerships. At these times he had the opportunity of seeing many Potashes and Perlmutters stripped to the skin, for there is nothing which more effectually peels off a man's jacket of politeness than a good old-fashioned row over a real estate or co-partnership difficulty.

The fruits of this experience are the Potash and Perlmutter stories, which, by the way, are not dialect stories in editorial sense. The latter class of stories comprises the narratives in which "Hoot mon" and "Ah'm gwuine, Suh," are sprinkled as liberally as caraway seeds in rye bread; but it will be noticed that, with few exceptions, when Abe and Morris speak, they utter words which conform strictly to the spelling in Webster's Unabridged, the Standard or the Century Dictionary. ("I hold," said Mr. Glass, "no brief for any of these publications.") The reason for this is that the speech of "Potash and Perlmutter" differs so subtly from the vernacular of the ignorant New Yorker as to evade a phonetic spelling, more




IN WASHINGTON STREET, FAR DOWN ON THE LOWER WEST SIDE OF MANHATTAN ISLAND, THERE HAS BEEN, FOR THE LAST FIFTEEN YEARS, A CURIOUS LITTLE SYRIAN COLONY. IN FICTION IT HAS BEEN EXPLOITED BY MR. NORMAN DUNCAN IN HIS VOLUME ENTITLED "SYRIAN STORIES." ABOUT THE YEAR 1900 MR. DUNCAN WAS A WRITER OF "SPECIALS" FOR THE NEW YORK "EVENING POST." IT WAS WHILE DOING THIS WORK THAT HE BEGAN TO EXPLORE THE VARIOUS "QUARTERS" OF THE CITY, NOT FROM MERE CURIOSITY, BUT BECAUSE HE KEENLY SAW AND APPRECIATED THEIR ARTISTIC SIDE. THE SYRIAN QUARTER HAD A SPECIAL APPEAL TO HIM. HE BECAME INTIMATE WITH THE PRINCIPAL MEN OF THE COLONY, AND FORMED FRIENDSHIPS WITH SEVERAL OF THE LEADERS. DISPUTES WERE REFERRED TO HIM FOR SETTLEMENT, AND HIS ADVICE WAS SOUGHT AND FOLLOWED. IN A WORD, HE BECAME A POWER IN "LITTLE SYRIA." WHEN THE TURKISH MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES VISITED THE QUARTER MR. DUNCAN WAS PRESENT AT THE REQUEST OF THE LEADERS. HE MADE THE PRINCIPAL SPEECH OF THE EVENING AND PRESENTED TO THE TURKISH REPRESENTATIVES THE REQUESTS OF CERTAIN AMBITIOUS SYRIANS. DRAWING BY TOM WILKINSON

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especially as it is not mispronunciation of words but their inversion of sentences which stamps "Abe's" and "Morris's" dialect as foreign. They continually utter such introductory phrases as "Take it from me, Mawrus," or "Look-y here, Abe, I want you to tell me something," and there are one hundred and one different mannerisms in their conversation which can be faithfully reproduced without misspelling a single word.

Mr. Glass took up an inquiry that has been made often. "Was I ever in the cloak and suit business? I will not deny it further than to say that I have never been in any business but the law business, which in New York City is the trouble department of every other business in the directory from 'architectural iron work' down to 'yarns, cotton and woollen.' I was associated with a firm whose practice was largely of the kind called 'commercial' and many of their clients were engaged in the women's outer garment business. From this source I derived some knowledge of the cloak and suit business, but not enough to prevent me from getting into technical difficulties. No doubt you read in the early 'Potash and Perlmutter' stories that Abe and Morris received many orders for garments in gross lots. After the third story they ceased to do business on quite so wholesale a scale, and this sudden falling off in trade was due to about a hundred letters I received from readers throughout the United States. They all wrote me that they enjoyed the stories very much, but cloaks were *not* sold by the gross. Cloak and suit acquaintances accosted me on the street to tell me that cloaks were not sold by the gross. I was called on the telephone at home and in my office and asked by strange and familiar voices if I knew that cloaks were not sold by the gross. I saw that any attempt I might make to change the long-established custom of a trade would be hopeless, so Potash and Perlmutter now sell cloaks and suits by the single garment."

## IX. THE SEARCH FOR THE MYSTERIOUS EAST SIDE

As a respectable, rent-paying, pew-holding, income-tax-resenting inmate of the city directory, the novelist is bound to give his endorsement and support to every movement for the obliteration of the slum, and the amelioration of the condition of the people who dwell therein. As the creator of fiction of a certain kind he is permitted to think of the passing of the dim alley and the rear tenement with a little twinge of regret. When the last bit of the East Side that was once mysterious is gone, when settlement workers, sociological cranks, impertinent reformers, self-advertising politicians, and billionaire Socialists have thoroughly done their work, where will the novelist, engaged upon a book of New York life in which there is to be plenty of action, and the high lights and low lights of social contrast, turn for his Thieves' Court, his Gunmen's Kitchen? There is an epic swing to the account of the first journey through London made by Oliver Twist at the heels of the Artful Dodger —"From the Angel into St. John's Road; down the small street which terminates at Sadler's Well Theatre; through Exmouth Street, and Coppice Row; down the little court by the side of the workhouse: across the classic ground which once bore the name of Hockley-in-the-Hole; thence into Little Saffron Hill: and so into Saffron Hill the Great"—and the den of Fagin. The very names are sinister. Years ago the creation of a great viaduct swept away the labyrinth of foul alleys, but with the wise improvement went a corner of romance. What reader can ever forget the *Cité* as Eugene Sue pictured it in the opening chapters of *The Mysteries of Paris*—the cluster of narrow, winding, ill-paved, dimly lighted streets back of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, the den of the "Ogress," and the men and women who answered to such names as "The Slasher," "The School Master," and "Fleur de Marie"? That is gone, too, as almost all of Balzac's city of the

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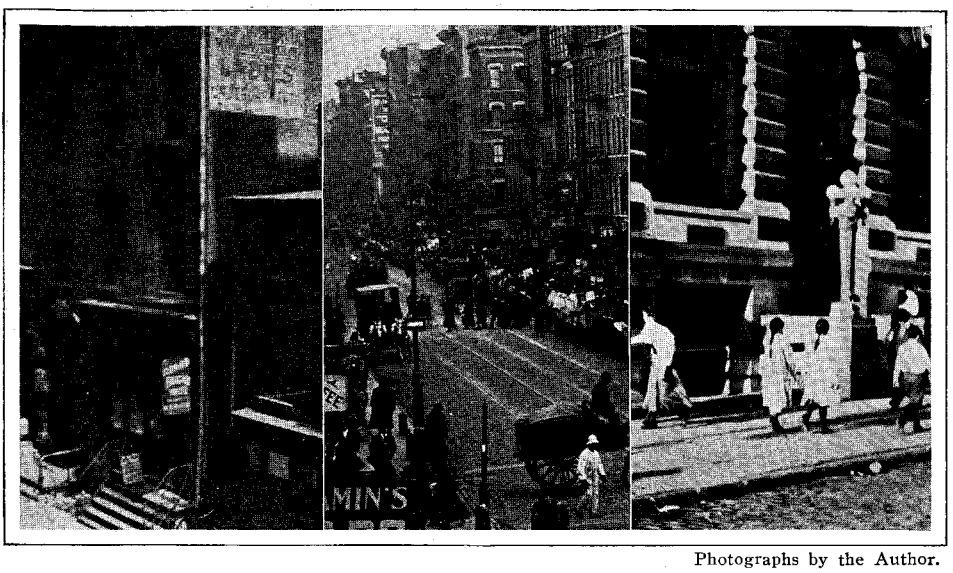
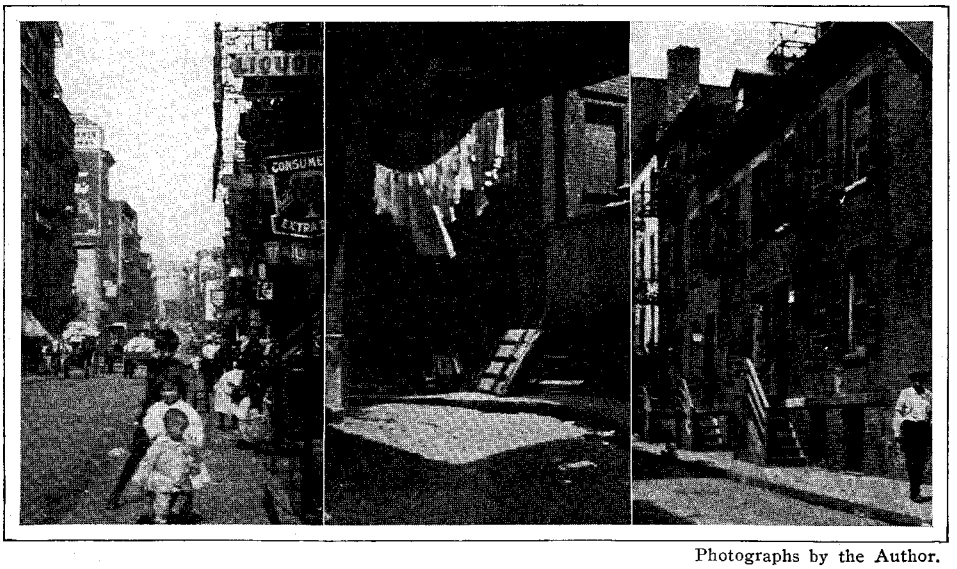


Photographs by the Author.

THIS IS THE TRAIL OF POTASH AND PERLMUTTER. IN THE EARLIER AND MORE UNCERTAIN DAYS, BEFORE THEY MOVED TO THE CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE AND TWENTIETH STREET, MR. GLASS'S BUSINESS HEROES CONDUCTED THEIR AFFAIRS IN A LOFT IN A DOWNTOWN STREET. THAT LOFT WAS SITUATED AT 19 LISPENARD STREET, WHERE POTASH AND PERLMUTTER FIRST CAME UPON THE SCENE OF FICTION. FROM THE LOFT THE PARTNERS HURRIED EASTWARD, THROUGH THE SWARMING GHETTO, TO DEPOSIT THEIR MONEY IN WHAT WAS DESIGNATED AS THE KOSCIUSZKO BANK ON EAST GRAND STREET




Photographs by the Author.

IN "EMPTY POCKETS" RUPERT HUGHES STAKED A CLAIM TO AN HITHERTO UNTOUCHED PART OF THE NEW YORK SLUMS. THESE THREE PICTURES, FROM RIGHT TO LEFT, SHOW "THE CAFÉ OF THE JOLLY ALBANIANS" IN CHERRY STREET, THE DARK ALLEY JUST ACROSS THE WAY FROM THE CAFÉ, AND BATAVIA STREET, WHICH MR. HUGHES REGARDS AS THE "MOST DICKENSY STREET IN NEW YORK." ALL THESE SCENES ARE ASSOCIATED WITH THE NOVEL

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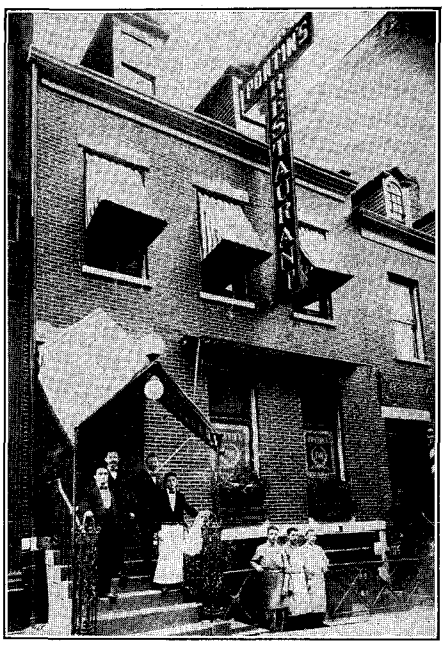


PONTIN'S RESTAURANT IN FRANKLIN STREET. THAT THIS SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE PLACE TO WHICH QUIBBLE AND GOTTLIEB REPAIRED FOR LUNCHEON WAS INEVITABLE, FOR FOR ALMOST FIFTY YEARS PONTIN'S HAS BEEN THE CENTRE OF THE CRIMINAL COURT LIFE DURING THE NOON-DAY HOUR

shadows is gone. And there was once a New York in which the novelist could allow his invention free play. Perhaps, like the vanished Bohemia, this vanished proletaire never really existed save in imagination. But it was a place where, if you were walking through one of the side streets and looked up, you were sure to see a wild, frightened, never-to-be-forgotten face outlined against the window. Letters calling for assistance or apprising you that some stupendous crime was maturing were constantly fluttering down to the pavement at your feet. The rivers, especially by night, were places to inspire pleasurable thrills of terror. The land and the structures along the water front were thought to be honeycombed with caves and secret passages. Before the imagination the entire lower East Side loomed up as a vast mysterious region where crime stalked brazen when night came down upon the city. The very name, the Five Points, carried with it an impression of gloom. As a child the present writer recalls the perturbation with which the mention of Chatham Square, a place that he had never seen, filled him.

### X. TALES OF MEAN STREETS

Much of the old East Side is gone, more of it has changed or is in the changing. But some remains, enough to serve the purposes of the novelists of the shadows, provided he be sufficiently diligent in his search. For example, take a very recent novel, Mr. Rupert Hughes's *Empty Pockets,* a tale of the good old melodramatic sort. In it Mr. Hughes has laid very definite claim to a section of the East Side that lies in the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge, a corner of the city that had hitherto escaped the novelist's attention. As a specific background for certain episodes he wanted the ideal street; he sought it in the course of many taxicab rides; he found it in Batavia Street. "I wanted something with the flavour of Dickens's London," Mr. Hughes told the writer, "and Batavia Street is the most Dickensy street in New York." As it impressed the novelist it impressed its characters. Muriel Schuyler, the heroine of the tale, saw it as "a narrow alley, a few hundred feet long." It reminded her of London, with its air of being mislaid, its brevity, and its gloomy antiquity. "It is the region where an arch of the first of the big city bridges soars above the roofs, and where the white height of the Municipal Building thrusts its icy pinnacles up and up into the sky." "In Batavia Street the tenements are not very high and have little wooden steps set sidewise." This curious little thoroughfare, just as Mr. Hughes has described it, can be easily found and studied at leisure by any one willing to take the two short blocks walk from Roosevelt Street to James Street. It is the typical changing neighbourhood in which, years ago, the

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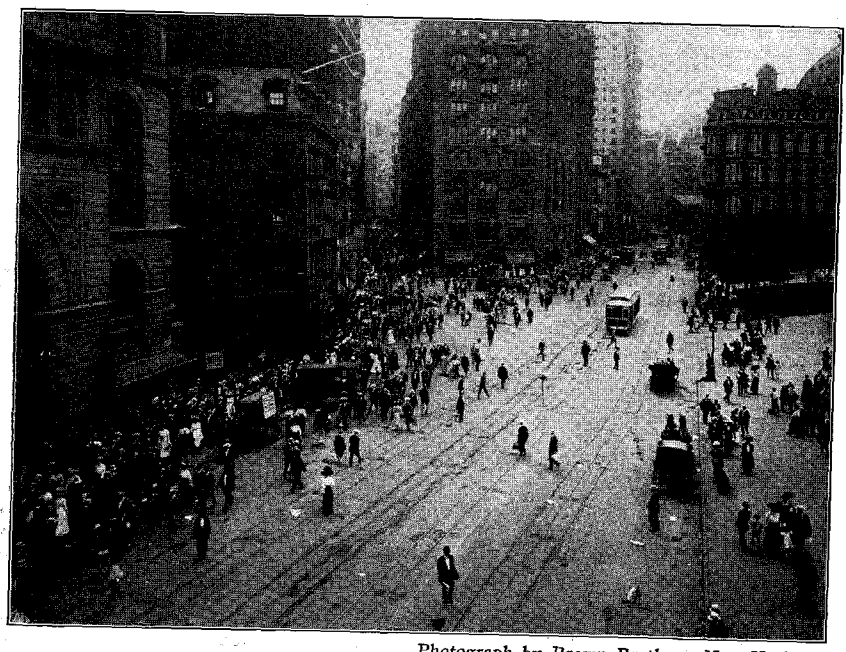
American gave away to the Irish, and then, in turn, the Irish to the Jew, the Jew to the Italian, and now the Italian is giving before the Greek. Nearby, within a stone's throw, in Cherry Street, long, long years ago was the first New York home of the first president of the United States. Nearby, to-day, in Cherry Street, is the café of the Jolly Albanians, a scene of *Empty Pockets*, and a resort patronised by "Kill Papa," which was the abbreviation of the leisurely Brooklyn Bridge of a name, Achilles Papademetrakopoulos. You have but to cross the street from the Jolly Albanians to find the sinister back alley which plays a part in the story. In the picture of this Greek quarter Mr. Hughes believes that he has found a new phase of New York slum life. But the East Side of *Empty Pockets* ranges beyond the Greek Quarter, winding its way through the entire lower East Side. On the roof of a tenement in Orchard Street Merrihew is found murdered. There are descriptions of the clamourous New Bowery, the packed Division Street, and Allen "a very tunnel of a street." "If Batavia is the most Dickensy of New York streets," said Mr. Hughes, "Allen is the most horrible. There is a blacksmith shop now in the street which is the best setting in the city for a really picturesque assassination."

To turn to the trails of other writers.



Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York.

PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE. EVER SINCE ARTHUR PENDENNIS, ESQUIRE, JOURNEYED FROM FAIROAKS TO TAKE UP THE BUSY LIFE OF FLEET STREET, THE JOURNALIST HAS BEEN A FAMILIAR FIGURE IN FICTION. SO LONG AS NEWSPAPER WORK IS THE STEPPING STONE TO NOVEL WRITING PARK ROW WILL CONTINUE TO BE A FACTOR IN THE FICTION THAT IS BEING WRITTEN ABOUT NEW YORK. THIS PICTURE SUGGESTS ANY NUMBER OF ALLUSIONS. BUT ONE OR TWO SUGGESTIONS ARE ENOUGH. FOR EXAMPLE, IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE BUILDING, NOW IN THE COURSE OF DEMOLITION, WHICH WAS SO LONG THE HOME OF THE MORNING AND EVENING "SUN." IT WAS ON THE LATTER PAPER THAT FELIX PIERS WORKED, AS RELATED IN STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN'S EXCEPTIONAL NOVEL OF THREE OR FOUR YEARS AGO, "THE PREDESTINED." AT THE NEXT CORNER IS THE BUILDING WHERE "DODO" BAXTER OF OWEN JOHNSON'S "THE SALAMANDER" VISITED HARRIGAN BLOOD

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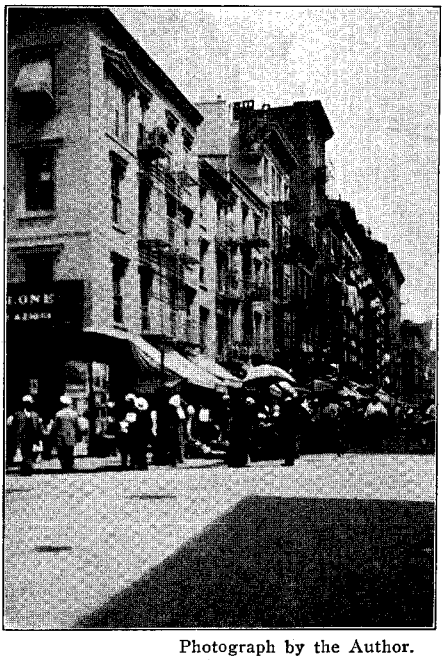
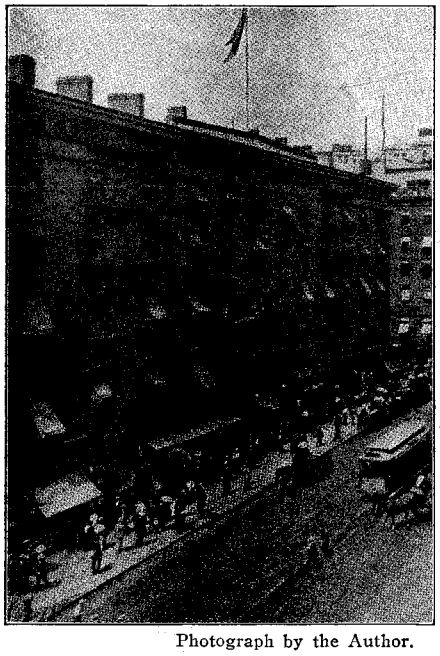


Photograph by the Author.

THE BEND. H. W. THOMAS'S "THE LAST LADY OF MULBERRY STREET"

In Orchard Street, near the tenement that saw the murder of Merrihew, George Barr McCutcheon, in *The Rose in the Ring,* placed the basement joint where gathered the yeggmen to await the execution of Dick Cronk for the murder of Colonel Grand. In this group was the hunchback brother of the condemned man, Ernie Cronk, the real murderer. Any street in the neighbourhood will do as the background for Josephine Daskam Bacon's Ardelia walking derisively behind the policeman after her brief visit to Arcady. About here are the scenes of John A. Moroso's *The Quarry.* Down on the East River water front is the shooting gallery that figures in Arthur Stringer's *The Hand of Peril,* while from the Central office at 300 Mulberry Street, Blake, the Second Deputy, started on the pursuit of Connie Binhart that was to take him twice round the world as narrated in the same author's *The Shadow.* Over toward the Bowery there was a dance hall which Booth Tarkington in his undergraduate days discovered in the course of certain sociological investigations. Under the name of the "Straw Cellar" it played a part in *The Conquest of Canaan.* It was there that Eugene Bantry found himself involved in a stabbing affray, and was rescued by his stepbrother, Joe Loudin. Until the appearance of his recent *Harlequin and Pantomime,* a story of theatrical life in the metropolis, the episode in the Straw Cel-



Photograph by the Author.

"IN NEW YORK THERE IS AN OLD, OLD HOTEL. IT WAS BUILT—LET'S SEE—AT A TIME WHEN THERE WAS NOTHING ABOVE FOURTEENTH STREET EXCEPT THE OLD INDIAN TRAIL TO BOSTON AND HAMMERSTEIN'S OFFICE. SOON THE OLD HOSTELRY WILL BE TORN DOWN. AND, AS THE STOUT WALLS ARE RIVEN APART AND THE BRICKS GO ROARING DOWN THE CHUTES, CROWDS OF CITIZENS WILL GATHER AT THE NEAREST CORNERS AND WEEP OVER THE DESTRUCTION OF A DEAR OLD LANDMARK. CIVIC PRIDE IS STRONG IN NEW BAGDAD; AND THE WETTEST WEEPER AND THE LOUDEST HOWLER AGAINST THE ICONOCLASTS WILL BE THE MAN (ORIGINALLY FROM TERRE HAUTE) WHOSE FOND MEMORIES OF THE OLD HOTEL ARE LIMITED TO HIS HAVING BEEN KICKED OUT FROM THE FREE LUNCH COUNTER IN 1873." O. HENRY'S "THE ENCHANTED PROFILE"

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lar was Mr. Tarkington's only use of New York in his fiction. For all practical purposes the "Straw Cellar" of Booth Tarkington's *The Conquest of Canaan* may have been the same dance hall that Richard Harding Davis casually introduced into *Ransom's Folly* under the name of McTurk's. Until ten years or so ago, there was on the east side of the Bowery, far up near where that thoroughfare merges into Third Avenue, a dive kept by a man whose name closely resembled McTurk. In the Western army post which was the scene of Ransom's activities and occasional impertinences there was a whisper that Cahill, the post trader, and the father of Mary Cahill, the heroine, had once kept bar for McTurk. Cahill heard the whisper, sullenly denied it, but in an unguarded moment bewrayed an incriminating familiarity with the cry of the Whyo Gang. Then there is the Ghetto. Fifteen years ago Abraham Cahan, the discoverer of the Ghetto in fiction, told the writer that there were four distinct New York Ghettos: the great Ghetto bounded by the East River, by Cherry Street, by the Bowery, and by East Tenth Street; the Ghetto lying between Ninety-eighth and One Hundred and Sixteenth Streets, east of Central Park; the Brownsville Ghetto in the Twenty-sixth Ward, Brooklyn; and the Williamsburg Ghetto. Even then the first mentioned was the largest Ghetto in the world, greater even than the Warsaw Ghetto, and Hester Street, its heart, was known throughout Europe. Into the Ghetto of *Yekl* have come the men and women of James Oppenheim, Bruno Lessing, and Montague Glass. Hester Street, four blocks east of the Bowery, is the scene of Lessing's *Chil-*

THE HEART OF THE GHETTO. JAMES OPPENHEIM, BRUNO LESSING AND MONTAGUE GLASS

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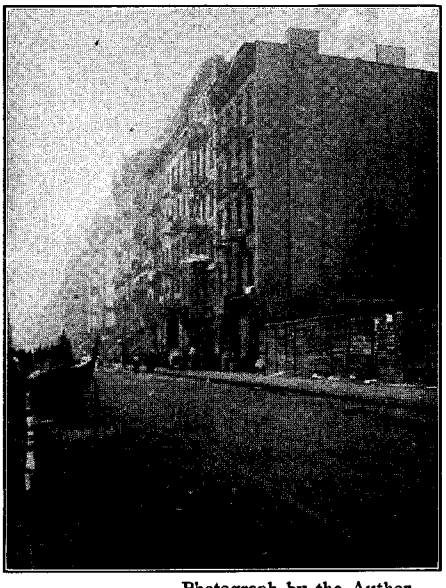
*dren of Men,* while the firm of Potash and Perlmutter, wishing to borrow money, hurried from the loft in Lispenard Street, which was their original home in the cloak and suit business, crossed Broadway, and dodging the pushcarts and the children on Grand Street, found their way to the doors of the Kosciuszko Bank.



Photograph by the Author.

NORFOLK STREET. JAMES OPPENHEIM'S "DR. RAST"

### XI. THE GHETTO OF OPPENHEIM

Perhaps there is no novel that better mirrors the New York Ghetto of the last decade than James Oppenheim's *Dr. Rast.* In it are flung before the reader the pathos, the squalour, the ambitions, the heartaches of the men and women of the great melting pot. And the trail of the story leads intimately from street to street. To Mr. Oppenheim as to Mr. Hughes, Allen Street, shut out from the light by the elevated railway overhead, is particularly repulsive. On East Broadway, in a familiar old tenement with a musty hallway, was Dr. Rast's home and office. His devotion to his profession did not blind him to the colour of the life about him. The lighted windows of one of these hideous tenements at night conjured up to him a whole novel—a whole tragedy or comedy. To his mind there were greater dramas down East Broadway than Shakespeare ever suspected. In Division Street, just beyond where the "el" curved in from Allen on its way downtown, was the four-story, green-painted tenement in which the Grabo family dwelt. On the ground floor was an artificial flower factory; in the cellar lived the Matches Man, the beggar who made his way into uptown brownstone houses with a single box of unbuyable matches. The home of the Sinns, where the doctor and his wife attended the golden wedding, was definitely placed at No. 76 Henry Street. Another episode shows Norfolk Street seen from the second story of a tenement, "a grey, foaming torrent of faces and forms—eddies of fat women in shrill council — homeward racing pushcarts, with their back-bent man-power—laughing cataracts of children—ancient men lounging at the doors of little shops—the evening tide of the spent toilers—here and there a blue arc light glaring in the dying day—and one block downtown the Grand Street crossing, glowing ruddy gold with the western sun." Everywhere are flashes of description of Grand Street; of the Canal Street station of the Second Avenue elevated; of the Seward Playground Park and the Educational Alliance; of the East River waterfront; and the local colour is not a thing apart, but the very life blood of the book. Incidentally the original of Dr. Rast was a certain Dr. Stark.

### XII. THE EAST SIDE OF O. HENRY

In his nightly wanderings through his city of Bagdad-on-the-Euphrates (or is it the Tigris) the good Haroun-al-Raschid in his golden prime did not confine himself to those thoroughfares that were analogous to London's Park Lane, Paris's Avenue Bois de Boulogne, or New York's Riverside Drive. On the contrary he preferred to seek out the purlieus, and to listen wisely in the humble shop of Fitbad the Tailor. Like-

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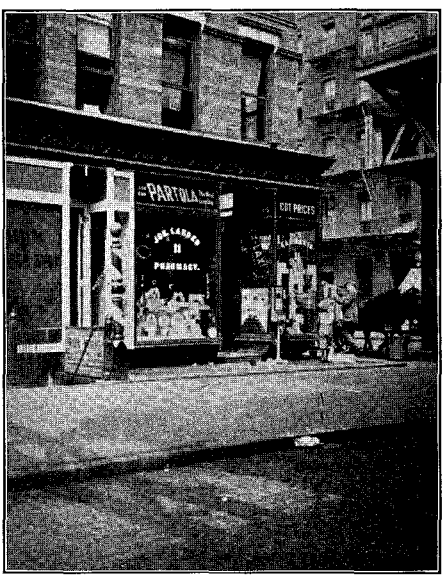
wise the Haroun-al-Raschid of the modern Bagdad-on-the-Subway. The editor-man, or more likely two or three of him, would be waiting for the promised (and in many instances already paid for) story, so Sidney Porter would say good-bye to the companions with whom he was sitting in a Broadway restaurant, proceed downtown, and stroll along the Bowery or adjacent streets until he fell in with the particular tramp who seemed most promising as copy. Sometimes he found the story and sometimes he did not. Often, when the idea came, it had absolutely nothing to do with the Bowery, or with tramps, or with two-cent coffee, or with anything remotely related thereto. But to Sidney Porter that was no reason for withholding the credit he considered due to the tramp. "He did not give me the idea," he once said in explanation, "but he did not drive it out of my head—which is just as important."

Whether the particular tramp of an evening's ramble meant the inked pages of a tale of Texas, of Central America, or New Orleans, O. Henry's wanderings about the East Side are reflected in some twenty or thirty stories with very definite backgrounds. The pilgrim following the trail can find, to his own full satisfaction, the famouse Café Maginnis, where Ikey Snigglefritz, in the proudest, maddest moment of his life, shook the hand of the great Billy McMahon. An indication as to the Café Maginnis's exact whereabouts is given in the information that Ikey, leaving it, "went down Hester Street, and up Chrystie, and down Delancey to where he lived." Ikey's home was in a crazy brick structure, "foul and awry." It was there that, some weeks later, Cortlandt Van Duykinck found him, and stepped out of the pearl-grey motor car to shake his hand effusively, thereby completing the social triangle. Go down to the Bowery and study the side streets that lead to First Avenue until you find the one in which the intervening distance is the shortest. When you have found that you will have no difficulty in finding the Blue Light Drug Store of "The Love Philtre of Ikey Schoenstein." It was behind the counter that Ikey concocted the subtle mixture that was designed to work the downfall of his rival in love, Chunk Macgowan. It was a love potion that Chunk asked for; it was a sleeping draught that Ikey provided. But Chunk, in a moment of nobility, poured it, not




Photograph by the Author.

THE BLUE LIGHT DRUG STORE. THE EXACT WHEREABOUTS OF THIS PHARMACY ARE INDICATED BY PORTER'S INFORMATION TO THE EFFECT THAT IT WAS SITUATED AT THE EXACT POINT WHERE THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THE BOWERY AND FIRST AVENUE IS SHORTEST. O. HENRY'S "THE LOVE PHILTRE OF IKEY SCHOENSTEIN"

into the cup of the lady love for whom it had been intended, but into that of her reluctant father, with the result that Ikey's labour, planned to frustrate the impending elopement, brought it to a successful conclusion. Somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Blue Light Drug Store, probably a little farther down town, was the saloon of Dutch Mike, where the Mulberry Hill gang and the Dry Dock gang met in the Homeric conflict, the outcome of which sent Cork McManus, first to the East River front,

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and then to strange lands west of the Bowery and the adventures narrated in "Past One at Rooney's." Although by reason of its situation Rooney's properly belongs to another paper, it may be identified here as Sweeney's, on the north side of Twenty-ninth Street, just west of Sixth Avenue. On Second Avenue, near its southerly end, will be found the boarding house where Andy Donovan wooed Miss Conway, and where she showed him the locket containing the portrait of her purely imaginary lover ("The Count and the Wedding Guest"). In Orchard Street were the rooms of the Give and Take Athletic Association, where, as told in "The Coming Out of Maggie," Tony Spinelli played Prince Charming at the ball of the Clover Leaf Social Club under the pseudonym of Terry O'Sullivan.

The care with which Porter sought his local colour is indicated in "The Sleuths," in which a man from the Middle West goes to New York to find his sister. At her address he learns that she had moved away a month before, leaving no clue, and to help in the search he enlists the services of the famous detectives Mullins and Shamrock Jolnes. The science of deduction leads to No. 12 Avenue C, which is described as an "old-fashioned brownstone house in a prosperous and respectable neighbourhood." Now, if any neighbourhood in New York is not prosperous and respectable, it is that about Avenue C and Second Street. The Mulberry Bend of other years was hardly more unsightly and unkempt. O. Henry had sensed its offensiveness through his eyes and his nostrils. The selection of the number 12 was not mere chance. He knew that there was no such number; that on the southeast corner was a saloon bearing the number 10 and on the northeast corner the pharmacy was designated as No. 14. Just as there is no No. 13 Washington Square, there is no No. 12 Avenue C. Also there is no No. 162 Chilton Street, where the missing sister was alleged to have been eventually found, for the reason that in the Borough of Manhattan there is no Chilton Street at all.

CLARENCE HAWKES, THE BLIND AUTHOR

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# WRITING BOOKS WITHOUT EYES

BY ARTHUR M. CHASE

In his little book, *Hitting the Dark Trail*,* Clarence Hawkes tells how he writes books that he cannot see, filled with descriptions of things that are to him invisible. For he is an author who from boyhood, for thirty years, has been blind. And while he is an industrious and prolific writer, and has published many poems and stories, his chosen field, and one in which he has achieved success, is in writing nature books—books which demand of the author to an exceptional degree quickness of perception, power of discernment, accuracy of observation. How on earth does he visualise for his readers the things that to him are invisible, and without eyesight fill his pages with descriptions which would seem to be impossible except to one blessed with an unusually good pair of eyes?

Clarence Hawkes was born and grew up on a New England farm. Like not a few country boys plenty of hard, outdoor work fell early to his lot. But he loved the work because he loved the outdoor world. He says:

> I was born for seeing, for the world of sunlight and shadow, of scudding wind clouds and fleeting earth shadows. I cannot conceive of any child who could ever have taken more pleasure in these things than I did. Through the eye I lived. Each day I devoured the world of beauty and loveliness, and laid me down at night to dream of the wonderful things that I had seen by day; but with each succeeding morning I got up with a new hunger at my heart, an insatiable longing for broad fields and fertile meadows, for wide skies, and deep sequestered woodland.

His love of nature was fostered in various ways—by his grandmother, who with his help fed and sheltered the birds, squirrels and other small wild things about the farm house; and by his father, an inveterate hunter, who took his little son with him to the woods almost as soon as he could walk.

When he was only nine years old, Hawkes injured one of his legs so seriously that it had to be amputated below the knee. But on crutches, and later on a wooden leg, he lived his life vigourously, driving teams in the fields in summer and to the woods for logging in the winter, and tramping, playing baseball, skating and even snowshoeing. Significant of the stuff the man is made of is this recollection of his boyhood:

> It was during those cripple days, when I was so different from the other children, that I learned much of that hard law of nature, the survival of the fittest. For while most of the children with whom I came in contact were unusually kind to me, yet there was occasionally a boy who would pick upon me, making sport of my deficiency, or even jostling me about. I soon discovered that tact and forbearance will carry one only so far. One can smile and laugh things off, and plead and reason up to a certain point, but there are some people who only understand brute force, so upon this class I gave back blow for blow. A crutch is a very handy weapon of defence, and is very easily converted into a club, and I sometimes had to use it as such to keep my place in this fighting world, that can be so kind, and likewise so brutal.

A fighter, you see. And a few years later something happened that called for all of his courage for all the rest of his life. He was hunting with his father, and tired out with tramping through the woods on a hot day, had sat down to rest, when

> There came the report of my father's gun,

*Hitting the Dark Trail. By Clarence Hawkes. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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which, as the swamp was overarched with tall black ashes above the alders, detonated strangely. A blow as from a blast of wind suddenly striking upon me caused me to sink backward against the tree at my back, while a score of awls, each red hot, it seemed to me from their burning, stuck into my hands, face and breast.

But more than the torment of pain was the fearful fact that in a flash the sun had gone dark.

The sun had gone dark to that fourteen-year-old cripple for the rest of his life. Through a pitiful accident the father had discharged thirty bird shot into his own son, and some of the shot had penetrated both eyes.

For a few weeks of terrible suspense there was just a possibility that the eyesight could be saved. But the boy himself perceived that a fog-wall was gathering about him, which steadily became more dense. Every morning, when he awoke, he would run to the head of the stairs and test his waning vision on a coloured curtain that hung at a window in the hall below. So gradually, so surely, so relentlessly did his vision fade that he was obliged to descend one step lower each day to see that curtain. Finally he counted the steps and calculated that in fourteen days he would be totally blind. In fourteen days he was totally blind.

If any one with normal eyesight would like a significant and deeply moving illustration of what blindness means, let him read *Hitting the Dark Trail*. For up to the time the author lost his sight the book is full of light and colour, and abounds with such vivid bits of description as these:

The little trout brook tinkling away down its pebbly bed under the green willows, pencilled with many a dancing sunbeam.

The sky was very blue, and miles and miles away; and the clouds on it were very white and fleecy, like cotton batting.

But after the tragedy light and colour go out of the book; there is a greyness, a monotone—not monotony. And this contrast, which is probably quite unconscious on the author's part, impresses one more deeply than words could do with the real pathos of blindness.

After a struggle to heal the injured eyes, which involved terribly painful operations and cost over a thousand dollars—a huge sum from the family's slender resources,—the boy was declared hopelessly blind. He was sent to Perkins Institute, at Boston, where after four years he was graduated with a reputation for literary ability, and qualified to earn a living, of a sort, by weaving baskets and tuning pianos. Neither the weaving nor the piano tuning satisfied him, and he conducted a graduate school for himself where he read, through the eyes of his eight-year-old brother, all the books he could lay his hands on. In a few weeks the two completed seven thick volumes on political economy, including J. Stuart Mill's ponderous work in fourteen hundred pages.

Hawkes's first serious attempt at literature was a lecture, "An Hour with the American Poets," which he prepared himself, and by means of which he hoped to make a living. To meet his first lecture engagement, he drove ten miles in an open carriage through a terrible storm, only to find the hall closed and the audience scattered. On his second attempt he drove eight miles through a snowstorm, found thirteen people waiting to see him, received one dollar and sixty-five cents and spent five dollars.

Some literary people, he says with pathetic cheerfulness, stumble on to success and become famous in a few months, or even weeks, but my success has been gained by heartbreaking toil, through what I call my three P's, patience, perseverance and pluck.

Some people are lucky, and fate or the stars seem to send good fortune to them, but I cannot remember ever having had what might be called a stroke of good fortune in my whole life. Every inch of the way I have fought.

Significant words these, for they reveal the real secret of writing books

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without eyes. Not the ability to manipulate a typewriter with raised letters; not a mind stored with pictures wonderfully vivid after thirty years of darkness; but the three P's—patience, perseverance and pluck—have made this blind man an author.

After questioning his friends, Charles Eliot Norton among them, as to the advisability of his becoming a poet, and meeting universal discouragement he began to write poetry. He says:

> Probably no American poet has had as many poems returned as I have,—and few have sold more for good money.
>
> I made it a rule for years never to allow a manuscript to lie over night on my desk. When I sent out a manuscript I at once planned where I would send it when it was returned, for I took its return as a matter of course. Like a lightning juggler, I always flashed the manuscript back into the letter box almost before my secretary had read the rejection slip. I eliminated all feeling from the matter, and tore that page out of my dictionary containing the word "failure," shut my eyes to the large bills each month for stamps, and fired my boomerangs in every direction. There is hardly a magazine office or a weekly sanctum in this country into which my shafts have not whizzed, and many of them stuck upon the pages and brought me back good cheques.

Having written a sufficient number of poems to fill a volume, the author set about finding a publisher. This proved to be an impossible task, as no publisher would undertake to bring out the book unless the cost was guaranteed in advance. Not at all daunted Hawkes went to work and created his own public by house-to-house canvassing, brought out the book himself, and cleared a thousand dollars. Four other volumes of poems followed in less than five years, all nearly as successful as the first.

From poetry the blind writer turned to a volume of prose, and then, having become interested in nature stories, he found his métier, writing nature books for children. His purpose was to show them the life of field and forest from the side of the hunted.

> I would try and get the attitude of all my little furred and feathered friends, and put it into books. I would teach children, not only to know and love the birds and squirrels, but also to care for them, and to help them in their unequal struggle; in the desperate battle for existence that they daily wage.

Drawing on the long stored up experiences of his boyhood, on a vast amount of special reading, and the observations of his friends, he has written eight nature books. How carefully they are prepared may be gathered from the fact that at no time, even during the height of the attack on nature fakers, has one of these works been questioned on account of inaccurate or untruthful statements. How well they fill the purpose of the author is shown by the fact that thousands of Boy Scouts are familiar with them, and they are used as supplementary readers in schools all over this country and in England.

Not the least interesting portion of *Hitting the Dark Trail* are the chapters relating to the psychology of blindness. The discussion of that mysterious sixth sense by which people without eyes are often aware of solid objects at a distance of ten feet or more, is wonderfully interesting. So, too, are the personal experiences of the author of that quickening of the perceptive faculties, that almost uncanny intuition, that blind people often possess. And he makes a valuable contribution to our knowledge of tone colour from the point of view of one to whom tones have actual and definite colours.

Few people would care to watch a baseball game with their eyes shut, but as an evidence of how much an enthusiastic fan can see, in spite of his blindness, read the following description of how Mr. Hawkes enjoys the national game:

> When the umpire cries "Play ball," my nerves are strung up to the highest pitch.
>
> "Ball," cries the umpire, and I hear the

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ball fall with a slight spat into the catcher's mitt. By the slight sound that it made I know that the ball pitched was a drop, for the force had nearly all gone out of it.

"Ball," cries the umpire again. But this ball strikes the catcher's mitt with a vicious spat, so it was not a drop. Probably it was an out, or perhaps it was too high. . . . Again the pitcher winds up and there is a loud crack from the bat. There is a rather long minute of suspense, and then I hear the ball strike in the shortstop's mitt. It was a pop fly that went rather high, and that was why I waited so long to hear the catch. If the sound had come quickly I would have known by the same reasoning that it was a hot drive, going low to the ground, and that the shortstop stabbed it as they say.

There is a great deal more in *Hitting the Dark Trail* than can be included in a brief review. It possesses that rare thing, human interest, for it tells the tale, and adequately too, of a man who suffered a great tragedy and made a wonderful fight. Moreover, as a discussion of blindness in all its phases, by a blind man, the book is remarkable. And finally, this little volume is in its own way, for it breathes the same spirit, just such an inspiration as those undying lines of Henley's with which Clarence Hawkes prefaces his story:

It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

# CHOOSING THE CHILDREN'S LIBRARY

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON

If you were the parent of an imaginative child, or in some way responsible for the mental development of any child eager for life and thrilling at the mystery that lies hidden between the covers of a book, what books would you put on the shelves of a library where this child can browse at will?

The thoughtful parent knows that there is no greater gift to be bestowed on a child than a discriminating love of reading, a taste for good reading for its own sake, not merely to amass information or to kill time. True, it adds one more burden to the many resting on the shoulders of the careful parent of to-day! For what with scientific child-training, new methods of education, nursery and school-room sanitation, modern parents may really be pardoned an occasional regretful backward glance to those happy days when all their duty was summed up in the Mother Goose line:

She whipped them all round, and sent them to bed.

However, our modern parent takes the child's reading seriously, and is questioning libraries, literary journals and other centres of interest in books as to which books every child should read, both for its enjoyment and for its best mental and spiritual development. It is a problem which has not yet received as much attention as it deserves. In the space of such an article as this it is impossible to cover the entire field, but it may prove profitable to take up the matter of fiction alone, and in the light of youthful likings and the differing phases of the child's mental development, try to achieve a list of what should be in every library to which a child (from eight to twenty years of age) may have access.

In the September Bookman, in answer to an interesting letter on the subject, the Editor remarked:

Our correspondent has neglected to say whether the children in question are boys or girls, quite an important point.

The writer of this article begs to dif-

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fer, and to assert that this particular point is not in the least important, not nearly so important as the matter of age, for instance. In fact, the writer of this article is opposed to sex segregation in literature or in any other form of art—and does not believe that there is such a thing as sex difference in the appreciation of any work of art that endures. If we are to take sex into consideration in choosing books for children, we would have to confine our remarks to such works as the "Nick Carter" or "Jack Harkaway" stories, or the "Bessie Books" and the "Elsie Books." Not that all these books have not given honest wholesome pleasure to many a boy and girl, and the boy and girl have not been harmed at all by reading them. But we are talking here of such books as develop and fix a discriminating love for reading in the child's mind, not of a passing amusement merely.

When we come to the stories that have endured, we find little sex difference shown in the choice. Quite recently several men have openly acknowledged, in print, that they really enjoyed *Little Women,* the inference being that many more, who have not said so, are in the same gallery. And many a girl has lost her beauty sleep in a surreptitious reading of the *Leatherstocking Tales* or *The Wreck of the Grosvenor.* There are as many girls as boys who look back with delight on *Ivanhoe, Robinson Crusoe* and even *Tom Brown,* which is supposed to appeal particularly to boys.

The question of age is more important. But as our library is supposedly designed to give enjoyment to more than one child, it should contain something for every age. A few words here may not come amiss in aiding the parent to choose the book for each particular child. But it must always be remembered that the number of years is no safe criterion. Some children enjoy at nine or ten what others do not care for until they have reached the age of fourteen or fifteen. Individuality and environment have much to do with forming the taste and here the parent's own knowledge of the child must supplement and modify anything an outsider can say.

A prominent educator, rich in experience in the story-telling which has become so important a part of the modern school curriculum, has some interesting things to say on this matter. According to this authority there are, roughly speaking, three well-defined periods in the child's taste in stories. There is a period of romanticism, love of the purely imaginative story of other climes and other epochs, which lasts until about eight years of age. Then comes a period of prosaic and even interest in the doings of Here and Now, the things of the child's own world, which lasts until about thirteen or fourteen. Then comes a second period of romanticism lasting well on into adolescence and through the later teens.

However, the child as an independent reader, and the child as audience for stories told by some one in the flesh, is two different individuals. While the ideas here suggested have great value, it must also be remembered that the child is never an independent reader until *after* eight or nine years of age. Indeed the newer educational methods discourage the teaching of reading, except at the child's own request, before the age of nine. The present writer is inclined to think that for the true reader, the child of imagination and eager power of assimilation, the period of romanticism begins just as soon as it discovers that wonderful world of Make-Believe in books, and lasts until well along in adolescence. After this, when childhood, even in the larger sense, is well past, comes the period of intelligent interest in the world around us, and the desire to find its problems treated in fiction. Again we throw the responsibility on the parent, who in addition to a wide knowledge of books and an excellent memory, must have as well a fine understanding of the individual child's development.

Every normal child enjoys fairy tales. These and good animal stories—many of the most charming fairy tales are ani-

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mal stories themselves—are staples of the first years of independent reading for our young folks. A little later comes the awakening of interest in human protagonists, which may take the form of a liking for the doings of little boys and girls like the readers, and so prove the truth of what the above-quoted educator has said. But it may also take the form of an inclination for historical stories, for the life-stories of the heroes of myth, saga, or legend, or for tales of peril by sea and land, and deeds of valour. Even here there is a difference. Some children are natural realists in that they like the heroes and heroines of these adventures to be people like those they know in actuality. But the adventures must lead the heroes far afield and may well come within the romantic fiction class. The child who likes the historical story, or any story with a setting strange to him, drifts naturally, in adolescence, into a liking for the great epics of saga or history. This inclination holds us fast for many years, and for some of us does not lose its fascination even in maturity.

There is a point in this connection which is worthy of note. The stories of individual incidents in these great epics are so pulsing with life, so truly dramatic, that the temptation lies near to adapt them to the use of the young child. This should be done with great caution. The basic elements of many of the immortal epics lie well outside the world of the child's comprehension and sympathy. If we teach him to know them in a garbled version we may kill his desire to drink of this wonderful stream at the fountain-head when he has come to an age to understand it. There are some such retold stories from the great epics which are books of lasting value, Hawthorne's *Wonder Book* and his *Tanglewood Tales* as best instances, but there are many others which belittle and mutilate the great stories in such a way as to give the child a false idea of their value.

It is far wiser for parent or teacher themselves to absorb these great stories and tell them orally to the child, as may be best suited to his nature and likings. When he is old enough to understand their place in history and literature, he can safely be allowed the books themselves, not any garbled modern version. A few excellent versions of the various epic legends or epic treatment of historical heroes have been given in our list, but otherwise the volumes named are merely English translations of the great epics themselves.

In the list which follows the books have been roughly grouped, but no attempt has been made to grade them according to the age of the child readers. The wise parents and teachers for whom we are making this list will, we suppose, wish to know something of any book they put into the child's hands. They themselves can then be the best judge of which book they may give to any of the children fortunate enough to be near this particular collection!

FAIRY TALES OR FOLK TALES

Arabian Nights (any good selection).
Fairy Tales. H. C. Andersen.
Fairy Tales. Grimm Brothers.
Fairy Tales. Sir George Dasent.
Donnegal Fairy Tales. Seumus McManus.
Fairy Tales from Far Japan. Susan Ballard.
Fairy Tales. Perault.
Old Indian Legends. Zitkala Sa.
Fanciful Tales. Stockton.
The Wonder Book. Hawthorne.
Tanglewood Tales. Hawthorne.
Æsop's Fables.
Alice in Wonderland. Lewis Carroll.
Through the Looking Glass. Lewis Carroll.
The Water Babies. Charles Kingsley.

ANIMAL STORIES

(Many of the fairy tales listed above are animal stories)
Uncle Remus. Joel Chandler Harris.
The Just So Stories. Kipling.
The Jungle Books. Kipling.
A Dog of Flanders. Ouida.
Black Beauty. Anne Sewell.
Wabeno the Magician. Mabel Osgood Wright.

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Wild Animals I Have Known. Ernest Thompson Seton.
Lives of the Hunted. Ernest Thompson Seton.
Kindred of the Wild. Charles G. D. Roberts.
Neighbors Unknown. Charles G. D. Roberts.
Hoof and Claw. Charles G. D. Roberts.
Call of the Wild. Jack London.
White Fang. Jack London.

THE EPIC

(History, Legend or Mythology)

Collected Indian Legends. Schoolcraft.
Hiawatha. Longfellow.
Morte d'Arthur. Mallory.
King Arthur and His Knights. Howard Pyle.
The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood. Howard Pyle.
Beowulf (good version by Ragozin).
The Nibelungen Lied.
The Frithjof Saga. Tégner (translated by Longfellow).
The Kalevala. (Finnish Epic.)
The Odyssey.
The Iliad.
The Story of Roland. (Good version by James Baldwin.)
The Story of the Cid. (Good version by Calvin D. Wilson.)

GENERAL GROUP

Robinson Crusoe. Defoe.
Swiss Family Robinson.
Don Quixote. Cervantes.
Pilgrim's Progress. Bunyan.
Tales from Shakespeare. Lamb.
Westward Ho! Charles Kingsley.
Hypatia. Charles Kingsley.
Tom Brown's School Days. Hughes.
Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea. Jules Verne.
Around the World in Eighty Days. Jules Verne.
The Count of Monte Cristo. Dumas.
Scottish Chiefs. Porter.
Thaddeus of Warsaw. Porter.
Last Days of Pompeii. Bulwer Lytton.
Harold. Bulwer Lytton.
Ben Hur. Lew Wallace.
Complete Works. Walter Scott.
Complete Works. James Fenimore Cooper.
Complete Works. Charles Dickens.
The Alhambra. Washington Irving.
The Sketch Book. Washington Irving.
Poems. Henry Longfellow.
Little Women. Louisa M. Alcott.
Little Men. Louisa M. Alcott.
Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag. Louisa M. Alcott.
An Old Fashioned Girl. Louisa M. Alcott.
Midshipman Easy. Marryat.
Snarleyyow. Marryat.
The Wreck of the Grosvenor. Clark Russell.
Treasure Island. Robert Louis Stevenson.
The Wreckers. Robert Louis Stevenson.
Child's Garden of Verse. Robert Louis Stevenson.
Tom Sawyer. Mark Twain.
Huckleberry Finn. Mark Twain.
The Story of a Bad Boy. Thomas Bailey Aldrich.
The Heart of the Ancient Wood. Charles G. D. Roberts.
Indian Boyhood. Charles Eastman.
The Forest. Stewart Edward White.
The Adventures of Bobby Orde. Stewart Edward White.
Peter and Wendy. J. M. Barrie.
Peter Pan in Kensington. J. M. Barrie.
The Voyage of the Hoppergrass. Edmund Lester Pearson.
The Believing Years. Edmund Lester Pearson.

The chosen animal stories contain something of value for any age from eight to twenty, or older. For the later teens many novels by Bret Harte, Stevenson, Morgan Robertson's sea tales, poems by James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field, can be included, as well as a choice of Washington Irving. Many of Dickens's books are too mature even for the later teens, but some, such as *Oliver Twist* and the *Pickwick Papers,* make their appeal before this. And in these later teens many a young mind has felt the abiding fascination of *Bleak House, Dombey and Son, David Copperfield* and *Our Mutual Friend.* For this reason we have included the Complete Works in our list.

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There is another list which could be made, a little group of books which deal with children and their ways. They are very wonderful books, some of them, and all are good. But it is a mooted question as to whether these books about children are not better understood and enjoyed by grown-ups than by children themselves. They are too subjective in tone—and the normal child is not subjective. He demands the objective point of view in the books he shall like, and so often likes the naïve "grown-up" fiction of an age when grown-ups took their fiction more objectively than they do now, better than he does these charming studies of child-life of to-day. In this class we would place those delightful books *The Golden Age* and *Dream Days,* by Kenneth Graham. Also *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,* by Kate Douglas Wiggin, and *Penrod,* by Booth Tarkington. There are a number of others, but these are the best. They really should be in our library, however, for they will be of inestimable value to parent or teachers in their desire to understand the child-mind. In this class one *might* place *Bobby Orde* (Stewart Edward White) and the two books by E. L. Pearson quoted in our list. And yet these books combine a searching insight into child nature with a fine objectiveness which makes them enjoyable for child and parent alike.

A word in closing about a book which is not on our list but which is indispensable for our library, the Bible. No other book has been more sinned against by those professing most reverence for it. Many an adult's pleasure in this great book has been effectively spoiled by being forced during childhood to read a chapter a day. It was considered a penance apparently, for no attempt was made to make the reading interesting. It was supposed to work automatically and to improve our minds and souls while we ploughed mechanically through its pages.

But if some kind fate puts us into the hands of parents or teachers who let us understand that the Bible is just a book, but the best-known and best-loved book in all the world, then indeed we have won a treasure for a lifetime. Then we realise that it is full of wonderful adventure stories and fascinating legends that charm us when we are little and mother tells them to us. And when later we read these stories ourselves and find the great thoughts that lie beneath them, and when we come to the beautiful philosophy of life preached by the most epic figure of history, we do it as a pleasure eagerly sought and we win something we can never forget.

It would be better to have the Old and the New Testament in separate volumes in our library. Tell the stories from the Old Testament to the younger children, and let them read some of them when they are studying the history of ancient peoples. Then, in adolescence, when duty and responsibility shine before us like twin guiding stars, let the life-story and the teachings of the Carpenter's Son of Nazareth fill the eager young mind with high ideals of human devotion and social service.

And so the Bible, containing some of the most delightful fiction in the world, and yet belonging, for other of its content, to the non-fiction class, paves the way for a consideration of the non-fiction books which should be in every child's possession. But that is another story!

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# WHAT THE DAY'S WORK MEANS TO ME

BY ALBION FELLOWS BACON

WHAT it means to the knife to cut, to the stream to flow, and more than this, my Day's Work means to me. Looking back to earliest childhood, I can see how every experience gave me equipment to meet some special demand of my work. Because of this, and because it calls out every power and ability I possess, so that I can throw myself into it full length, it gives the satisfaction of doing that for which one is fitted—the joy of the knife to cut.

To devote one's self to fulfilling the evident purpose of one's creation is no more than a logical duty. I could not possibly make clear all that my work means to me without stating, simply, that it has grown from an act of religious consecration. So it means more than flowing means to the stream, more than its springs, its course, its shoals—it means the emptying out of the river into the ocean. To say that my work, just now, is Housing Reform, is to give a small arc of a circle that may not be rounded out in my lifetime. To give an adequate idea of it, it would be necessary to tell something of the years of work that led me to make a specialty of Housing Reform, as I have done for the last eight years.

I am oppressed by the consciousness that Housing Reform means about as much, to most people, as a pile of bricks. How I am to give its intense human significance, in black and white words, how compress into one brief article all the doings and feelings it implies, I am puzzled to know.

Briefly, my early work took me among the homes of the poor, in an effort to relieve their distress. What I found was just what every reader of this article would find in visiting the slums of his own city—for every city has slums. It was a surprise to me to discover that we had so many poor families. The shock of finding out how wretchedly they lived was so violent as to project me into an effort to improve their conditions, to prevent as well as to relieve their misery. The depth of my hatred and horror of slums is one measure of the meaning of my Day's Work.

From my first visit, I was impressed that the poor were largely victims of their environment, and every successive visit made it more clear. The cheerless ugliness, the wretched sordidness of their "homes" filled me with almost as much loathing as did the filth. When I saw how needlessly the sick suffered, and when I learned, later, that the greater part of that sickness, itself, was needless, and due to their living conditions, I could not help but be indignant. It seemed bad enough that they lived in dark, damp sties, built with no provision for light or air, water or waste, so that filth and foulness were unavoidable. But to find that these places were veritable death traps, and that we were killing babies in the hot, stifling rooms, murdering fathers and mothers with tuberculosis and typhoid—the thought was beyond endurance.

Then I came gradually to see in the dark, and to recognise those awful things of vice and shame that hide and breed in the darkness, where people live huddled together like beasts. The whole sickening problem grew upon me, as I wrestled with each phase of it in my charity work, trying to untangle the human threads, each tied to the other—father, mother, children.

Our charity records showed that half the dependency in our city was due to the long illness or death of the bread winner. A large percentage of the diseases named were Tuberculosis, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Typhoid, and other

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"house diseases" or "filth diseases." In many cases, dependency was followed by delinquency. Sometimes the mother, left penniless and in debt, broke down under the strain of providing and caring for the family. We often found families reduced to a single tenement room, in a slum neighbourhood, beset with saloons and dens. One look at the wretched room was enough to see why the father died in it, why the mother broke down in it, and why the family fled from it to the street—anywhere. One round of the house, overflowing with families and lodgers, with its dark hall and stair and yard, with its horrid sheds, was enough to explain the sequel of the police court.

Death and disgrace and misery were not all that stirred me. It was the realisation that the children, in such a place, could never know the meaning of the word "home," because it was impossible to make a real home in such a place. All over our State, I knew, were thousands of children living in just such conditions—a whole generation growing up that could never know what a home meant. That means a fearful thing to a State.

It was the babies that drove me to desperation. My children were little then. What it meant to me then—what it means to me now, one sight of those little, pallid, tear-streaked faces, with round, innocent eyes, that too often gazed upon vice until they came to look knowingly; those baby lips, from which I have heard curses lisped—I cannot tell except that it has "murdered sleep" for me until their wrongs are righted. I seem to hear, in their voices, the command of Christ, and their little grey hands, that never loosen their clutch of mine, urge me on when the battle wavers.

To say that the congestion and the unsanitary conditions that bred vice and sickness could only be remedied by means of Housing Reform, ought to show what that means to me. It was necessary to get a law, I found, that would enable us to cut windows into the dark rooms, to put in water, drains, sewers, to put on fire escapes, to prevent overcrowding, etc., in other words, to make slum dwellings safe and fit for habitation.

I need not go into the question of why housing laws are necessary to housing reform. Suffice it to say, it is easier to reform slums than slum owners, although I found it takes a death grapple with a legislature to get the power. The reason is that housing legislation involves property interests—what we may call the illegitimate interests—those that are opposed to public welfare, public health, safety and morals. The high class architects and real estate men stand with us, but the slum owners and "skin builders" come in droves, and wage a desperate fight. No wonder, for slum property pays from fifteen to one hundred per cent. Lot space is the vital point in housing regulations for new buildings, and the skin builder fights for every inch of earth, for the rental it should yield, for, if allowed, he will build apartments in solid blocks, all the inner rooms having no windows, of course!

It is evident that to cope with these most earthy of all enemies one must be entirely practical, and "get down to brass tacks." One must have facts and figures and business arguments. I need not tell how, to get the facts about bad housing, I made investigation into the shame of our cities, nor of the publicity campaign that had to follow. It meant articles, letters, addresses before every kind of audience, from churches, charities and women's clubs to Health Officers, Real Estate Exchanges, and Chambers of Commerce. All of this underlies the meaning of the Day's Work.

It took three legislative sessions to get our Indiana tenement law, and we had another battle, this year, to save it. I am grateful that we have it, grateful for every old house that has been razed under it, for every window cut and water connection made, and for all the sanitary new buildings erected under the law. Yet it controls only tenements—no single dwellings. This year, while

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at the legislature, I worked hard to get a supplemental law that would control all "infected and uninhabitable dwellings." We lost it in the last ditch because of the members who admitted that it would affect their property! We must go on until every dwelling is subject to the control of our health authorities. But when we get all the laws possible to obtain, we can still require only that dwellings shall be safe and decent, for legislatures, in any State, grant only the lowest standards, that simply graze the danger line. But I am not satisfied with that. It is not enough to set the limitations of bad housing. I want to go on and establish standards of good housing. A house has to have more than mere safety to be fit for a home. It is *homes* for the children of the State, homes as the foundation of the State, that I have been fighting for, not simply public health, morals and safety. I want to establish *the right of every child to a real home,* and then go on to create a public demand for the best and highest environment it is possible to obtain. We have made the demand that all children should be safe in their own homes, and it is horrible that they should not be. We must go on, now, and plan and work, not simply that they "might have life," but that they "might have it more abundantly."

I need not go into any argument on the effect of physical environment on home life, as well as on people. It is demonstrated by slums, and by model dwellings. And my ideal of standards is not a baseless dream. They are being worked out, in a practical way, by the National Housing Association, and by many communities, where "Industrial Housing Companies" or "Sanitary Housing Companies" are in operation. They have proven that beauty costs no more than ugliness, and that comfort and convenience can be provided in the cheapest houses.

We are working hard to get a model block for workingmen in my own city, to demonstrate that we can have "decent homes for decent people at decent prices," and add gardens and playgrounds, too. If we make it "go," others will follow, in the city and throughout the State. But how long it will take to get even one model block in each city! Is it any wonder that I am setting my resting age at ninety-five? For years to come, as in the past, I must give my voice and pen to the making of public sentiment, and to the raising of public standards of what we build—not for ourselves—but to rent.

In the main, my work has been in my own State. As far as I have had time and strength, it has been given to other States. For the purpose of reaching a wider field, I have taken the subdepartment of *Shelter* under Home Economics in the General Federation of Women's Clubs. This gives me an opportunity to appeal to the club women of the country for "All the Homes of All the People." It gives me a chance to do a larger part toward creating a general sentiment that will rise in arms against unsafe housing, first, and then against all that is sordid and mean and ugly.

The trouble is, those who are working for housing betterment in our different States are balked by the fact that the general standards of living are entirely too low. We must get rid of the "slum concept," which makes the majority of people complacent with gloom and grime. We need not go slum hunting to find this out—simply house hunting. Let the reader recall the horrors that he found on such a hunt, in any city, within any range of prices and streets. The dark, stuffy rooms, the dilapidation and dirt, the smelly halls, mouldy cellars, gloomy wall paper, defective plumbing, dangerous steps, damp yards, the cheerless ugliness that made the family feel they could not possibly endure life in any house they tried, and worse things, will come to mind.

It is bad enough that there should be such an absence of comfort and convenience, beauty and cheer. It is unpardonable that there should be an absence of sanitation, a matter of life and

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death, and the lowest reasonable demand. We must at least bring the public to the point of demanding that no unsanitary dwelling shall be rented. If this were done, we should see the inspector's sign "condemned" on every street, on handsome rows, on drearily ugly flats, those institutions for the homeless, on single houses, cottages, tenements, hovels—from the best streets to the worst. But, alas! what the public does not condemn, the building inspector has small chance to get the power to condemn.

Few of our States have housing laws, and only in cities so regulated has a tenant any legal right even to sunlight, air and water. A State or a city cannot get a housing law until public sentiment demands it. To force this demand requires a stupendous amount of popular education, as housing reformers have all found. Communities must be taught what their slums cost them, in lives and dollars, and in personal peril. They must be taught the truth of "solidarity," one of the least believed and most unwelcome of divine teachings. To do this needs that Prophet to come again who cried out upon "How the Other Half Lives."

Few people in any town know or care how many poor they have, where they live, or how they live. Still fewer have any realisation of how the vice and disease bred in the slums endangers their own homes and their own children. It is pleasant to feel that a safe, solid golden floor separates us from the "lower classes." The only way we can dislodge the illusion, and show people that they are actually living on the thin crust of a volcano, is to take them to a crack in the crust and let them look in and inhale the fumes. One visit to the slums is often enough to make a housing reformer. In fact, it is enough to put a housing committee into a Commercial Club.

Our Chambers of Commerce are quick to grasp the idea, when it is properly presented, that housing reform is a business proposition. They will pass as drastic resolutions as one can prepare, condemning slums because they are injurious to the city's business interests, because they breed crime, vice, disease and pauperism, that burden the taxpayer: because they injure the legitimate real estate interests; because they injure the workman, and, through him, the manufacturer, and so forth. They will do this, without ever having seen a slum, on presentation of the facts. But when we take a half dozen autos, and spend part of a day in going down alleys, and up over stores, and in and out of the dark places where the poor live, what enthusiasm marks the next meeting, and how indignation burns to a white heat! They are more sure than ever that housing reform is a business proposition, and they go after it with the business methods I try to learn and follow. But one feels, most of all, that he is in a meeting of sure-enough "City Fathers," and that the little grey hands of the slum babies have clutched theirs, too, and that they are leading the city to its salvation.

One can't care so much about the issue of one's work without its having a personal meaning. It makes a big difference where the Day's Work is done, whether it be on the lecture field, in the legislature, or at home. On the lecture field the day is happy, but hard. On the legislative field it means grim battle. Here in my desk are four legislative "directories," representing as many sessions, that I never see without a shudder. Those black marks along the edge, opposite certain names—what struggles they bespeak! They bring back the sights and sounds of those days, the roar of mingled voices in House and Senate, the ring of the gavel, the confusion of the halls and lobbies, the suspense of critical moments, even the feeling of exhaustion, the head-ache and heart-ache —ugh! Put them away! I will need them again, for the next fight, and I will be ready when it comes.

After all, most of my work is done at home, for only occasional absences are necessary. Yet these are a grief, the only real hardship that I count. When

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the Day's Work is at home no strain, no labour counts, because I am with my family. Once at home, the wheels sing as they grind. Here I can write and plan, in the security of my home, with the help of my family. I am sure that my work means more to me because I have a home and a family. They are at once a centripetal and a centrifugal force, giving help and encouragement and incentive to go out, yet holding me in an unwavering orbit. There is always a string tied to a mother, and it is always pulling! Three days' absence finds me homesick, and I can never stay a convention through, though I rush home to find I might as well have stayed.

With all my stout assertions of business methods, I wonder what a business man would think of my Day's Work at home! The public work of a mother and housekeeper is always done in parentheses. Business letters are written in domestic pauses that would make absurd side notes. It is surprising how one learns to get along with interruptions. The fact that I can hear my fourteen-year-old son sawing in the attic, just overhead, gives me peace and gladness, because I know that he is safe and happy. That his twin sister, and several of her friends, are rehearsing for a "show" in the next room, is a similar satisfaction. I may even stop and plan masquerade costumes, and come back and finish the sentence. But the children more than make up the time lost. They not only insist on taking from me many household tasks, but they take pride in helping me with my work in every way they can. When we made a housing exhibit for a special occasion, we all got down together with cardboard, glue, scissors and paint, to make miniature model houses and slums. The model houses had vine-clad porches, gardens and flower beds on the green lawns. The rickety slums, with real ash piles, and a small-pox sign on one little door, were my triumph, and almost too charming to mark "condemned." It was a family affair, and gives me hope that some time we may travel in a troupe.

Some years ago, when my children were small, and I could do very little civic work, I wrote a humourous monologue, with a descriptive piano accompaniment, called "A Mother's Day." Since my public work has been growing up, with the children, I have wondered how it could be woven into the monologue, to make it a truthful representation of my "Day." It could hardly be done except by adding to the accompaniment the roll of a drum, with the occasional clash of cymbals.

For the most part, the Day's Work at home is made up of writing. All through the day I grind at the endless grist of letters. At night, when the others are asleep, is a good time to write articles. There is always a pencil pad on the little table by my bed, and sometimes I reach out and write in the dark, through the night. At home or away, the day is full to the brim. Most of the time there has been no leisure for recreation, often none for exercise, little, alas! for my friends.

This is a common story of workers. One who undertakes all he can well do finds that there come "busy seasons" of stress and strain, when he must work over hours, unless his cause is to suffer. If one could only run without danger of spilling the cup of life!

"This week isn't as full as last week," I explained to my sister, who came on a visit. "Last week there were so many meetings and other things to see to, all at once, that it was just like going over Niagara in a barrel, every minute."

"It looks like the whirlpool rapids now," she replied.

There is one recompense for the full day—it crowds out all the trifles and the little worries, even the little sick spells. The very number and complexity of demands hold one to the simple life. Under the worst strains, food is simply rated as engine fuel, and one has to keep to a simple diet, even to fast.

If the Day's Work leaves no time to seek play or pleasure, there is a keener

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enjoyment of the bits that come our way, and the unsated palate gets the full flavour. I have no pangs for gaiety forgone, however, and it is perhaps lucky that I would as soon play with a tub of sawdust as with cards. If one were willing to keep count, there is more outgo than income in volunteer work, in certain ways. There must be a spending of one's self, as well as one's time and other things, if one's work is to be of real value. But this, of course, is only incidental, like the hacks on a knife blade, from hard use.

The fuller meaning of the work is in the spiritual returns, the patience one learns, the courage that even a born coward can acquire, the "experience" that "worketh hope," the growth in judgment and decision, the satisfaction of accomplishment. I have set a measure of the depth of its meaning. If I set a measure to its height it would be "a sky full," as the children say, of all the light and beauty and gladness that I hope for, in the homes of our country. There are other things one must count; the friendships one makes, and the joy of finding out strong true souls, through one's work. There is also a chance to help many whom we would miss, except for what we are doing.

To feel that we can serve, at once, our State and our fellow-men, that our work is fundamental, and will help to build up a good citizenship, is one of the deepest sources of satisfaction. As I think of the Day's Work, while it goes on, it seems to be a steep road up which, step by step, to the summit, I must carry a burden. But as the Day closes, I think of it as a libation that has been poured out, freely and gladly.

# CERTAIN REMINISCENCES

## BY RICHARD WHITEING

### Part IV—Latter Day London

As long as I remained in France, all English writers were to me but importations. It was no easy matter to get their flavour without having their surroundings. This I imagine must always be the case. Pickwick read in the Pyrenees would be rather out of focus. In spite of Stevenson's bias toward the old literature his outlook was entirely fresh. I began to realise how much had passed since Charles Reade was the newest thing in romance. "Yet it moves" is as true of literature as of the spheres: compare a philosophic novel of Voltaire with one of Henry James. The former a mere didactic principle that could have been stated in two lines, with no more construction than a steel chain, nor of character than a box of chessmen.

Though a cosmopolitan James is still hard to understand without his British setting. Even in the more purely American work, he is still the Briton studying a foreign type. I remember a chat with him at the club in which I asked him as a kind of favour to cross to America, and to stand and deliver on the question: "How do you like our country, sir?" He did go there shortly after, as we know, and with precious results, but I claim no rights in the happy thought. I was afterward indebted for piquant, if only fanciful, particulars of his life and work to a rather famous lion hunter of the other sex, who had stalked him at Rye with a letter of introduction. She reported on him as a peripatetic of dictation to a shorthand writer, with occasional lapses to the sofa or the armchair. He trod his subject for its innermost juices, and occasionally, as with the other wine pressers, was glad to mop his brow when his task was done. I give it as I had it, and I am willing to admit

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there was a tinge of malice in it as, on her own admission, he did not take kindly to the intrusion. Her *mot* on the situation, if it was her own, was amusing. "As for his style, well he reminds me of the—how do you call it? you know what. And yet there are not two Incomprehensibles—in this case—but one Incomprehensible, for there could be no double of Henry James."

Kipling came upon me as a glorious innovator—the Empire in the, till then unconsidered trifle of its maker,—the common man. This brought us abreast of the time with its sense of the poetry of steam and electricity and its power to make a stoker's fire shovel as picturesque as any implement in Homer. It still atones for all later aberrations when society persuaded him that he was a prophet on a mount.

I met him but once, at a grand dinner given by A. P. Watt to his young men. Watt was the Moses who brought the successful person of letters out of Grub Street, and put him in line with the merchant prince for results. Pope managed to get ten thousand out of his *Iliad,* but it was only the exception that proved the rule of poverty and neglect. How many thousands of writers have had to part with masterpieces for a song to the Lintots of their time! Think of the long procession of them with envy, want, the patron and the jail, for their portion, till this inspired wolf of the trade,—for Watt had begun as a publisher—saw that there was business to be done by going over to the lambs. Think of Dickens, with Pickwick for his start, yet glad to pledge himself for future masterpieces at a trifle in three figures, and still a loser in highest possibles when Forster had procured some sort of revision of the terms. But for Watt, or his followers in the field, the Kiplings, the Barries, the Bennetts, and Wells might to-day have been in the same plight or worse. "There he goes," groaned a victim of the old system, "on a penny 'bus ride to Paternoster Row, with a manuscript in his pocket and a small fortune for his own share."

The very pugilists have their agents now, and Carpentier enters the ring with the certainty, win or lose, of an endowment for his night's work. Though Tom Sayers had his modest annuity, and his little six-roomer in Camden Town all to himself, it was due to the public generosity. Most of the veterans of that craft were glad to haunt the sporting taverns for their drinks, and their free lunches of bread and cheese, munched minus the teeth lost in the service. The very poets and stars of the earlier music halls had no better prospect, until the agent came to their aid, to enable the author of "Hi-tiddly-hi-ti," and "If you want to know the time ask a p'liceman" to die a fundholder.

It was all new to me as a returned prodigal of opportunity, and I settled down to the sheer enjoyment of it, leaving the moral to take care of itself. London, London, the mighty and the rare! that was enough—a cinema effect of figures in lightning movement across the screen, out of nothingness for a moment's joy of life, and back to it again within the second, the best image of the whole course of man. A crumb of mellow cheese under the microscope may be offered as a variant, for the spectacle of a feverish energy of being to no particular end or aim.

I wrote a little here and there by way of getting a foothold and soon joined the editorial staff of my old paper, *The Daily News.* Frank Hill was then in the chair. Though naturally with but little leisure for other work, he had to his credit a volume on the leading writers and politicians of the day, laboured with a somewhat too manifest art for epigram and point. Chained to his desk he seemed to shiver at all contact with the outside world, and he had the nervousness and irritability of his state of isolation. There was a legend in the office of a tiff between him and Pigott—not the other one of course—but in his later years examiner of plays. Pigott, then a leader writer for the paper, was of the same sensitive cast as his chief, who on this occasion had put him to the

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torture of a snub. He said nothing at the time but walked straight to his room, only to return in a few minutes to breathe this through the half-opened door, "Hill, I think it right to tell you that I consider your last observation uncalled for." "Oh do you," said Hill in the same dead-and-alive tone. "Yes," gasped Pigott with another prodigious effort; and the incident was closed. So they exchanged their cartels of defiance in the old days. It is still the common note. Formidable in print, with all the weapons of attack and defence at their command, writers are often passionless and powerless without their pens. A child shall lead them; and happily its mother almost invariably does. Hill was a journalistic recluse, with a sole concern for the interest of his literary columns. When the three leaders and the reviews were off his mind, the rest was left to the sub-editor with but two or three men under his command. The order of importance has since been entirely reversed. The sub-editor as news gatherer is now the chief authority, and the literature has to take care of itself.

Hill had Herbert Paul on his staff: and prided himself on successful overtures to Andrew Lang. Both were wonders, Paul chiefly in politics, Lang in everything but that, for he had no sympathy with the policy of the paper. Paul was a Balliol man of the Jowett group, with all the savagery of Swift in his style, and much of his power. He was widely and deeply read in modern as in ancient literature, and he had a prodigious memory which he cultivated by never taking a note. He dipped his pen in a liquid, fortified, I suspect, with a dash of vitriol and went his way without an erasure. At a moment's notice he could give a sympathetic estimate of a great writer in the whole range of his work, or a political opponent a passport to the shades for future use, with marks of identification omitting no single particular of turpitude. His health finally broke down under the strain of a series of historical works written too closely to time, yet showing not the slightest trace of it in their craftsmanship.

Lang was another person of the same range, and perhaps even with greater versatility. His facility was prodigious; it reminded one of the catalogue of the gifts of the players in *Hamlet*. His touch was feathery in its lightness, if his social satire was not always in the happy mean of urbanity and good nature. He was of the few who write with as much ease as they are read with pleasure. I have known him to get his subject from Hill, and there and then sit down at the corner of the table to turn out his leader well within the hour. When it was done, he gathered up his slips from the floor, and without a glance of revision sent them upstairs to the printer. This, as also I imagine the readiness of Paul, came from the familiarity with great studies. His leaders and fancies were but chips from the workshop in which he had fashioned his thoughts on history, philosophy, folklore and what not during the earlier part of the day. His journalism was but a by-product, yet in more senses than one it sometimes exceeded the value of the original product. His letters, as I once took occasion to say, had the same spontaneity. They came from a storehouse of often in my judgment, wrong-headed opinions, which he cherished mainly for the sake of their picturesque charm. He was not a Scotch Tory for nothing, and I fancy that would have been his label if he had had to write himself down. "I could prophesy if I cared," he once wrote to me. He seemed to think that ours was and always would be a horrid rough-and-tumble sort of a world with its only solace in art for life's sake. World bettering on the big scale was futile and only made you bad company.

He seemed to dread boredom above all other things. Chance acquaintance met at dinner, hostesses who wanted to use him as a nice man for a small tea-party, found him trying. He would slip away from the front drawing-room with its buzz, on pretence of looking at a picture in the antechamber, and thence make his

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escape. His treatment of an unfortunate American who got him to dinner, white tie and all, at The Cheshire Cheese went quite beyond the bounds. It was in the Dog Days too; and as one masterpiece after another of that robust *cuisine* came upon the board—steak, potatoes in their jackets, tankards of stout in which you might have stood a knife upright, with hissing hot toasted cheese to follow—he waved them all away with a squeaking "What is this?" which carried dismay to us all. It was horrid, but I am ashamed to say it was still sport of a kind. Its culmination came when the host explained that this was the favourite fare of Dr. Johnson. "Dr. Johnson—who was he?" was the merciless parting shot.

In his day and to the last in his own way, he was one of the handsomest men I have ever seen. There was so much distinction in the face; and when its time came the snow-cap of grey hair was an added charm for the lofty brow. He was of a most melancholy cast in his innermost recesses; and his boundless activities were but resolute attempts to make the best of a bad job—existence. He was no tuft-hunter, yet I think he sometimes suffered lords beyond the requirements of the case. His translations are among his masterpieces. What must he have thought of our modern Samuel Butler's *Homer* with its deliberate jog-trot of tea-table chatter for the talk of the skies! Or of Mr. Masefield's *Pompey the Great* as the dignity of history in drama. He was of the few who broke a victorious lance with Anatole France. He would not have his Joan of Arc explained away on theories of hallucination, or of suggestion by priestly fraud.

Such was the team in the old days. Many changes were to come, transitional in the course of the change to the new ha'penny model of our time. That change has been marked in a way by the passing of the editor of the old type. The new one is no longer, of necessity at least, a scholarly recluse, he is a man of the world. His three leaders are reduced to one and a few scrappy paragraphs. His sub-editor has in a manner supplanted him by learning to let the facts in their dressing speak for themselves. This cunning artificer forms opinion by suggestion and enables his reader to say "I told you so" without knowing that he has himself been told. His room, which used to be one of the smallest in the office, is now comparable in size and the number and multitudinous activities of the staff, to the kitchen of a big hotel. Add to this that the departments have been increased beyond the dreams of the past. There is a huge contingent for illustration, staffed with all the labour, artistic and mechanical, belonging to that branch of the work—draughtsmen for the sketches, craftsmen for the production of the plates. So, while this is still the newest thing in one way, in another, as picture writing, it is a reversion to the youth of the world.

The library again is an integral part of the equipment. In the earlier time the leader writer had to carry all his information in his own head. Paul could do it, but then his was the head of Paul. The books of reference might almost be counted on the fingers. Wilson, so long the mainstay of *The Times*, told me that the only thing of the kind in his room at the office was an Army List, and that several years out of date. Now, whatever the topic, you have only to touch a bell, and you are instantly furnished with all the information bearing on your subject from a miniature British Museum reading room on the premises. And there is this to the good, it is information brought down to the very day of writing. The Librarian, often a young woman, is an Atlas staggering under the burden of a world of reference, and understood to be ready to resign or to commit suicide at a moment's notice, on failure to meet all demands at sight.

I did my best in my own behoof with a small amateurish collection of my own. When E. T. Cook came into the succession of the editorship, he continued the same plan from his own pre-

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vious practice, and we exchanged good offices at need. He was a man of the new generation, and a remarkable one at that. Given his proper supply of cigarettes, I think he would have been capable of writing the whole leader page on an emergency. I often saw him in a tight place: I never saw him turn a hair. At Oxford I believe he was one of the best Aristotelians of the time. So the drilling and the milling of the academical system counts, when the student is of the right sort.

Newspaper work is a terrible strain till one gets used to it. The ordinary conditions of literary leisure, pleasant surroundings, the sense of the full possession of your own soul, are opposed to it in every particular. You are generally within the bounds of the City, and the City is never quite quiet day or night. Often you back on a slum, and in spite of yourself have to take a certain interest in its quarrels and its fights. Slum or no slum, the rooms are usually bare and comfortless, and the sounds and other interruptions incidental to the work of the premises are distracting until you have acquired the second nature of the calling. The too insistent "devil" who steals into your room every ten minutes or so to bring proofs of the whole issue for your inspection as they are pulled, and to take copy sheet by sheet as you write, is a bit of a trial till you get used to him. The "reader" who occasionally descends from above to ask you to verify a quotation, or to suggest an emendation is another. But he is more human, for he rarely takes his departure without offering you a pinch of snuff. He is usually a venerable person with a manner suggestive of better days and higher hopes in the work of the pen. His out-of-the-way erudition is sometimes quite remarkable. There are moments when you could fain ask him to linger and tell you of his past; but after all he is one interruption more. For another, there is the distant but still quite audible throb of the engines as a preliminary to the work of going to press.

Writing is almost impossible till you have got the better of these trials, and you will never attain to the mastery if you begin late, or let yourself drop out of training. Poor Davidson, a man of letters if ever there was one, went all to pieces as a journalist under a mishap of the latter kind. He once came to the office as my *locum tenens* when I was away on a holiday, and I had a sad account of the result. The place was new to him, the conditions were distracting, he was unable to write a line. The demon boy came and went; and still all that awaited him was the sight of a miserable fellow-creature with his hands in his hair, and a welter of torn beginnings on the floor.

Presently, of course, on information received, the editor came in with a cheery "how are you going on?"

"Not very well."

"Ah, just the want of the habit of it, but you'll soon get used——"

"If you don't mind I think I won't stay," and, pocketing a handful of his failures, he decamped.

"They're of no mortal use to you," he pleaded with a weary smile, "but I might find a place for them in my next novel on the Press."

The whole staff is now mobilised for instant action at any point of the compass. Speed is the first requisite, and with speed, strangely enough, has come more leisure than of old. We toiled through our task into the small hours, often enough with midnight for our starting point. Nowadays the paper must be almost ready to go to press at that hour. It is a case of having the paper ready to serve with the hot rolls, throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom. Mere fast trains have long been superseded, though of course they still play their part. Much of it is wired down to branch centres in the chief towns, every important word winged for its flight to the farthest confines of the system as it falls from the pen. Most of us old stagers had the sense of holiday if we managed to get away before two in the morning, when

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we staggered forth to our cabs at the door, usually to take a first instalment of sleep on the way home. As often as not, our cabman slept too, trusting to Providence and the sense of emergency for the avoidance of accident.

Each of us had his own particular man for the drive. I once took the liberty of remonstrating with mine on the risks of collision with the market carts taking the opposite course to ours, and with drivers wholly regardless of rules of the road as they, too, lurched in slumber in their shafts.

"It's like this," he said. "'Ow many years 'ave I drove you and 'ave I ever spilt you onst?"

I had to leave it there until "onst"—I lived in Kensington then—the hansom came into collision with the refuge at the top of St. James's Street, and turned neatly over on its side. We were rescued by one of the night birds always at hand in London. "I see it comin'" he said, "but I was a bit too late: you was on the hobelisk"—his generic name for anything placed by authority in the middle of the road—"before I could give your chap the tip." To this day, I believe, an obelisk in honour of a deceased alderman is still used as a refuge in Farringdon Street.

"What do you think of yourself now?" I asked the cabman.

"'Ow many years 'ave I drove—Well it won't 'appen again."

And, with my active co-operation, it never did.

Strangely enough, though the glass was shivered to fragments neither of us was a penny the worse. Providence itself had been caught napping, but had roused itself in time to make amends.

His successor was always in the highest spirits, and whistled all the way home. I never saw a more cheerful man. As he told me in confidence, he was getting on. I was only one of his regular customers: "Mr. Phil May—the gentleman what does the pictures for the papers"—was another; and often gave him a sovereign for his fare as he drove from night house to night house. "He begins to be stirrin' just as you leave off: you know 'Box and Cox': you've seen that, I dessay. I'm beginning to save, I am; and bye and bye I'll buy a cab and a gee-gee or two, and be my own master." He achieved them bit by bit and whistled louder than ever. Then one day, while acting as his own stableman, he had his leg badly broken by a kick from one of his horses, and got lamed for life. The long illness brought him down with a run; he was sold up, and he had to decline to a "growler" owing to the impossibility of mounting the higher box—the growler and wage servitude. After that he whistled no more.

All so well and truly tried, and all so frustrate! What can one say of such fates, but "why is this, wherefore, what should we do?"

Sir John Robinson was from first to last the master of us all in Bouverie Street. He was at first only the manager, though he afterward became titular editor. As between him and the nominal chief it was long a question of conflict of jurisdictions, like that between the Mikado of Japan and the Shogun. He ruled by suggestion, scouring the news of the day for topics for Lang, and promoting without commanding suitable subjects for the rest. His pride was that he knew a handy man when he saw one, and annexed him as soon as he could. He discovered Archibald Forbes, when the latter, while languishing for a job equal to his powers, was glad to become correspondent for the *Morning Advertiser* at the outbreak of the Franco-German war. Our manager was still busy with the question of getting him into the net, when one day up came his card for an interview. "The Lord hath delivered him into my hand," muttered Robinson and he was engaged at once. The result was the finest work in that branch of journalism ever seen since the golden prime of Russell of *The Times*.

Forbes was an ex-dragoon, in one of his attributes as a rolling-stone, and he never lost that trace of his origin. His

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manners were those of the barrack-room, but genius atoned for all. He knew how to get there, the supreme gift of a writer working in the rough and tumble of war. He wrote, as they all have to do, sitting, standing, lying down, with a drum head for a table, or at need the saddle of his horse. And when he had written he knew how to get first in with his copy. His rivals in the field might be as quick as himself with the pen, but they had no other resource than to wait for the transmission of their dispatches until the military people had done with the wires. Forbes saw a better way: Luxembourgh was on the frontier of the scene of fighting, and its wires were disengaged. He made straight for that quarter after every battle, often riding all night to do it, and beat the field. In work of this kind, an hour sometimes counts in priority, and four and twenty, or even twelve, make an eternity. He was ably seconded at the office. Robinson slept there half the time, to await the dispatch, and at need to put it into print in the form of a special edition. The result was fame for the writer, a circulation of leaps and bounds for the paper —sorely in need of it—and a modest fortune for the arch-contriver in the managerial chair.

He was content to be a contriver, an efficient cause to the last, without a thought of the honours of notoriety. He knew, and that was enough for him. His eyes twinkling behind his spectacles, he sat tight in his office chair, and judged men and events. His one infirmity was that he never could tell where he had left the spectacles, after removing them but a moment before. A smart lad in his antechamber found a vocation that was something of a sinecure in restoring them to their owner. His heart was as good as his head, a true friend, a genial companion, a lover of the good story and the quip and crank for his leisure hour. If he had one other weakness it was the belief that a diary, which he had kept for the better part of his career, was charged with secrets of state unpublishable in his lifetime, and only to be printed with caution after his death. He seemed to tremble at the thought of the dangerous nature of its revelations. It made its appearance in due course, but without disturbing the peace of politicians or even contributing to the gaiety of nations in any marked way. This is easily accounted for. The secrets of to-day are the only things that count as curiosity and wonder: to-morrow they have only the interest of ancient history. Fresh from a Cabinet Minister's room, Robinson might justly fear that he carried high explosives enough to ruin a government, if, in the chance contacts of the pavement, they happened to "go off." As it was, their too long storage in the magazine of his diary often failed to bring them to the flash point of the interest of anecdote.

He was the first to use the wires extensively—with an anathema on the consequences. For long years they were regarded by the Press as a costly luxury, and no wonder when every message was charged at prohibitory rates. Reuter partly remedied that in introducing a system of joint service for matters of common interest. He saw that in many things what would serve for one paper might serve as well for a hundred, with a consequent cheapening to the customers.

Robinson had a good story of the way in which the enterprise was launched in this country. Reuter came to the *Daily News* as he went to the other leading papers with a philanthropic offer to give them copious and trustworthy telegrams from abroad on this plan.

The manager naturally asked for the terms.

"Nothing," said Reuter, genially, and I believe spelling it with a "d."

"Come! come! that will never do—what do you expect to get out of it?"

"The esteem and affection of the British people. Because I love them with all my heart."

"Hum," said Robinson, "you may send them in."

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They were sent, they were worth printing, and they duly appeared on those extraordinary terms in every important journal. At the end of the year they had become indispensable, and then the philanthropist called again.

"You like my dispatches?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Well, I want to arrange about going on with them."

"Very pleased, I am sure."

"My terms are a thousand a year."

"Come! come! that's a very different story from the one you——"

"Ah!" said the other quietly, "we are talking business now."

And he got his thousand all round. To refuse would have been to have given priority to a host of rivals.

No wonder the capitalist has become indispensable to the Press, when every new departure involves expenditure at this rate. When I see how the newspaper is staffed, from the commissioner at the door to the editor in his sanctum, I think with awe of the bewildering fraction of the incoming ha'penny that represents the average share of each. The hundreds who have to live out of it! The huge sub-editorial staff; the clouds of skirmishing reporters and interviewers; the illustrators; the caricaturists, cartographers, and all the rest in that branch; the resident correspondent abroad in their costly offices, to say nothing of the specials at the front with their mounts and their motor cars. With that all the agency of distribution from Smith and Son down to the urchin who calls his wares in the street, and the goody at the chandler's shop who works them in with the bacon and the brandy balls. The head spins with it, as under some new illustration of the problem of the indivisibility of matter. Where on earth is the chance for the mere human being with the sense of a message, and nothing in his pocket?

In such difficulties one takes to day dreaming as the only resource. I have done that in one of my books where I imagine a man with little more in the way of worldly gear than what he stands upright in, yet determined to try his luck as a founder. He fastens on a neighbourhood, and resolves to make that in faithful observation a microcosm of the social universe—his premises a back garret; his plant a cheap duplicating machine for manuscript. Nothing of public moment that happens in that quarter escapes him, in its crimes, its labours, its privations and its heroisms—the man out of work; the man and woman at the corner pin; the charitable agencies, with their spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes, in the shape of the underlings at the hospital gate; the district visitors; the well-meaning person on the prowl for souls. Well he makes that district hum; and presently his single sheet at a ha'penny—or at the price of a farthing epic if you like—becomes a second necessary of life to many of its inmates, and to an ever widening circle of the great world outside, to whom he sends it free for a time on probation. It is a dead loss at first, but what with a dietary of oatmeal and potatoes, and a soul never failing in its purpose, it begins to pay out of pocket expenses. The next stage is a font of broken type, and a handpress, or at need a buxom charwoman who takes the imprint with the weight of her person. Bye and bye still, with all the serious labours of production and distribution manipulated on the system of a one-man show, he feels justified in adding an urchin to the staff. The daring of it, the individuality, is the charm, it is a first hand voice, not an echo, and with nothing less than that can deep call to deep. After a while the big brothers, the leviathans of the ordinary issues, get wind of it and write it up as a jest, if only in the hope of writing it down. The sociologist who looks in to inquire; the circulation widens, the front garret is added to the back, and so until a gas engine rises to the occasion, and finally with the help of a whole battery of Hoes, all bought out of profits, we attain to a largest circulation on the strength of a new and true thing in

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human personality that has come into the world. The parish has become coterminous with the planet, and is distinctly recognisable from the Milky Way. The capitalist may come up if he likes but only with the ha'penny for his copy; all his millions will never buy an interest in it, in the sense of a directing voice. The idea is that the resources of civilisation may be made to tell as much for the small man as for the big one, if rightly used. How much money had Christianity in the bank in its day of power?

My dream is out. To make no secret of it, I came to London to do something like this, but I wasn't man enough for the job. The poor compromise of John Street and one of its fellows was the best I could do.

# SOME NOVELS OF THE MONTH*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

## "THE TRAIL OF THE HAWK"

*The Trail of the Hawk,* by Sinclair Lewis, is the chronicle of an inveterate Rolling Stone, who nevertheless succeeds in gathering a modicum of Moss, in the shape of the pure, unadulterated joy of living. Carl Ericson, a born rebel against conventions, finds himself from boyhood up at war with the combined forces of family, school and society, all three of which unite in trying to mould him into the average colourless human being. Consequently throughout his earlier years he is in perpetual disgrace, at home, at school and at college,—to which last-named institution his father sent him at the cost of many sacrifices, and from which he was ignominiously dismissed because he espoused the cause of a discredited socialistic professor. Thus it happens that we find Carl in early adolescence a friendless and penniless wanderer, undaunted and thrilling with a sense of freedom and the boundless opportunity of satisfying his unquenchable curiosity about life. Picture him a big, broad-shouldered young Norseman, although the third generation of American birth,—with a skin as white as a girl's, cheeks like a rosy apple, and a smile that invariably inspires confidence. Getting a job is the easiest matter imaginable; jobs simply fall into his hands. The only difficulty is to keep them, for his unconquerable *wanderlust* forever goads him onward, not to something higher and better, but simply to something different, something that will enrich the variety of his experiences of life. The first of the three parts into which this chronicle is divided, "The Adventure of Youth," frankly drags a little. It covers, to be sure, the formative years and helps to explain why Carl is what he is, and not otherwise. Yet the author has overrated the importance of much of its detail. In fact, if the reader starts the story at the opening of Part II, "The Adventure of Adventuring," he will find that he knows almost as much about the hero and understands him as well as he does after he reverts to those opening chapters and fills in the gap. That second part, on the contrary, is an undiluted joy. It is improbable, to be sure, almost burlesque, yet so joyous, so spontaneous, so kaleido-

*The Trail of the Hawk. By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Nicky-Nan, Reservist. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Prudence of the Parsonage. By Ethel Hueston. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A Young Man's Year. By Anthony Hope. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Freelands. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Valley Road. By Mary Hallock Foote. Boston and New York: The Houghton Mifflin Company.

The High Priestess. By Robert Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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scopic in its varied scene and shifting action, that one needs must accept it with indulgent credulity. Not since Charles Reade wrote *Jack-of-all-Trades* has any hero of fiction filled so rapidly and so successfully such a motley assortment of crafts and trades, or with anything approaching such efficiency. Packer in a department store, waiter in a third-class restaurant, mechanic in an automobile factory, chauffeur, professional tramp and candidate for the bread line, porter in a Bowery saloon, facing the problem of saving four dollars out of a weekly salary of eight, in order to gratify a new ambition, namely to see the Panama Canal,—such is a brief epitome of one phase of our Rolling Stone's career, a phase that all unconsciously is shaping him for bigger things. At Colon Carl makes friends of the right sort; work in the mines, at generous wages, soon puts a substantial reserve fund in his pocket, and the following year finds him in California, a partner in a profitable automobile repair shop. Then the big news reaches him of the first successful flights of Curtis and the Wright Brothers, and Carl recognises by instinct that here is the outlet for his pent-up energies, the one career for which his whole undisciplined nature has been crying out. Much has been written about aviation, both from the technical and the popular standpoint; but it would be hard to find anywhere else in current fiction any description that would give to the inexperienced a kindred thrill of breathless flight, of danger that is a fearful joy, and of confident omnipotence that is superhuman. And then, when this unrivalled "Hawk of the Air-men" is at the zenith of his powers, comes his third adventure, "The Adventure of Love." It is a pleasant little idyl and not badly done, —although Mr. Sinclair has less scope for his natural talent in the confined atmosphere of the ball-room and the boudoir than in the free air of heaven. But, of course, the inevitable happens: the Hawk has his wings clipped, flights are a thing of the past, a confining, although lucrative office position and a conventional apartment on the upper West Side begin to prey upon his nerves; and soon the happy couple are quarrelling acrimoniously and often. But, Mr. Sinclair seems to say, you cannot cage a hawk for long; the born nomad must "keep going." So at the end we leave Carl and Ruth, once more adrift, bound haphazard for Buenos Ayres, with their bridges all burned behind them, and with no assurance of what lies ahead. Yet they are supremely happy, because "How bully it is to be living, if you don't have to give up living in order to make a living."

"NICKY-NAN, RESERVIST"

When news of War first came to Polpier, Nicholas Nanjivell (commonly known as Nicky-Nan) paid small attention to it, being preoccupied with his own affairs.

This opening sentence of Mr. Quiller-Couch's latest volume, *Nicky-Nan, Reservist,* should be read thoughtfully, because, while at first sight misleading, it really obeys the cardinal rule of fiction in summing up the main substance of the narrative. Although opening with news of the Great War, it is not a war story, but on the contrary a story of Nicky-Nan's personal preoccupations, and the consequences to himself and others through his slow awakening to the fact that a war exists. The scene of the story is a village on the coast of Cornwall; the characters are quaint, diverting types of Cornish fishermen and their narrow-minded scandal-loving wives, whom Mr. Quiller-Couch understands so well how to interpret; and conspicuous among them is old Nicky-Nan, crippled, penniless, and threatened with eviction from the old house that has been his home for the past fifteen years. Until lately he has made a living of some sort from the fisheries, but since a certain queer and painful growth, now the size of a large apple, appeared behind his knee, he has done nothing but drag himself miserably from place to place and lament his hard lot. He has had notice to move,—for the landlord, although not a hard man, wants the site

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of the old building for the new village bank, and the final papers will be served on Monday. Nicky-Nan passes a very wretched day of anticipation, until suddenly he remembers two consoling facts: first, that Monday being a bank holiday, no papers can be served on him; and secondly, that the moratorium having gone into effect, he has an extra breathing space before his debts must be paid. Troubles, however, have accumulated, thick and fast; formal notices have been served on him, first and second, to the effect that as a reservist he is liable to duty, and failing to report, will be arrested as a traitor. He knows that he might get a certificate that would excuse him, but is afraid that this may lead to an inquiry about his annual drill duty for the past few years, for which he has drawn pay, although as a matter of fact absent. Now, the ancient house, now a two-family apartment which Nicky-Nan shares with his friend Penhaligon, dates back to Napoleonic times, in which days most old houses had secret hiding-places, in which to escape from press-gangs and revenue inspectors. Nicky-Nan determines to seek for some such place of concealment, and in exploring a closet behind the kitchen, breaks through some rotting boards, when to his amazement out pours a stream of hidden gold, a hoard dating back to the battle of Waterloo. Nicky-Nan, knowing nothing of the law of treasure-trove, assumes that the findings are his by right. And consequently he makes two mistakes: he pays his long overdue rent, without noticing that one of the coins is that rare treasure of collectors, a spade guinea; and secondly, when he learns that the wife and family of his neighbour Penhaligon,—who only yesterday left hurriedly for the front,—are in sore need, he comes forward, with the generosity begotten of what he regards as an endless fortune, and declares that he will see that she and the children shall not want. Such indiscretion in a place like Polpier is fatal. Within the hour evil tongues are wagging fast. Where, ask the men, has Nicky-Nan's sudden wealth come from? Whom has he robbed? What treasure has he unearthed? Since when, ask the women, has poor Penhaligon's wife given Nicky-Nan the right to look after her? What a false friend to her husband! What a scandal to the village! And so the gossip grows and spreads, until poor, bewildered, crippled Nicky-Nan is glad to restore all but his legitimate per cent. of the treasure-trove, and to go to the naval hospital on the slim chance that an operation may make him fit for active service,—since even war is less of a hell than the evil tongues of Polpier.

"PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE"

If you like a simple and quite youthful story, with a slightly old-fashioned flavour about it, a story in which family prayers and meal-time blessings still have a place, and life is based upon the simple rules of "doing unto others" and "loving your neighbour," then you are likely to find *Prudence of the Parsonage* a refreshing change from the average current novel. Imagine a Methodist minister, still young in spirit, despite the fact that he is a widower with the responsibility of five young daughters,—a minister wise enough and modern enough to throw off the solemn cloak of his calling and occasionally romp and laugh and be humanly and healthfully foolish along with them. Imagine more especially the oldest daughter, Prudence, still on the threshold of nineteen, yet wise beyond her years with the wisdom of a curious and precocious motherliness that is helping her to train her four younger sisters into fine, generous, truth-loving little women. At the opening of the story, the family has just arrived in the town to which the father's new duties have brought him; and the members of the church to which he has just been appointed are mildly scandalised at the unconventional sight of five young girls, and the parsonage girls at that, living without a chaperon. But little by little, Prudence's gentle yet firm discipline, her unfailing patience, her steady sense of justice that never would exact punish-

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ment for blunders or misdeeds which hurt no one but herself, her simple rule, "I can't punish them for the effect on me" end in a triumphant recognition on the part of her severest critics that even the oldest and wisest of them have something to learn from her in the art of being mothers. The story is often overdrawn, the escapades of the younger girls, especially of the twins, are exaggerated to the point of burlesque; yet somehow one is inclined to forgive these minor flaws, for the sake of the pervading atmosphere of home and harmonious, healthy, happy living.

"A YOUNG MAN'S YEAR"

Mr. Anthony Hope offers from time to time a welcome relief from the special brand of seriousness that has come to be the hall-mark of the younger school of British novelists. Not that he fails to take himself seriously; on the contrary, few writers in England show a greater contrast between their earlier and their later work than the author of *The Prisoner of Zenda* and of the newly published *A Young Man's Year*. From the rainbow air-castles of sheer romance to the practical problem of a young man's first start in the working world is surely a broad enough step to satisfy any demand that present-day fiction shall be serious. But the big difference between the newer school and that which Mr. Hope's later manner typifies is that his interest remains centred in the individual, in spite of all the new problems, social, ethical, moral or religious, that may have their formative influence; while writers like Galsworthy, Wells, and their followers although able to picture memorable characters when they choose to, are obviously more interested in movements and tendencies and problems than they are in the individual man or woman, and not infrequently give us characters that are really little more than types, standing symbolically for groups rather than for persons. That is why Mr. Hope's new volume, without being a big achievement, is a welcome diversion. Yet it is simply a careful, minute and at the same time vivid chronicle of just one year in the early life of Arthur Lisle, who when we first meet him is a specimen of that essentially British creation, a briefless barrister. As yet he has by no means made up his mind whether he will welcome his first brief, if it ever comes. He is diffident and self-distrustful, and the mere thought of rising to address the Court fills him with an anticipatory ague. Meanwhile, time hanging heavily upon him, he seeks to fill it in by various social relaxations, and forms friendships, some more desirable than others. There is, for instance, a certain semi-bohemian set that gathers almost nightly at the home of Marie Sarradet, only daughter of Clement Sarradet, who traces his ancestry to France and his fortune to a perfumer's shop in Cheapside. With the exception of Arthur Marie's friends lack, in one way or another, the stamp of true culture and refinement. Subtly, deftly, the author conveys this, by a gesture or word too much, sometimes by an awkward or untimely silence. The reader understands, and at the same time realises that Arthur either does not or will not see that his friends are not quite the sort that he would care to present to his mother. At all events, he comes so near to fancying himself in love with the perfumer's pretty daughter that in his impatience for a short cut to fortune he takes a rash gamble and sinks a thousand pounds of his scanty principle in a theatrical company organised by the perennially bankrupt promoter, Joe Halliday, to exploit a new farce by Beverley, another of Marie's inner circle. Meanwhile Arthur has at last done his duty and got in touch with Godfrey Lisle, old, wealthy, a semi-invalid, and incidentally the head of the house,—also the possessor of a rarely beautiful and elusive wife. From the moment that he meets Bernadette Lisle, Arthur forgets that such a person as Marie Sarradet exists, forgets that the bulk of his patrimony hinges upon the success of an inane farce, *Did You say Mrs.?*—forgets that he himself is of the Middle Temple

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and that briefs are solemn things, not to be lightly neglected. Here again the veteran skill of Mr. Hope achieves what is well nigh the impossible: he shows how a young man may be something considerably less than a fool and yet make his prayer to a sumptuous and charming woman, past-mistress in the arts of cajoling and anxious for a new and unspoiled soul on which to practise. He lets us look into the shallow depths of her, and yet at the same time leaves us too somewhat under the fair lady's spell. We foresee from the start what Arthur of course does not dimly suspect until the crisis comes, that she is going to betray her husband and elope with that somewhat pedantic, somewhat middle-aged Sir Oliver Wyse; and yet we cannot censure her, for it is Bernadette's peculiar privilege to make her own standards. To sum up briefly Arthur Lisle's momentous year, one may say that it consisted mainly of the salutary discipline of disillusion,—the disillusion of seeing Marie's cheapness in the contrasted light of Bernadette's inimitable charm; the disillusion of seeing Bernadette herself fail in the higher test of unsullied womanhood; the disillusion as to his own ability to judge of human nature and least of all of himself. It is not perhaps an especially ingenious plot, but it is extremely like the experience of average human life, in which many of the most important lessons come to us through the men and women whom we meet apparently so casually and with so little forewarning of the result.

"THE FREELANDS"

We could hardly have a better example from which to justify the above made statement that Mr. Galsworthy's men and women were often types rather than characters, than we have in his new volume, *The Freelands*. The whole work is a triumph of masterly and close-fitted construction; the cabinet-work of its joints is so neat that you scarcely notice it, unless you too have served some sort of apprenticeship as literary carpenter. And yet it is only by noting the amount of space, the actual cubic feet of thought and purpose taken up by the central theme, that you begin to realise why it is that here, less than in any of Mr. Galsworthy's previous books do we get the imprint of strong personalities, have photographed on our memories an unforgettable face, feel our very hearts wrung by some personal note of grief. What the author has chosen this time to talk about is the land question in England, the steady encroachment of city, town and village upon the outlying farming lands, the persistent buying up of remoter districts for private grounds and parks. The very name chosen for the family that plays the central rôle, "Freeland," is obviously symbolic: here are four brothers, representative Englishmen, each with his own characteristic attitude toward this problem of what is England's greatest need in regard to free land,—should the influx to the cities be turned backward? Should landed proprietors be compelled to rent out larger portions of their holdings? Or, most revolutionary of all, should it be made easier for the small farmer to own his own land, as the French peasant does? These and kindred questions teem on every page, and behind the pages. We hear them flung back and forth, like shuttlecocks, at afternoon teas, and across solemn dinner-tables; and when the author leads us away on some side issue, ye know that the argument still continues behind our backs. It would be hard to find four brothers more widely contrasted, both physically and mentally, than these four several exponents of the free land doctrine: there are John, high in government employ; Stanley, a captain of industry; Felix, a writer, playing a neutral part and recording what he observes; and lastly, Tod, a social rebel, living with his Celtic wife and elfish black-haired children a recluse life on a small farm, and doing his part to stir up revolt among the tenantry against their landlords. To go more minutely into the separate details of specific results,—to show how the stirring up of primitive passions led to

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the condemnation of one old peasant for murder, and almost blasted the hopes of Tod's son, Derek, and his cousin Nedda, who were betrothed, because the lad becomes temporarily deranged and believed that his soul too has the guilt of blood upon it,—to review all this would merely result in confusion by placing the principal emphasis elsewhere than where the author seems to have intended. The real central idea, it would seem, is propounded early in the volume by Felix the thinker when he says, "I do not believe in revolution from the bottom . . . I believe it is in honour up to us to revolutionise things from the top." And it was because Tod and Tod's children insisted in trying to revolutionise from the bottom up, that a host of family tragedies followed in their wake.

"THE VALLEY ROAD"

*The Valley Road,* by Mary Hallock Foote, has, in common with this author's other volumes, an unmistakable air of good breeding, the distinction of a careful prose style, and a certain gift for making one see agreeable vistas of hill and valley. But beyond this it is rather disappointing. The plot is a leisurely and rambling criscross of several stories in one; it starts off apparently with the intention of chronicling the history of a big irrigation scheme on which a certain adventurous civil engineer has staked the future of himself and his family; and then suddenly in mid-course the engineer dies, and the rest of the volume is occupied with the struggles and anxieties of his wife and children, their ambitions and friendships, and eventually the courtship and marriage, respectively, of the son and the daughter. Territorially, as well as in other respects, the book rambles widely. The scene is supposed to be laid mainly in Southern California; yet Tom Scarth's romance begins in Korea, while that of his sister, Engracia, culminates in New England. Of course, the question whether the characters of any book are interesting or not is largely a purely personal one with each reader. To the present reviewer, the men and women of *The Valley Road* remain a part of that great negligible mass of commonplace and uninspired populace that we must needs brush elbow with both in reality and in the realm of fiction. The one exception is possibly that of the girl Engracia. From childhood up, she has been in the habit of receiving each Christmas one or more books of a different quality from her other gifts,—books miraculously suited to her unfolding mind and forming the most precious factor in her intellectual development. These books have come ostensibly from the millionaire president of the company that has financed the valley irrigation scheme over which Engracia's father presides. But when her father and the president have both died, and the estate's trustee, a quiet, middle-aged, bookish man, comes out to look things over, Engracia discovers that it is he whose wise choice has initiated her into the rarest joys of bookland, and that without ever having seen her he has during these years been quietly falling in love with the young girl who every Christmas wrote such wonderful letters of precocious understanding and gratitude. On the whole, a rather pretty little idyl, and the one relieving touch of brightness in a dead level of monotony.

"THE HIGH PRIESTESS"

In any attempt to sum up the literary achievements of Robert Grant there are at least two volumes which refuse to be disregarded. These are *Unleavened Bread,* perhaps the most widely discussed American novel of the year in which it appeared, and his latest story, *The High Priestess,* a kindred satire upon the advanced woman of to-day. Indeed, the author himself openly recognises a certain kinship between the two volumes by laying the scene of the later volume in that same Middle West town of Benham that witnessed the early ambitions and blunders of Selma White. And, as if fearful that the reading public would miss the point, he devotes

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some pages in his opening chapter to a recapitulation of just what his Selma White was supposed to stand for in American womanhood of the late nineties, before passing on to an analysis of the new type of the present generation as embodied in his Mary Arnold, suffragette and uncompromising champion of the single standard. If we understand the author correctly, what he means to say in his keen, satiric fashion is that young women are in essentials much the same as they were twenty years ago, and that the Mary Arnolds of to-day, with their martyr-like adherence to their creed, are often just as cock-sure, just as fallible, just as much half-baked as the Selma Whites,—the only difference being that the Selma Whites showed their crudity in distorted views of wall papers and the fine arts, and the Mary Arnolds in equally distorted views of eugenics and the right to vote. Reduced to its essentials, *The High Priestess* deals with the fiasco of the heroine's married life, despite the fact that Oliver Randall is theoretically absolutely in accord with all her most advanced ideas. Two children come to them, a boy and a girl; and these encumbrances Mary accepts without demur, for children are part of her theory of life. But she refuses to allow either them or her husband's comforts to prevent her from carving out a career of her own,—and her dormant talent happens to be architecture and landscape gardening. The beginning of the rift between her and Oliver is so slight that neither of them is precisely aware of it. Her early successes as an architect rather amuse her husband than otherwise, for he refuses to take her seriously. His real interest in life, politics, she is equally scornful of, sarcastically regretting that he wastes valuable time from his chosen profession, the law. As time goes on, her frequent absence from home, at country week-end parties, where she meets her clients and talks over plans for pergolas, Italian gardens and the like, necessitates the presence of some one else at home to keep the household running smoothly; and here she makes the one serious miscalculation of her life by installing in her place her friend Sybil, a soft, feminine, clinging type of a generation ago, born to the one profession of marrying and making some man comfortable. The way in which Sybil fills in the gaps,—not only those caused by Mary's absence, but more especially the inevitable, ever present gaps due to Mary's modernism and fundamental inability to make a man comfortable,—is depicted by Robert Grant with a subtlety and, one suspects, a certain malicious enjoyment that awaken a responsive appreciation on the part of the reader. We cannot avoid seeing in advance the foreordained, inevitable tragedy,—which, after all, when it comes, borders closely upon farce comedy, because Mary reaches home just in time to avert the ultimate catastrophe. But with the inexorable logic of her type,—and here again we glimpse the "Unleavened Bread" of modern feminism,—the intention to be unfaithful is as unpardonable as the deed itself. So with Junoesque majesty she banishes the frail willed Oliver to outer darkness, and involves both him and herself in long years of needless purgatory. However, wisdom finally comes, the slow baking process of sorrow and repentance bring realisation, that while she may have been quite logical, and steadfast and a staunch champion of eugenics and equal rights and sex morality, yet in spite of it she has remained "a good deal of a woman." And in the end her womanhood avenges itself. and she wisely capitulates.

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# BOOKS AND THE YELLOW BANNER*

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

THE bright flag of the woman suffragists is fluttering from a thousand hills, these autumn days, as its devotees, leaving a trail of yellow leaflets in their wake, press on in the hope of winning their fight in the fall elections of nearly half a dozen States. Their yellow banner glows triumphant over a goodly pile of the fall books which reflect one or another phase of the feminine stir going on all over the world. Reading these books and realising, as one must, that after all they make it possible to sense only a meagre percentage of the effort that has been and is being put forth, one marvels, first, why under Heaven they have not succeeded in conquering the earth to its uttermost parts and, next, why the present possessors of the ballot, if they really have the superior intelligence with which they are accustomed to sanction their monopoly of it, do not, seeing the energy and determination which evidently will not stop short of success, save themselves much trouble and disturbance and conserve much energy by making a graceful capitulation. But, in the meantime, the yellow banner, snapping in the breezes of its own activities—when the antis do not make one for it—adds to the interest of life. The books over which it flutters, reviewed below, tell remarkable stories of purpose, endeavour, achievement, full to the brim of that fascination which is inherent in any account of determined human struggle. And through most of them gleams and gurgles such a sense of humour as makes their perusal worth while merely as a matter of entertainment.

*The Story of a Pioneer. By Anna Howard Shaw, D.D., M.D. With the collaboration of Elizabeth Jordan. Illustrated from photographs. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Feminism in Germany and Scandinavia. By Katherine Anthony. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Trade Union Woman. By Alice Henry. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

"Common Sense" Applied to Woman Suffrage. Second Edition. By Mary Putnam Jacobi, M.D. With an Introduction by Frances Maule Björkman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In Times Like These. By Nellie L. McClung. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

How It Feels to be the Husband of a Suffragette. By Him. Illustrations by May Wilson Preston. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Are Women People? By Alice Duer Miller. New York: George H. Doran Company.

## "THE STORY OF A PIONEER"

Dr. Shaw has indeed been a "pioneer" in the woman suffrage movement, for she went into it thirty years ago, when it was weak in numbers, poor in purse, and almost without results. But before that she had been a "pioneer" also as a woman preacher and had won her way into the pulpit through an almost solid wall of opposition and conservative disapproval. And still earlier she had been a "pioneer" in the woods of Michigan, where, as a little girl, she went with her family, immigrants from England, in the fifties of the last century. Anybody who thinks that the suffragists will stop fighting short of complete success, or even that Dr. Shaw will quit living before she and her followers have won the ballot at least for the women of this country needs only, for conversion, to read the first half of her autobiography. The girl in her teens who alternated tree-felling and well-digging with preaching from a stump to the surrounding trees and joyously started off to college with eighteen dollars in her pocket and no more in sight can be trusted, even at sixty-eight, to see mountains as

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mole-hills if they lie between her and the goal she has determined to achieve.

Dr. Shaw's story of her life will delight the student of heredity. In the suffrage leader allowing, as recently happened, her new automobile, the gift of loving followers, to be sold for taxes, he will see reborn the spirit of her English grandmother, of whom she tells the story that, being a Unitarian and a dauntless soul, she sat year after year upon her doorstep and watched her furniture being sold to pay her Church of England tithes. There are some pages, too, about "the fighting Shaws" of Scotland, her ancestors, which show that blood will tell, even after many generations, although its warlike tendencies may be translated from the domain of the body to that of the spirit.

For one perceives readily that if Dr. Shaw had not spent half her life fighting for suffrage she would have battled for some other cause with just the same energy and determination. The seed of the fighting idealist is in her blood and it had to make itself manifest. "Nothing bigger can come to a human being," she declares at the end of her story, "than to love a great Cause more than life, and to have the privilege throughout life of working for that Cause." And one is inclined to add, after reading the book, that nothing more fortunate could happen to any cause than to have Dr. Shaw among its protagonists. For her autobiography, both in the things its author frankly and intentionally discloses of her life and still more in those unconscious revelations which are inevitable in such a work, shows her whole life to have been one long grapple with circumstances and conditions in which, to a less dauntless soul, the odds would have seemed overwhelming. She took them as they came, one set at a time, and conquered them all, each in its turn, and in every case won what she wanted—barring only, as yet, suffrage. She writes about it all with becoming modesty and with a sense of humour that laughs from every page and she sees in it all only the gracious and pleasure bearing gifts of bounteous life. "Neither the world nor my Cause," is her very last sentence, "is indebted to me—but from the depths of a full and very grateful heart I acknowledge my lasting indebtedness to them both."

### "FEMINISM IN GERMANY AND SCANDINAVIA"

Miss Anthony has done a real service for American readers in thus collecting and putting into readable shape a reasonably complete account of the feminist movement of Continental Europe, the lines along which it has advanced, the aims it has set for itself, its methods and its personnel. Over here we have known but little about it, although its aims and achievements are of high social significance, and that little has been mainly in the form of detached news items that carried no information except that of isolated fact and were quite unrelated to social structure and daily life. Many of the matters with which these European feminists have been dealing are of such intimate consequence to the very form and spirit of civilisation in both Europe and America that whoever is interested in our own times cannot afford to pass them by. Miss Anthony has done the work notably well, correlating the information concerning widely varying lines of work with largeness of vision, seeing it as a whole and at the same time giving to each separate part the individuality and attention that it deserves. She discusses its various phases and its general tendencies with philosophy that evinces knowledge of social history, practical sense, and a very welcome discrimination in relative values. Her work is a contribution to the social history of the time for which students of sociology will be grateful.

At the beginning the author shows how widely different the development of feminism has been in the Teutonic and Scandinavian countries from its course in England and the United States. "So far as the more immediate goals are concerned," she says, "Continental feminism and Anglo-American feminism seem to

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have adopted a definite division of labour." She finds this difference to be strikingly brought out in the two slogans, "Votes for Women" and "Mutterschutz," which express the respective aims of the two divisions. "Neither phrase," she declares, "is wholly translatable into the language of the other, for each carries in the original a world of emotional appeal which is incapable of a foreign rendering. The 'protection of motherhood' is a colourless transcription of Mutterschutz and no possible combination of German words can give the note of hastening solidarity that rings to-day in 'Votes for Women.'"

But Miss Anthony is guilty of historical inaccuracy when she writes of the English suffrage work as showing the origin of one of "the twin campaigns of the modern woman's movement." It is hardly less than amazing to find her ignoring, with the barest reference to Susan B. Anthony, the energetic and unremitting campaigns of the American suffragists which have been carried on for so many years and with whom the movement originated.

Better informed, apparently, of feminist progress in Europe than in the United States, her volume offers interesting and valuable account of the origin and development of the Mutterschutz movement and of its varied and important achievements. Among these is the protection by the state of workingwomen against disabilities arising from maternity, a work which has been carried to varying degrees of success in different countries. There is a full account, with much discussion, of the efforts of the feminists to revolutionise the ethical ideals of marriage, motherhood and other relations of woman to the social body. One of the minor features of the movement is to secure general acceptance of the "unity-title" for all women, married or unmarried. In the matter of dress reform considerable progress seems to have been made and the author declares that many of the recent fashions which Paris has made the mode had their origin in models devised and worn by German feminists.

But perhaps the most important chapters of the book are those that tell of feministic endeavours to solve the problem of illegitimacy in such a way as will enable the child to escape consequent evil of any sort. Their best success has been in Norway, where a law passed last spring commands investigation into the paternity of each illegitimate child and makes the father, equally with the mother, as responsible for its welfare as if it had been born in wedlock. The author looks forward hopefully to the spread of the "Norwegian idea" until all children will have fathers and "the social annunciation of paternity will be complete."

### "THE TRADE UNION WOMAN"

Alice Henry, who is Secretary of the National Women's Trade Union League, sticks close to her subject and produces out of it a comprehensive account, and the only complete account that, I believe, has yet been made, of the history of American women in industry. But her singleness of purpose does not prevent her from running up the yellow banner alongside the pennant of labour. From her point of view, which is that of the workingwoman, the necessity of the ballot seems to be a self-evident proposition and she regards the vote as not at all an end in itself but as a means to ends that will prove of ever growing importance.

In the woman movement she sees the awakening of a mighty force which, as regards wage-earning workingwomen, is manifesting itself in industrial organisation and in realisation of the need of the vote. And, on the other hand, she thinks that "in the demand for the vote women of all classes are recognising common disabilities, a common sisterhood and a common hope."

In a chapter on "The Workingwoman and the Vote" she analyses incisively and with forceful presentation the reciprocal relations between the struggle for the ballot and the struggle of working-

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women for just industrial conditions. She thinks that much of the effort, ingenuity and energy of the campaign for suffrage is not exerted with an aim as far-sighted as it might be, with the result of not a little waste and the increasing of the possibilities of disappointment after the ballot shall have been achieved. "It would be much more in keeping with the modern situation," she thinks, "if the object of suffrage organisations were to read, not 'to obtain the vote,' but 'to obtain political, legal and social equality for women.'" Then, after obtaining the ballot in any particular State, or even, by and by, in the whole country, these organisations would go right on and with their equipment of training and their new power of the ballot would be highly efficient for the service of women in particular and of humanity in general. The organisations would have acquired a higher place in public esteem and in general influence and they would be of particular and important value in the educating of the "great bulk of the new and untrained woman feminine voters."

The chapter is well worthy of the earnest attention of suffrage leaders. And the whole book is one that no one can afford to miss who is at all interested in the processes and results of the mighty flux of present times which seems as if it were sweeping clear the board of civilisation and preparing for an entirely new arrangement. For here there is a complete review, given with considerable detail and with such a constant appreciation of the human element, the human interest, as makes it all very readable, of the steady procession of the women of America out of their homes and into the industries of the world, of their efforts, long abortive, to organise, at first locally and separately, and finally, in recent years, nationally and in affiliation with their brother workers. It is three-quarters of a century and more, she shows us, since they first began going on strike to better their conditions. It is suggestive also to learn something about just how appalling those early conditions were, with their pitifully small wages and their fourteen-hour days.

Important and very interesting are Miss Henry's discussions of such elements of the situation as that of the immigrant woman, upon which she writes with knowledge and feeling and with keen understanding of meltingpot needs, the vocational training of women, the workingwoman and marriage, and the present ideals and policies of trade-unionism.

### "IN TIMES LIKE THESE"

Mrs. McClung's swiftly moving, vivacious chapters have about them a strong flavour of the popular lecture platform, and the fact that she is a successful public speaker throughout Canada and the Northwestern United States makes one suspect that she has put together for this book a dozen of her addresses and given to the collection a title that would hold them together. Their style is of the intimate, somewhat colloquial sort and, like all speeches of that nature, they suffer by the translation from human delivery, with all its engaging accompaniment of colourful personality and surroundings, to cold, bare print. But they still carry the vitality that is born of profound conviction as well as the flavour that comes of a buoyant spirit and a twinkling eye. Nearly all of the lectures are devoted to woman suffrage and other phases of the woman movement and they are full of the apt sayings, the amusing stories, the trenchant phrases of the public speaker who does not wish to get above the heads of the audience and whose first necessity is to hold its attention. The argument throughout is concrete, practical, addressed to the understanding of people who are not expected to think very deeply over problems of statecraft and social organisation. But it rarely fails to be entertaining and it shows the author to be a keen observer of human nature and of the rapidly changing conditions in which we live.

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"'COMMON SENSE' APPLIED TO WOMAN SUFFRAGE"

A peculiar interest attaches to this second edition of Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi's book, first published twenty years ago, for it was amplified and developed by its author from the address which she delivered before the committee on woman suffrage of the New York Constitutional Convention of 1894. In an appendix of thirty-eight pages is presented the verbatim address, which was recognised at the time, even by the opponents of her cause, as one of the most powerful appeals made to the convention upon any subject. The present status of the question in New York, with an amendment granting suffrage to women to be voted on at the November election, lends dramatic interest to the closing sentences of her address in which she told the constitution makers that if the decision should be unfavourable "we shall withdraw and bide our time for another twenty years, when once more we, or our survivors or our successors, will present themselves before a new Constitutional Convention, to prefer—and then successfully—our claim."

The volume deserves a place on the suffrage "five-foot-shelf," for, after John Stuart Mill's classic work, it is, doubtless, the most comprehensive, clearly reasoned and lucidly stated argument in favour of political equality for women that has yet been made. A certain amount of space is given up to matters of local and temporary consequence, but for the most part the argument is as valid now, and would ever be, as it was twenty years ago. "The Common Sense" of the title is taken from the title of the celebrated pamphlet that had much to do with the shaping of public opinion in the colonies toward the Declaration of Independence and the Revolution.

Mrs. Bjorkman's Introduction considers the advance in favour of woman suffrage that has been made in this country since Dr. Jacobi's book was first published and reviews the varied activities of her busy and notable life, with especial reference to her work as a physician.

"HOW IT FEELS TO BE THE HUSBAND OF A SUFFRAGETTE"

Whoever the "Husband" may be who has perpetrated this gay little skit, he must be credited with a very unusual sense of sexual justice and an almost equally strong sense of humour. For he does not take himself any more seriously than he does his wife, although that does not mean that he fails to consider her and her ideas and principles with entire respect and sympathy. In essence the booklet is a presentation of the most advanced modern idea of the marriage relation, set forth in concrete example, good humouredly serious in idea and at the same time whimsical and amusing in statement. "There is this, however," he says, "about living in the house with a woman who takes a kind, warm, vital interest in everything that is going on in the world—and you can, if you like, count it as one of the hardships of being a suffragrette's husband: you have at times to force yourself to seem more intelligent than you feel like being. There are times when the promptings of the baser nature would lead you to camp down on the sofa immediately after dinner and snore, when you've got to subdue that inclination and look bright-eyed and be just as near a nice fellow as lies within your power."

"ARE WOMEN PEOPLE?"

A saucy wren hopping about in front of a big, sombre owl and being vocally disrespectful is the picture which is conjured up by Mrs. Miller's collection of suffrage rhymes and brief, pungent arguments. The opening stanzas, in which "a consistent anti" warns her son, just arrived at the voting age, about the dangers of the polls, is well flavoured with the ironic humour which is her distinguishing quality. The "consistent anti," anxious mother, tells "Willie" about the polls—

> They're dark and dreadful places,
> Where many lose their souls,

talks to him about "Father," who casts her vote and that of various other women and begs,

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Wouldn't you let him vote for you?
Father, who loves you so?

And finally, overcome by her devoted love and sense of responsibility, she exclaims,

Do you think I'd send my only son
Where I would not go myself?

Mrs. Miller has a specially keen faculty, the endowment of the logical mind, for seeing the weak point in an argument, singling it out and developing it to its ridiculous conclusion. The half a hundred poems in her book are nearly all written in that way, with not a little facility in the use of rhyme and metre and with such merciless use of her perception of the absurd as will afford cause for merriment among those who are on her side of the suffrage argument. Those who are on the other side are likely to feel different about it.

## YANN NIBOR—LAUREATE OF THE FLEET

*Among the literary figures that the great war has brought into prominence there is none more curious than Yann Nibor, the bard of French sailors, or, the laureate of the fleet. A Breton sailor-man, his simple songs of the sea have aroused such enthusiasm that the French Government has been sending him from ship to ship to stimulate patriotism. Just as the German troops have been marching to the refrain of "Deutschland Ueber Alles" instead of "Die Wacht Am Rhein," just as the British soldiers have found "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary" preferable to "God Save the King"; so the fighting men of the French fleet have turned for inspiration in the hour of struggle not so much to the "Marseillaise" of Rouget de Lisle as to the humble ballads of Yann Nibor.*

## THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL—IN THE NOVEMBER BOOKMAN

*The second article in Professor Phelps's series will deal with the beginnings of the English novel. The outline of Part II will be: The age of Anne a "realistic" age—natural appearance of the novel—the origin of modern prose style—parents of the novel—the splendid dawn of the novel in English—Daniel Defoe and his realistic romances—the style of Gulliver's Travels—Richardson and the psychological novel—the epistolary manner—the great humourist Fielding—naturalism in Smollett—Sterne.*

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# READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

## Philosophy

War, Science and Civilisation. By William E. Ritter. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.00 net.

The much discussed question of the justification of war in the abstract from the biological point of view. The writer believes, however, that the ethical solution of the problems of civilisation is also the scientific one.

## Psychology

Business Psychology. By Hugo Münsterberg. Chicago: La Salle Extension University.

Principles of psychology applied to business for the practical use of salesmen and advertisers.

## Religion and Theology

The Latin Church in the Middle Ages. By André Lagarde. Translated by Archibald Alexander. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

A history of the western church at the height of its ascendency.

## Sociology and Economics

The Story of Canada Blackie. By Anne P. L. Field. With an Introduction by Thomas Mott Osborne. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.00 net.

The letters of a criminal who recently died at Sing Sing, illustrating the new warden's success in his treatment of prisoners.

## Law

Darling on Trusts. By Joseph R. Darling. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. $1.50 net.

The Department of Justice; the Sherman Anti-trust Law, with amendments; and the New Rules of Practice for the Courts of Equity in the United States.

## The European War

I Accuse! (*J'Accuse!*) By a German. Translated by Alexander Gray. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50 net.

The anonymous author, a German, warns his countrymen that they are the insane victims of an imperial hypnotist. The book was written in Switzerland.

The Irish Nuns at Ypres. By D. M. C. Edited by R. Barry O'Brien. With an Introduction by John Redmond. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

One of the nuns tells of the destruction of the ancient Benedictine convent at Ypres which for two centuries and a half had been the home of the Irish nuns. The nuns escaped while the German shells were actually bursting through the convent.

Modern Germany and Her Historians. By Antoine Guilland. New York: Mcbride, Nast & Company. $2.25 net.

The influence of the five most prominent German historians in moulding national thought and Germany's imperial doctrine.

The Pentecost of Calamity. By Owen Wister. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

The significance of the European conflict with especial reference to its relations to the United States.

Problems of Readjustment After the War. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.00 net.

A series of articles on the social and economic effect of the European War.

The Soul of the War. By Philip Gibbs. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. $1.75 net.

Personal impressions of war scenes.

The War Lords. By A. G. Gardiner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 40 cents net.

Personal impressions by a London newspaper man of the big figures in the European War. An attempt is made to consider the origins, issues, and conduct of the war in the light of the personalities of the leading figures.

## Education

The Kindergarten and the Montessori Method. By Martha MacLear. Boston: Richard R. Badger. $1.00 net.

The effect upon the kindergarten of the adoption of the Montessori method. Written from the viewpoint of a kindergarten teacher.

Schools of To-morrow. By John Dewey and Evelyn Dewey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50 net.

Describes the changes and the most recent theories in education. See the September BOOKMAN.

Writing of To-day: Models of Journalistic Prose. Selected and Discussed by W. J. Cunliffe and Gerhard R. Lomer. New York: The Century Company. $1.50.

Specimens of contemporary journalistic writing. The book is intended for the use of students of English composition.

## Medicine, Hygiene

Colon Hygiene. Comprising New and Important Facts Concerning the Physi-

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ology of the Colon and an Account of Practical and Successful Methods of Combatting Intestinal Inactivity and Toxemia. By J. H. Kellogg. Battle Creek: Good Health Publishing Company.

A practical and exhaustive book for the layman by the superintendent of the Battle Creek Sanitarium.

### Agriculture

Continuous Bloom in America: Where, When, What, To Plant, with Other Gardening Suggestions. By Louise Shelton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

Advice for securing an all-summer garden.

### Nature Books

Marvels of Insect Life. Edited by Edward Step. New York: McBride, Nast & Company. Illustrated. $3.50 net.

A popular and exhaustive account of insects and their habits. Illustrated in colours and in black and white.

### General Literature, Essays

The First Christmas Tree. By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 50 cents net.

In a series of reprints of essays of recognised standing.

The Massacre of the Innocents. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Allinson. New York: Duffield & Company.

The first essay in prose by Maeterlinck to be printed.

### Poetry and Drama

His Lady of the Sonnets. By Robert T. Norwood. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.00 net.

Love and nature poems.

Jane Clegg: A Play in Three Acts. By St. John G. Ervine. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 80 cents net.

The London middle class again analysed.

Lilies of the Valley. By Percival W. Wells. Wantagh, New York: Bartlett Publishing Company. $1.00 net.

Fifty short love poems.

On the Romany Road. By Rena Cary Sheffield. Short Hills, New Jersey: Rena Cary Sheffield.

Verses inspired by the call of the gypsy trail.

### Fiction

Alloy of Gold. By Frances William Sullivan. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. $1.35 net.

The conflict of the hero's ideals with the alleged shallowness and artificiality of New York social life.

The Freelands. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35 net.

A love story intertwined with the events of the day.

Harding of Allenwood. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.30 net.

Adventure and romance in the ranching country of Saskatchewan.

The High Priestess. By Robert Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35 net.

The modern woman of the present generation in her conflict with accepted standards.

The Invisible Might. By Robert Bowman. New York: McBride, Nast & Company. $1.10 net.

A picture of Russian life in the city, the country, and finally in the Siberian exile settlement.

Living Up to Billy. By Elizabeth Cooper. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.00 net.

Purports to be the story of a dancing girl in New York, told in her own language, intended to be of interest to the general reader rather than sociological.

Me: A Book of Remembrance. Anonymous. New York: The Century Company. $1.30 net.

Said to be the autobiographical work of a well-known woman novelist, covering a period of about one year. The narrator at seventeen leaves her home to make her way in the business world.

Myrta. By Walter S. Cramp. Boston: Richard G. Badger. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

An historical novel of Rome in the days of Caligula.

Nicky-Nan, Reservist. By "Q" (Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch). New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.35 net.

The struggles of a quaint longshoreman both to get rich and to get into the European War.

Prudence of the Parsonage. By Ethel Hueston. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A small town of the Middle West is the setting for this story of characteristic types and human interest.

Shadows of Flames. By Amélie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy). New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.35 net.

The heroine's love story in the course of her pursuit of happiness. A particular episode of interest is her fight for the saving of her morphinomaniac husband.

The Trail of the Hawk. By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.35 net.

A novel of youth's adventuring in love and life.

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The Way of These Women. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
Another of Mr. Oppenheim's stories of mystery, with more than the usual amount of love interest.

The Valley Road. By Mary Hallock Foote. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.35 net.
A novel of American life, including descriptions of the San Francisco fire, and of Korea at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War.

The Winner. By William Winter. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.25 net.
A story of the automobile race track.

A Young Man's Year. By Anthony Hope. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
A young lawyer's early struggles and mistakes in the beginning of his career, especially in the serious business of his falling in love.

### Juvenile

Dave Porter at Bear Camp. By Edward Stratemeyer. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.25.
Adventure and mystery in the Adirondacks.

Jean Cabot at the House with the Blue Shutters. By Gertrude Fisher Scott. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
A women's college story with part of the scene occurring in the summer at an historical farm house in Maine.

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson for Boys and Girls. By Jacqueline M. Overton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
Adapted for young people.

The Little Folks of Animal Land. Photographed and Described by Harry Whittier Frees. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. $1.50 net.
Animals personified in appropriate stories for very little children.

Polly Comes to Woodbine. By George Ethelbert Walsh. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
The result of the visit of a cheerful little girl to her country relatives.

### History

*Constitutional History of the State of New York.* By J. Hampden Dougherty. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. $3.00.
A second edition of a work published several years ago.

The Germans and Africa. Their Aims on the Dark Continent and How They Acquired Their African Colonies. By Evans Lewin. With an Introduction by Earl Grey. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $3.60 net.
Germany's aims in Africa before the war.

The Political History of Slavery in the United States. By James Z. George. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. $3.00 net.
An intensive and serious discussion of the institution of slavery in the United States. Written by a late United States senator from Georgia who lived most of his life under the old regime.

### Biography

John M. Synge: A Few Personal Recollections with Biographical Notes. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.00.

Tad and His Father. By F. Lauriston Bullard. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 50 cents net.
A study of the home life of Abraham Lincoln.

Arnold Bennett, by F. J. Harvey Darton; Anatole France, by W. L. George; H. G. Wells, by J. D. Beresford. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 50 cents each net.
In *Writers of the Day* series. Critical estimates of the works and lives of famous authors by younger fellow-craftsmen.

### General Works, Miscellaneous

Chance Hits. By Norman H. Chance. Akron: The Saalfield Publishing Company. $1.00.
Jokes, puns, etc., mostly in verse.

A Colonial Belle's Message (My Lady's Toilette Table). Philadelphia: G. H. Graves Company. $1.00.
A novelty gift-book reproduced from a century-old heirloom which was "written and illustrated in water colours by the gifted authoress, Catharine Shepherd of Virginia."

A Handbook of the Best Private Schools of the United States and Canada. An Annual Publication. Boston: Porter E. Sargent.
A critical directory of about twelve hundred American private schools, summer camps, etc.

Lyrics of Old London. By Dorothy Margaret Stuart. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. Illustrated.
Verses and pictures of some of the historical landmarks of London.

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# THE BOOK MART

The following are the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of August and the 1st of September:

## FICTION

| City | 1st on List | 2d on List |
|---|---|---|
| New York City | Athalie | "K" |
| Albany, N. Y | Michael O'Halloran | "K" |
| Atlanta, Ga | "K" | Michael O'Halloran |
| Baltimore, Md | A Far Country | Michael O'Halloran |
| Birmingham, Ala | "K" | Michael O'Halloran |
| Boston, Mass | The Harbour | "K" |
| Boston, Mass | A Far Country | "K" |
| Chicago, Ill | Michael O'Halloran | A Far Country |
| Chicago, Ill | Michael O'Halloran | The Lovable Meddler |
| Cincinnati, Ohio | "K" | Michael O'Halloran |
| Cleveland, Ohio | "K" | Michael O'Halloran |
| Dallas, Tex | Michael O'Halloran | A Far Country |
| Denver, Colo | A Far Country | Pollyanna Grows Up |
| Des Moines, Iowa | Pollyanna Grows Up | "K" |
| Detroit, Mich | "K" | Michael O'Halloran |
| Indianapolis, Ind | Michael O'Halloran | A Far Country |
| Kansas City, Mo | A Far Country | Jaffery |
| Los Angeles, Cal | "K" | Michael O'Halloran |
| Louisville, Ky | Michael O'Halloran | Jaffery |
| Memphis, Tenn. | A Far Country | "K" |
| Milwaukee, Wis | The Turmoil | A Far Country |
| New Orleans, La | "K" | A Far Country |
| Norfolk, Va | Pollyanna Grows Up | A Far Country |
| Omaha, Neb | A Far Country | Michael O'Halloran |
| Philadelphia, Pa | Michael O'Halloran | "K" |
| Philadelphia, Pa | Michael O'Halloran | "K" |
| Pittsburgh, Pa | A Far Country | Still Jim |
| Portland, Ore | Michael O'Halloran | A Far Country |
| Providence, R. I | The Rainbow Trail | The Freelands |
| Richmond, Va | "K" | Michael O'Halloran |
| Rochester, N. Y | "K" | A Far Country |
| San Antonio, Tex | A Far Country | The Honey Bee |
| San Francisco, Cal | "K" | Michael O'Halloran |
| St. Louis, Mo | "K" | A Far Country |
| St. Paul, Minn | Michael O'Halloran | "K" |
| Seattle, Wash | The Rim of the Desert | "K" |
| Tacoma, Wash | Michael O'Halloran | A Far Country |
| Utica, N. Y | "K" | Michael O'Halloran |
| Waco, Tex | Michael O'Halloran | A Far Country |
| Washington, D. C | Michael O'Halloran | "K" |
| Worcester, Mass | "K" | A Far Country |

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(*Continued*)

## FICTION

| 3D ON LIST | 4TH ON LIST | 5TH ON LIST | 6TH ON LIST |
|---|---|---|---|
| Thankful's Inheritance | A Far Country | The Harbour | Penelope's Postscripts |
| The Lone Star Ranger | Thankful's Inheritance | Jaffery | The Freelands |
| The Lovable Meddler | The Freelands | Jaffery | A Far Country |
| "K" | The Freelands | The Harbour | Jaffery |
| The Rainbow Trail | Pollyanna Grows Up | A Far Country | The Lovable Meddler |
| A Far Country | Jaffery | Thankful's Inheritance | Pollyanna Grows Up |
| Jaffery | Thankful's Inheritance | The Harbour | Athalie |
| "K" | Pollyanna Grows Up | Anne of the Island | The Harbour |
| The Rainbow Trail | A Far Country | Pollyanna Grows Up | "K" |
| The Lovable Meddler | A Far Country | The Harbour | Jaffery |
| Athalie | The Keeper of the Door | The Double Traitor | A Far Country |
| Jaffery | The Valley of Fear | Pollyanna Grows Up | Hepsey Burke |
| Michael O'Halloran | "K" | Open Market | Angela's Business |
| Rose Garden Husband | The Harbour | Michael O'Halloran | The Lovable Meddler |
| A Far Country | The Lovable Meddler | Thankful's Inheritance | Pollyanna Grows Up |
| "K" | The Harbour | The Rainbow Trail | The Lovable Meddler |
| The Harbour | Michael O'Halloran | "K" | The Valley of Fear |
| The Freelands | Jaffery | Rose Garden Husband | A Far Country |
| A Far Country | Anne of the Island | Code of the Mountains | The Landloper |
| The Lovable Meddler | Michael O'Halloran | Open Market | Angela's Business |
| Pollyanna Grows Up | Thankful's Inheritance | Jaffery | The Freelands |
| Michael O'Halloran | The Turmoil | Athalie | The Seas of God |
| Michael O'Halloran | "K" | Contrary Mary | Code of the Mountains |
| The Lovable Meddler | Hepsey Burke | Pollyanna Grows Up | Sundown Slim |
| The Rainbow Trail | The Harbour | A Far Country | The Lovable Meddler |
| The House of Gladness | The Rainbow Trail | Contrary Mary | Athalie |
| Jaffery | The Harbour | Thankful's Inheritance | The Double Traitor |
| The Turmoil | Pollyanna Grows Up | The Honey Bee | Athalie |
| "K" | Michael O'Halloran | The Lovable Meddler | Me |
| A Far Country | The Keeper of the Door | Rose Garden Husband | The Rainbow Trail |
| Anne of the Island | Thankful's Inheritance | Five Fridays | Jaffery |
| Pollyanna Grows Up | Angela's Business | Michael O'Halloran | "K" |
| The Freelands | A Far Country | Jaffery | The Harbour |
| Athalie | The Honey Bee | Ruggles of Red Gap | The Double Traitor |
| A Far Country | Jaffery | Thankful's Inheritance | Angela's Business |
| Michael O'Halloran | A Far Country | Pollyanna Grows Up | Through Stained Glass |
| Jaffery | The Rim of the Desert | The Turmoil | "K" |
| The Landloper | Thankful's Inheritance | Jaffery | A Far Country |
| Shadows of Flames | The Lovable Meddler | Still Jim | The Turmoil |
| Pollyanna Grows Up | Anne of the Island | Amarilly of Clothes Line Alley | Thankful's Inheritance |
| Michael O'Halloran | Thankful's Inheritance | The Rainbow Trail | Anne of the Island |

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## SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library, Circulation Department, reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

*For the week ending August 4th:*

1. With the French Eastern Army. Grey.
2. The Soul of Germany. Smith.
3. North of Boston. Frost.
4. Chief Contemporary Dramatists. Dickinson.
5. The Note-Book of an Attaché. Wood.
6. Roughing It De Luxe. Cobb.

*For the week ending August 11th:*

1. John Huss, His Life, Teaching, etc. Schaff.
2. The Lie. Jones.
3. Animated Photography. Hepworth.
4. With the German Armies in the West. Hedin.
5. Rabindranath Tagore. Roy.
6. Behind the Scenes in Warring Germany. Fox.

*For the week ending August 18th:*

1. Modern Harmony. Hull.
2. The Great War. Simonds.
3. Roughing It De Luxe. Cobb.
4. The World Storm and Beyond. Schoonmaker.
5. Orthodox Socialism. Le Rossignol.
6. North of Boston. Frost.

*For the week ending August 25th:*

1. Studies of the Great War. Hillis.
2. The Note-Book of an Attaché. Wood.
3. Secrets of the German War Office. Graves.
4. Roughing It De Luxe. Cobb.
5. Spoon River Anthology. Masters.

### BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

The Secrets of the Hohenzollerns. Graves.
When a Man Comes to Himself. Wilson.
The Note-Book of an Attaché. Wood.
Eat and Grow Thin. Thompson.
Spoon River Anthology. Masters.
What Is Back of the War. Beveridge.
What Men Live By. Cabot.
North of Boston. Frost.
Chief Contemporary Dramatists. Dickinson.
The Pentecost of Calamity. Wister.
Vanishing Roads. Le Gallienne.
Contemporary French Dramatists. Clark.

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## BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 230 and 231) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A book standing | 1st | on any list receives | | | | | | 10 |
| " | " | " | 2d | " | " | " | " | 8 |
| " | " | " | 3d | " | " | " | " | 7 |
| " | " | " | 4th | " | " | " | " | 6 |
| " | " | " | 5th | " | " | " | " | 5 |
| " | " | " | 6th | " | " | " | " | 4 |

According to the foregoing list, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

| | | POINTS |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Michael O'Halloran. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35 | 281 |
| 2. | "K." Rinehart. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35 | 275 |
| 3. | A Far Country. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50 | 267 |
| 4. | Jaffery. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35 | 99 |
| 5. | Pollyanna Grows Up. Porter. (Page.) $1.25 | 95 |
| 6. | The Harbour. Poole. (Macmillan.) $1.40<br>The Lovable Meddler. Dalrymple. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.35 | 69 |

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